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No. 1

A DECORATIVE PAINTING BY ROBERT BLUM



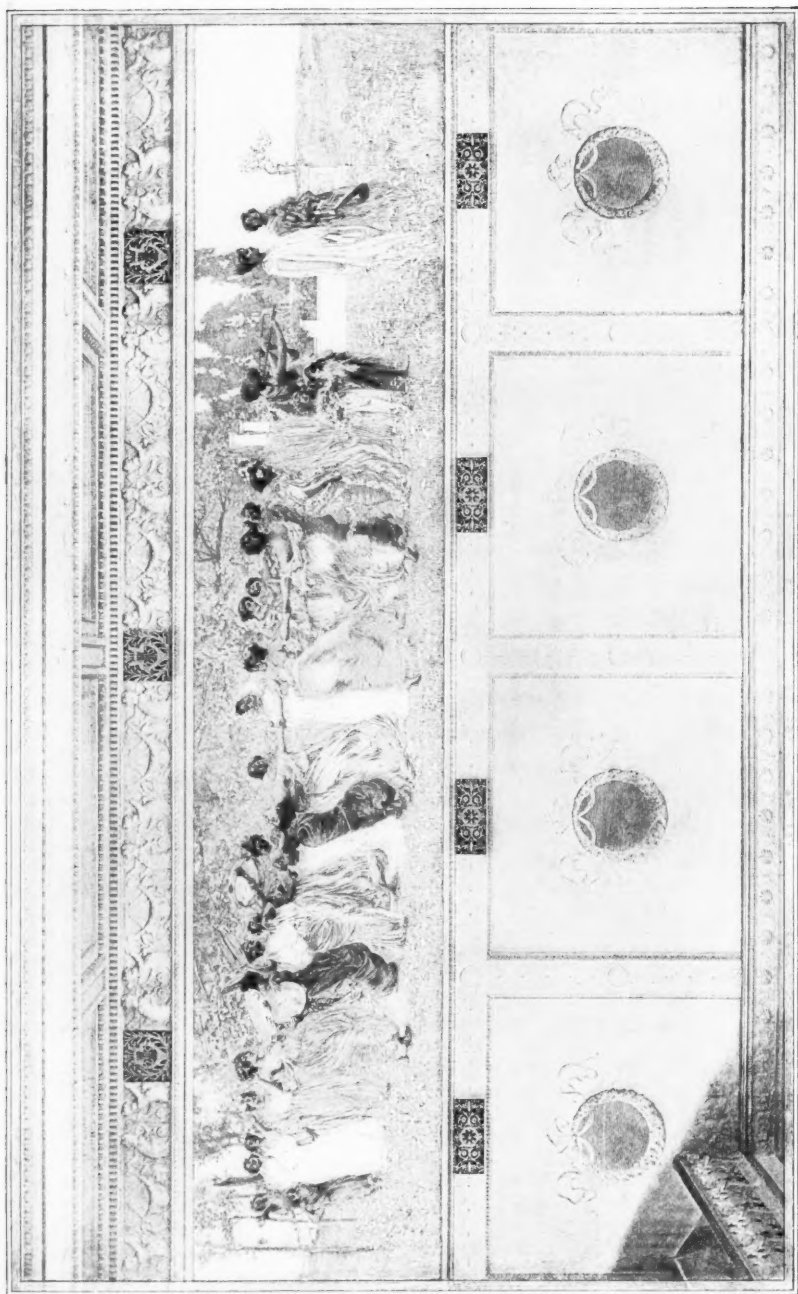
IN the concert-room of the Mendelssohn Glee Club of New York has recently been set a decorative painting which is so adequate in its essentials, so intelligent in its grace, and, above all, so exquisitely in harmony with its surroundings, that eye and mind, resting upon it, enjoy it in pure unconsciousness of the fact that it is but a part of a general scheme which evidently must include a like composition on the opposite wall and the half-dome of the proscenium. The huge frieze, some 50 feet long by 12 feet high, is not forced into undue prominence by these as yet undecorated surfaces. It does not "make a hole," neither does it come forward; like a violin playing its part in a symphony, it is content to play its part in the ensemble; and it has, therefore, the first though rarest quality of a decoration—that of being so much a part of the architectural ensemble that one does not detach it from its environment.

Daylight and the artificial light at evening playing about the large simple interior, built primarily for the delectation of the ear, suffuse it with a soft radiance that blends this painting

of Mr. Robert Blum's with the architectural features, making of it the final and ennobling touch to spacious panels, to friezes and mouldings, with their fragile arabesques in relief. And while so high in key that it gives a creamy tone to white walls and ceilings, the sharp notes of the gilt candelabras, which here and there judiciously relieve the pale ensemble, are mellowed and brought into tender subjugation by its subtle color-scheme. Neither timorous nor vaporous, it possesses a definiteness which is the finer for being unassertive. It is like an intelligent person who in good company has the supreme art of saying the right thing in the right way and at the best time, and whose tact and regard for others emphasizes his own fine individuality. Dignified, nobly balanced, full at all points, it suggests as little as a Greek moulding the need of alteration.

Given full credit to professional skill of a high order, united with a remarkable artistic temperament, we still have something to be accounted for in this homogeneous and masterly result. Besides the thoroughly original and expressive way in which the work was conceived, what seems to me to dominate it is the evidence of a process by which drawing and color, ensemble and details, have been considered again and

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MUSIC.
Robert Blum's Decorative Painting at the Mendelssohn Glee Club.



again, and the first conception shaped, elaborated, refined, and simplified until it has reached its last and most worthy expression. While to set apart and consider severally the intimately related and interwoven elements of an artistic production is, if not impossible, too often useless, it does not appear inappropriate in this special instance to point out the significance of what might be termed its ethical as differentiated from its aesthetic aspects. The important part played by the man's strenuous effort helps us to a broader appreciation of his work, and gives us at least a better basis for our understanding of, and our respect for, the artist who has labored so lovingly. Af-

ter three years of constant struggles, enthusiasms, and depressions when often a man of more ordinary fibre, less lofty purpose, and less conscientiousness would have been satisfied with the result, Mr. Blum has earned the right to say: "There it is; for better or for worse, it is the best I am capable of." While, of course, nothing is felt of that process of elaboration when the completed work, as far as Mr. Blum is concerned, is there triumphant, it is not without profit to realize what his creation means of problems met, of difficulties conquered, of innumerable steps leading higher and higher.

Art is no more accidental than it is trifling.

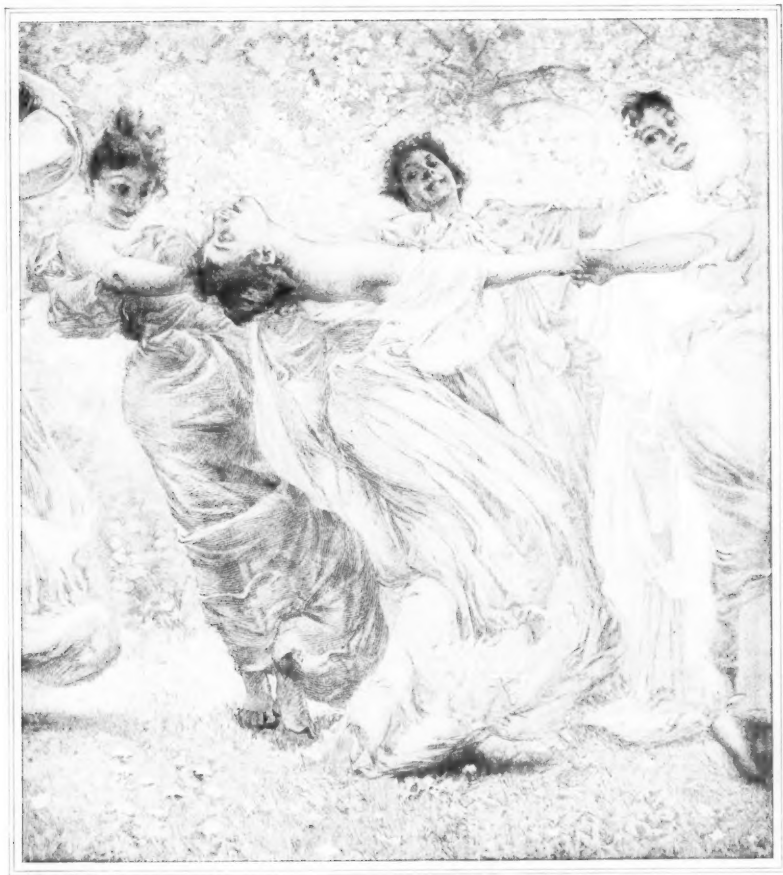


The works of the old masters invariably reveal their tremendous earnestness. Clever hand and eye give the externals, so to speak; the serious mind alone gives what, in spite of seductive virtuosity, is, after all, the essence, and what makes the grandeur and assures the permanent value of a work of art.

The first impression of this painting, which is also the one carried away after long examination, is one of spontaneity clearly expressed. It is as simple and as complete as a flower; a little world in itself, full of the joyousness of the spring of life, a vision of a summer

morning on the shores of Trinacria, an idyl of Theocritus.

Mr. Blum has chosen Music for his subject. Maidens in flowing, clinging draperies fill, in long procession, the whole length of the frieze. The sense of dainty motion, of pulsating life, is so expressed that they seem poised there for an instant only; indeed, in looking from one to another, the rhythm of the attitudes gives a sensation of movement. They are not forms rigidly fixed in their places and postures; but like the inimitable figures alive with the sense of eternal youth that forever dance on the rounded surface of the



Greek vases, these maidens catch you in their breeze-blown draperies and whirl you undulating on over the flower-studded Arcadian field. You feel the swirl of their garments; you see the twinkle of their feet keeping time to a music as distinctly felt.

The artist has had in mind the idea of the symphony and its several movements; the *andante*, *allegro*, *allegretto*, *allegro con furia*, etc., are clearly expressed and individualized, but it is impossible to describe in mere words such characterizations; for in art, as a French writer has said, "the simple view of things is worth all the words

one could read or write about them." Of the harmonious poses, of the beauty and piquant grace of the types, the illustrations accompanying this article give some idea; although the reduction to within a few inches, and the translation into black and white of figures larger than life, and painted in so high a key that black and white cannot render their delicacy of color, limits, perforce, these illustrations to a few elemental facts. But because of its extreme reduction the large illustration of the frieze, necessary to present some idea of it as a whole, and of its plan in the architectural scheme, gives

as inadequate an idea of the superb composition as of its charm of color.

The manner in which the component parts of the picture hold together and "compose" is such that one does not feel abundance here and emptiness there, or select some special figure or grouping, rather than others; while enjoying

ondary importance when this most essential result is achieved. And to realize how rarely it is achieved one has but to think of the paintings by eminent artists which decorate the Paris Hôtel de Ville. Good paintings they are, exhibiting qualities of a high order, and yet grievous failures as decorations.



the details one can think but of the *tout ensemble*.

Without intending a comparison, which would be absurd, Mr. Blum's work brought to the mind of the writer that of Puvis de Chavannes, for a masterly exhibition of this great decorative quality. In "Music," as in Puvis's frescos in the Sorbonne and the Pantheon, the structural lines are carried out in so subtle a way that they are felt rather than seen, the space is admirably balanced, and the whole alive, full, significant in masses and details, heads, figures, patches of sky as well as of ground. In a decoration the subject chosen seems almost of sec-

Pictures on walls, not wall pictures; interesting in many ways, but making one feel that they would produce a better impression anywhere else than in the place for which they were intended.

In reviewing the larger and more significant aspects of this work I must own to losing sight of the *brilliance* of the performance, which is part of its charm and so peculiarly characteristic of the artist. While it was to be expected that Mr. Blum should remain himself, it was as unexpected as it is remarkable that he should have become a great decorator. It is evident that

one of the most captivatingly picturesque artists of our day has enlarged his sphere by holding in check the more vivacious side of his nature, striving with larger problems and triumphing over them. The same individuality is there more than ever, and charm, daintiness, and vivacity pervade "Music," as they were the keynote of Mr. Blum's Venetian or of his Japanese studies.

To one who has followed carefully Mr. Blum's career, its last development seems perhaps especially typical of a man who has risen with each opportu-

nity; who, when he began his career as an illustrator, and with hardly any artistic education, sought from the dangerously brilliant Spaniards, at the zenith of their fame, mainly their graver qualities; who, impatient and dissatisfied with his success as an illustrator, strove to become a painter. As he always did his best, and worked not to please others but to satisfy himself, he has constantly grown, until this latest achievement places him in the very front rank of the great modern decorators.



TO LUCASTA

ON GOING TO THE WARS

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more

LOVELACE



ELIZABETHAN SONGS—I.
TO LUCASTA.

Drawn by J. R. Wegelin.



J. M. BARRIE.

From a photograph by F. Halger.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY

THE STORY OF HIS BOYHOOD

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "The Little Minister," "A Window in Thrums," etc.

CHAPTER I

TOMMY CONTRIVES TO KEEP ONE OUT

THE celebrated Tommy first comes into view on a dirty London stair, and he was in sexless garments, which were all he had, and he was five, and so though we are looking at him, we must do it sideways, lest he should sit down hurriedly to hide them. That inscrutable face, which made the clubmen of his later days uneasy and even puzzled the ladies while he was making love to them, was already his, except when he leered at one of his pretty thoughts or stopped at an open door to sniff a potful; note, too, the "noble" forehead, which has been so much admired. On his way up and down the stair he often paused to sniff, but he never asked for anything; his mother had warned him against it, and he carried out her injunction with almost unnecessary spirit, declining offers before they were made, as when passing a room, whence came the smell of fried fish, he might call in, "I don't not want none of your fish," or "My mother says I don't not want the littlest bit," or wistfully, "I ain't hungry," or more wistfully still, "My mother says I ain't hungry." His mother heard of this and was angry, crying that he had let the neighbors know something she was anxious to conceal, but what he had revealed to them Tommy could not make out, and when he questioned her artlessly, she took him with sudden passion to her flat breast, and often after that she looked at him long and wofully and wrung her hands.

The only other pleasant smell known to Tommy was when the water-carts passed the mouth of his little street.

His street, which ended in a dead wall, was near the river, but on the doleful side of it, opening off a longer street where the cabs of a bewildering station sometimes found themselves when they took the wrong turning; his home was at the top of a house of four floors, each with accommodations for at least two families, and here he had lived with his mother since his father's death six months ago. There was oil-cloth on the stair as far as the first floor; there had been oil-cloth between the first floor and the second—Tommy could point out pieces of it still adhering to the wood like remnants of a plaster, but above all was bare.

This stair was nursery to all the children whose homes opened on it, not so safe as nurseries in the part of London that is chiefly inhabited by boys in sailor suits, but preferable as a centre of adventure, and here on an afternoon sat two. They were very busy boasting, but only the smaller had imagination, and as he used it recklessly, their positions soon changed; sexless garments was now prone on a step, breeches sitting on him.

Shovel, a man of seven, had said, "None on your lip. You weren't never at Thrums yourself."

Tommy's reply was, "Ain't my mother a Thrums woman?"

Shovel, who had but one eye, and that bloodshot, fixed it on him threateningly.

"The Thames is in London," he said.

"'Cos they wouldn't not have it in Thrums," replied Tommy.

"'Amstead 'Eath's in London, I tell yer," Shovel said.

"The cemetery is in Thrums," said Tommy.

"There ain't no queens in Thrums, anyhow."

"There's the auld Licht minister."

"Well, then, if you jest seed Trafalgar Square!"

"If you jest see'd the Thrums town-house!"

"St. Paul's ain't in Thrums."

"It would like to be."

After reflecting, Shovel said in desperation, "Well, then, my father were once at a hanging."

Tommy replied instantly, "It were my father what was hanged."

There was no possible answer to this save a knock-down blow, but though Tommy was vanquished in body, his spirit remained stanch; he raised his head and gasped, "You should see how they knock down in Thrums!" It was then that Shovel sat on him.

Such was their position when an odd figure in that house, a gentleman, passed them without a word, so desirous was he to make a breath taken at the foot of the close stair last him to the top. Tommy merely gaped after this fine sight, but Shovel had experience, and "It's a kid or a coffin," he said, sharply, knowing that only birth or death brought a doctor here.

Watching the doctor's ascent, the two boys strained their necks over the rickety banisters, which had been polished black by trousers of the past, and sometimes they lost him, and then they saw his legs again.

"Hello, it's your old woman!" cried Shovel. "Is she a deader?" he asked, brightening, for funerals made a pleasant stir on the stair.

The question had no meaning for bewildered Tommy, but he saw that if his mother was a deader, whatever that might be, he had grown great in his companion's eye. So he hoped she was a deader.

"If it's only a kid," Shovel began, with such scorn that Tommy at once screamed, "It ain't!" and, cross-examined, he swore eagerly that his mother was in bed when he left her in the morning, that she was still in bed at dinner-time, also that the sheet was over her face, also that she was cold.

Then she was a deader and had attained distinction in the only way possible in that street. Shovel did not shake Tommy's hand warmly, the forms

of congratulation varying in different parts of London, but he looked his admiration so plainly that Tommy's head waggled proudly. Evidently, whatever his mother had done redounded to his glory as well as to hers, and somehow he had become a boy of mark. He said from his elevation that he hoped Shovel would believe his tales about Thrums now, and Shovel, who had often cuffed Tommy for sticking to him so closely, cringed in the most snobbish manner, craving permission to be seen in his company for the next three days. Tommy, the upstart, did not see his way to grant this favor for nothing, and Shovel offered a knife, but did not have it with him; it was his sister Ameliar's knife, and he would take it from her, help his davy. Tommy would wait there till Shovel fetched it. Shovel, baffled, wanted to know what Tommy was putting on hairs for. Tommy smiled, and asked whose mother was a deader. Then Shovel collapsed, and his wind passed into Tommy.

The reign of Thomas Sandys, nevertheless, was among the shortest, for with this question was he overthrown: "How did yer know she were cold?"

"Because," replied Tommy, triumphantly, "she told me herself."

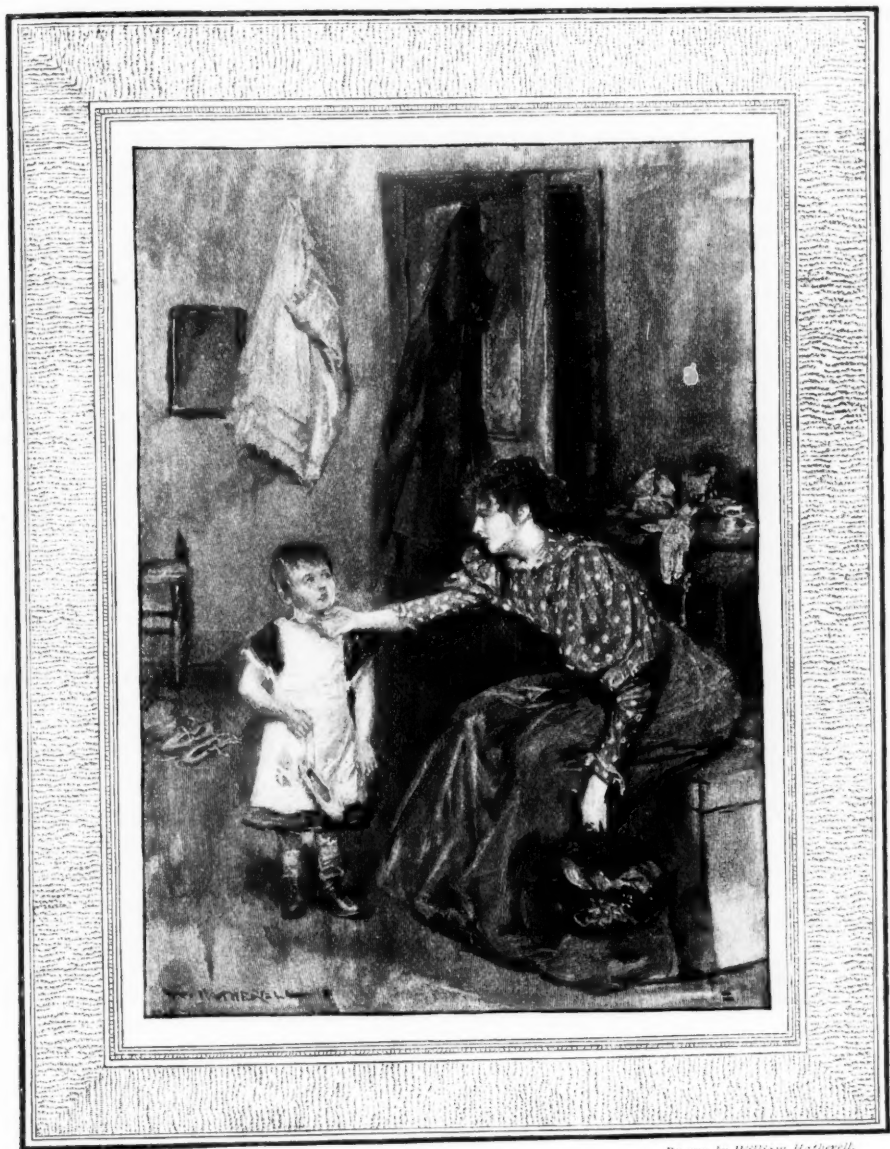
Shovel only looked at him, but one eye can be so much more terrible than two, that plop, plop, plop came the balloon softly down the steps of the throne and at the foot shrank pitifully, as if with Ameliar's knife in it.

"It's only a kid arter all!" screamed Shovel, furiously. Disappointment gave him eloquence, and Tommy cowered under his sneers, not understanding them, but they seemed to amount to this, that in having a baby he had disgraced the house.

"But I think," he said, with diffidence, "I think I were once one."

Then all Shovel could say was that he had better keep it dark on that stair.

Tommy squeezed his fist into one eye, and the tears came out at the other. A good-natured impulse was about to make Shovel say that though kids are undoubtedly humiliations, mothers and boys get used to them in time, and go on as brazenly as before, but it was



Drawn by William Hatherell.

Bob fell in love with him on the spot and chucked him under the chin.—Page 30.

checked by Tommy's unfortunate question, "Shovel, when will it come?"

Shovel, speaking from local experience, replied truthfully that they usually came very soon after the doctor, and at times before him.

"It ain't come before him," Tommy said, confidently.

"How do yer know?"

"'Cos it weren't there at dinner-time, and I been here since dinner-time."

The words meant that Tommy thought it could only enter by way of the stair, and Shovel quivered with delight. "Hst!" he cried, dramatically, and to his joy Tommy looked anxiously down the stair, instead of up it.

"Did you hear it?" Tommy whispered.

Before he could control himself Shovel blurted out: "Do you think as they come on their feet?"

"How then?" demanded Tommy; but Shovel had exhausted his knowledge of the subject. Tommy, who had begun to descend to hold the door, turned and climbed upwards, and his tears were now but the drop left in a cup too hurriedly dried. Where was he off to? Shovel called after him; and he answered, in a determined whisper: "To shove of it out if it tries to come in at the window."

This was enough for the more knowing urchin, now so full of good things that with another added he must spill, and away he ran for an audience, which could also help him to bait Tommy, that being a game most sportive when there are several to fling at once. At the door he knocked over, and was done with, a laughing little girl who had strayed from a more fashionable street. She rose solemnly, and kissing her muff, to reassure it if it had got a fright, toddled in at the first open door to be out of the way of unmannerly boys.

Tommy, climbing courageously, heard the door slam, and looking down he saw—a strange child. He climbed no higher. It had come!

After a long time he was one flight of stairs nearer it. It was making itself at home on the bottom step; resting, doubtless, before it came hopping up. Another dozen steps, and—It was beauti-

fully dressed in one piece of yellow and brown that reached almost to its feet, with a bit left at the top to form a hood, out of which its pert face peeped impudently; oho, so they came in their Sunday clothes. He drew so near that he could hear it cooing: thought itself as good as upstairs, did it!

He bounced upon her sharply, thinking to carry all with a high hand. "Out you go!" he cried, with the action of one heaving hay.

She whisked round, and, "Oo boy or oo girl?" she inquired, puzzled by his dress.

"None of your cheek!" roared insulted manhood.

"Oo boy," she said, decisively.

With the effrontery of them when they are young, she made room for him on her step, but he declined the invitation, knowing that her design was to skip up the stair the moment he was off his guard.

"You don't needn't think as we'll have you," he announced, firmly. "You had best go away to—go to—" His imagination failed him. "You had best go back," he said.

She did not budge, however, and his next attempt was craftier. "My mother," he assured her, "ain't living here now;" but mother was a new word to the girl, and she asked, gleefully, "Oo have mother?" expecting him to produce it from his pocket. To coax him to give her a sight of it she said, plaintively, "Me no have mother."

"You won't not get mine," replied Tommy, doggedly.

She pretended not to understand what was troubling him, and it passed through his head that she had to wait there till the doctor came down for her. He might come at any moment!

A boy does not put his hand into his pocket until every other means of gaining his end has failed, but to that extremity had Tommy now come. For months his only splendid possession had been a penny despised by trade because of a large round hole in it, as if (to quote Shovel) some previous owner had cut a farthing out of it. To tell the escapades of this penny (there are no adventurers like coin of the realm) would be one way of exhibiting Tommy

to the curious, but it would be a hard-hearted way. At present the penny was doubly dear to him, having been long lost and lately found. In a noble moment he had dropped it into a charity box hanging forlorn against the wall of a shop, where it lay very lonely by itself, so that when Tommy was that way he could hear it respond if he shook the box, as acquaintances give each other the time of day in passing. Thus at comparatively small outlay did he spread his benevolence over weeks and feel a glow therefrom, until the glow went, when he and Shovel recaptured the penny with a thread and a bent pin.

This treasure he sadly presented to her, and she accepted it with glee, putting it on her finger, as if it were a ring, but instead of saying that she would go now she asked him, coolly,

"Oo know tories?"

"Stories!" he exclaimed, "I'll—I'll tell you about Thrums," and was about to do it for love, but stopped in time. "This ain't a good stair for stories," he said, cunningly. "I can't not tell stories on this stair, but I—I know a good stair for stories."

The ninny of a girl was completely hoodwinked; and see, there they go, each with a hand in the muff, the one leering, oh, so triumphantly; the other trusting and gleeful. There was an exuberance of vitality about her as if she lived too quickly in her gladness, which you may remember in some child who visited the earth for but a little while.

How superbly Tommy had done it! It had been another keen brain pitted against his, and at first he was not winning. Then up came Thrums, and—But the thing has happened before; in a word, Blücher. Nevertheless, Tommy just managed it, for he got the girl out of the street and on to another stair no more than in time to escape a ragged rabble, headed by Shovel, who, finding their quarry gone, turned on their leader viciously, and had gloomy views of life till his cap was kicked down a sewer, which made the world bright again.

Of the tales told by Tommy that day in words Scotch and cockney, of Thrums, home of heroes and the arts, where the lamps are lit by a magician called Leerie-leerie-licht-the-lamps (but he is also

friendly, and you can fling stones at him), and the merest children are allowed to set the spinning-wheels a-whirling, and dagont is the swear, and the stairs are so fine that the houses wear them outside for show, and you drop a pail at the end of a rope down a hole, and sometimes it comes up full of water, and sometimes full of fairies—of these and other wonders, if you would know, ask not a dull historian, nor even go to Thrums, but to those rather who have been boys and girls there and now are exiles. Such a one Tommy knows, an unhappy woman, foolish, not very lovable, flung like a stone out of the red quarry upon a land where it cannot grip, and tearing her heart for a sight of the home she shall see no more. From her Tommy had his pictures, and he colored them rarely.

Never before had he such a listener. "Oh, dagont, dagont!" he would cry in ecstasy over these fair scenes, and she, awed or gurgling with mirth according to the nature of the last, demanded "Nother, nother!" whereat he remembered who and what she was, and showing her a morsel of the new one, drew her to more distant parts, until they were so far from his street that he thought she would never be able to find the way back.

His intention had been, on reaching such a spot, to desert her promptly, but she gave him her hand in the muff so confidently that against his judgment he fell a-pitying the trustful mite who was wandering the world in search of a mother, and so easily diddled on the whole that the chances were against her finding one before morning. Almost unconsciously he began to look about him for a suitable one.

They were now in a street much nearer to his own home than the spurts from spot to spot had led him to suppose. It was new to him, but he recognized it as the acme of fashion by those two sure signs; railings with most of their spikes in place, and cards scored with the word "Apartments." He had discovered such streets as this before when in Shovel's company, and they had watched the toffs go out and in, and it was a lordly sight, for first the toff waggled a rail that was loose at the

top and then a girl, called the servant, peeped at him from below, and then he pulled the rail again, and then the door opened from the inside, and you had a glimpse of wonder-land with a place for hanging hats on. He had not contemplated doing anything so handsome for the girl as this, but why should he not establish her here? There were many possible mothers in view, and thrilling with a sense of his generosity he had almost fixed on one but mistrusted the glint in her eye, and on another when she saved herself by tripping and showing an undarned heel.

He was still of an open mind when the girl of a sudden cried, gleefully, "Ma-ma, ma-ma!" and pointed, with her muff, across the street. The word was as meaningless to Tommy as mother had been to her, but he saw that she was drawing his attention to a woman some thirty yards away.

"Man—man!" he echoed, chiding her ignorance; "no, no, you blether, that ain't a man, that's a woman; that's woman—woman."

"Ooman—ooman," the girl repeated, docilely, but when she looked again, "Ma-ma, ma-ma," she insisted, and this was Tommy's first lesson that however young you catch them they will never listen to reason.

She seemed of a mind to trip off to this woman, and as long as his own mother was safe, it did not greatly matter to Tommy whom she chose, but if it was this one, she was going the wrong way about it. You cannot snap them up in the street.

The proper course was to track her to her house, which he proceeded to do, and his quarry, who was looking about her anxiously, as if she had lost something, gave him but a short chase. In the next street to the one in which they had first seen her, a street so like it that Tommy might have admired her for knowing the difference, she opened the door with a key and entered, shutting the door behind her. Odd to tell, the child had pointed to this door as the one she would stop at, which surprised Tommy very much.

On the steps he gave her his final instructions, and she dimpled and gurgled, obviously full of admiration for him,

which was a thing he approved of, but he would have liked to see her a little more serious.

"That is the door. Well, then, I'll waggle the rail as makes the bell ring, and then I'll run."

That was all, and he wished she had not giggled most of the time. She was sniggering, as if she thought him a very funny boy, even when he rang the bell and bolted.

From a safe place he watched the opening of the door, and saw the frivolous thing lose a valuable second in waving the muff to him. "In you go!" he screamed beneath his breath. Then she entered and the door closed. He waited an hour, or two minutes, or thereabout, and she had not been ejected. Triumph!

With a drum beating inside him Tommy strutted home, where, alas, a boy was waiting to put his foot through it.

CHAPTER II

BUT THE OTHER GETS IN

TO Tommy, a swaggerer, came Shovel sour-visaged; having now no cap of his own, he exchanged with Tommy, would also have bled the blooming mouth of him, but knew of a revenge that saves the knuckles: announced, with jeers and offensive finger exercise, that "it" had come.

Shovel was a liar. If he only knewed what Tommy knowed!

If Tommy only heard what Shovel had heard!

Tommy was of opinion that Shovel hadn't not heard anything.

Shovel believed as Tommy didn't know nuthin.

Tommy wouldn't listen to what Shovel had heard.

Neither would Shovel listen to what Tommy knew.

If Shovel would tell what he had heard, Tommy would tell what he knew.

Well, then, Shovel had listened at the door, and heard it mewling.

Tommy knowed it well, and it never mewled.

How could Tommy know it?

'Cos he had been with it a long time. Gosh! Why, it had only comed a minute ago.

This made Tommy uneasy, and he asked a leading question cunningly. A boy, wasn't it?

No, Shovel's old woman had been up helping to hold it, and she said it were a girl.

Shutting his mouth tightly, which was never natural to him, the startled Tommy mounted the stair, listened and was convinced. He did not enter his dishonored home. He had no intention of ever entering it again. With one salt tear he renounced—a child, a mother.

On his way downstairs he was received by Shovel and party, who planted their arrows neatly. Kids cried steadily he was told, for the first year. A boy one was bad enough, but a girl one was oh lawks. He must never again expect to get playing with blokes like what they was. Already she had got round his old gal who would care for him no more. What would they say about this in Thrums?

Shovel even insisted on returning him his cap, and for some queer reason, this cut deepest. Tommy about to charge, with his head down, now walked away so quietly that Shovel, who could not help liking the funny little cuss, felt a twinge of remorse, and nearly followed him with a magnanimous offer: to treat him as if he were still respectable.

Tommy lay down on a distant stair, one of the very stairs where *she* had sat with him. Ladies, don't you dare to pity him now, for he won't stand it. Rage was what he felt, and a man in a rage (as you may know if you are married) is only to be soothed by the sight of all womankind in terror of him. But you may look upon your handiwork, and gloat, an you will, on the wreck you have made. A young gentleman trusted one of you; behold the result. O! O! O! O! Now do you understand why we men cannot abide you?

If she had told him flat that his mother, and his alone, she would have, and so there was an end of it. Ah, catch them taking a straight road. But to put on those airs of helplessness, to

wave him that gay good-by, and then the moment his back was turned, to be off through the air on—perhaps on her muff, to the home he had thought to lure her from. In a word, to be diddled by a girl when one flatters himself he is diddling! S'dearth, a dashing fellow finds it hard to bear. Nevertheless, he has to bear it, for oh, Tommy, Tommy, 'tis the common lot of man.

His hand sought his pocket for the penny that had brought him comfort in dark hours before now; but, alack, she had deprived him even of it. Never again should his pinkie finger go through that warm hole, and at the thought a sense of his forlornness choked him, and he cried. You may pity him a little now.

Darkness came and hid him even from himself. He is not found again until a time of the night that is not marked on ornamental clocks, but has an hour to itself on the watch which a hundred thousand or so of London women carry in their breasts; the hour when men steal homewards trickling at the mouth and drawing back from their own shadows to the wives they once went a-maying with, or the mothers who had such travail at the bearing of them, as if for great ends. Out of this, the drunkard's hour, rose the wan face of Tommy, who had waked up somewhere clammy cold and quaking, and he was a very little boy, so he ran to his mother.

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And he was very considerate, too: not a word of reproach in him, though he knew very well what that bundle in the back of the bed was.

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She had a present for him, she said, and Tommy replied, "I knows," with averted face.

"Such a bonny thing."

"Bonny enough," he said, bitterly.

"Look at her, laddie."

But he shrank from the ordeal, crying, "No, no, keep her covered up!"

The little traitor seemed to be asleep, and so he ventured to say, eagerly, "It wouldn't not take long to carry all our things to another house, would it? Me and Shovel could near do it ourselves."

"And that's God's truth," the woman said, with a look round the room. "But what for should we do that?"

"Do you no see, mother?" he whispered, excitedly. "Then you and me could slip away, and—and leave her—in the press."

The feeble smile with which his mother received this he interpreted thus, "Wherever we go'd to she would be there before us."

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His mother saw that mischievous boys had been mounting him on his horse, which needed only one slap to make it go a mile; but she was a spiritless woman, and replied, indifferently, "You're a funny litlin'."

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The weary woman almost said she did,

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"Na, na," the mother answered, passionate at last, "she can never be to me what you hae been, my laddie, for you came to me when my hame was in hell, and we tholed it thegither, you and me."

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Hitherto he had slept at the back of his mother's bed, but to-night she could not have him there, the place being occupied, and rather sulkily he consented to lie crosswise at her feet, undressing by the feeble fire and taking care, as he got into bed, not to look at the usurper. His mother watched him furtively, and was relieved to read in his face that he had no recollection of ever having slept at the foot of a bed before. But soon after he fell asleep he awoke, and was afraid to move lest his father should kick him. He opened his eyes stealthily, and this was neither the room nor the bed he had expected to see.

The floor was bare save for a sheepskin beside the bed. Tommy always stood on the sheepskin while he was dressing because it was warm to the feet, though risky, as your toes sometimes caught in knots in it. There was a deal table in

the middle of the floor with some dirty crockery on it and a kettle that would leave a mark, but they had been left there by Shovel's old girl, for Mrs. Sandys usually kept her house clean. The chairs were of the commonest, and the press door would not remain shut unless you stuck a knife between its halves; but there was a gay blue wardrobe, spotted white where Tommy's mother had scraped off the mud that had once bespattered it during a lengthy sojourn at the door of a shop; and on the mantelpiece was a clock in a little brown and yellow house, and on the clock a Bible that had been in Thrums. But what Tommy was proudest of was his mother's kist, to which the chests of Londoners are not to be compared, though like it in appearance. On the inside of the lid of this kist was pasted, after a Thrums custom, something that his mother called her marriage lines, which she forced Shovel's mother to come up and look at one day, when that lady had made an innuendo Tommy did not understand, and Shovel's mother had looked, and though she could not read, was convinced, knowing them by the shape.

Tommy lay at the foot of the bed looking at this room, which was his home now, and trying to think of the other one, and by and by the fire helped him by falling to ashes, when darkness came in, and packing the furniture in grotesque cloths, removed it piece by piece, all but the clock. Then the room took a new shape. The fireplace was over there instead of here, the torn yellow blind gave way to one made of spars of green wood, that were bunched up at one side, like a lady out for a walk. On a round table there was a beautiful blue cloth, with very few gravy marks, and here a man ate beef when a woman and a boy ate bread, and near the fire was the man's big soft chair, out of which you could pull hairs, just as if it were Shovel's sister.

Of this man who was his father he could get no hold. He could feel his presence, but never see him. Yet he had a face. It sometimes pressed Tommy's face against it in order to hurt him, which it could do, being all short needles at the chin.

Once in those days Tommy and his mother ran away and hid from some one. He did not know from whom nor for how long, though it was but for a week, and it left only two impressions on his mind, the one that he often asked, "Is this starving now, mother?" the other that before turning a corner she always peered round it fearfully. Then they went back again to the man and he laughed when he saw them, but did not take his feet off the mantelpiece. There came a time when the man was always in bed, but still Tommy could not see his face. What he did see was the man's clothes lying on the large chair just as he had placed them there when he undressed for the last time. The black coat and worsted waistcoat which he could take off together were on the seat, and the light trousers hung over the side, the legs on the hearthrug, with the red socks still sticking in them: a man without a body.

But the boy had one vivid recollection, of how his mother received the news of his father's death. An old man with a white beard and gentle ways, who often came to give the invalid physick, was standing at the bedside, and Tommy and his mother were sitting on the fender. The old man came to her and said, "It is all over," and put her softly into the big chair. She covered her face with her hands, and he must have thought she was crying, for he tried to comfort her. But as soon as he was gone she rose, with such a queer face, and went on tiptoe to the bed, and looked intently at her husband, and then she clapped her hands joyously three times.

At last Tommy fell asleep with his mouth open, which is the most important thing that has been told of him as yet, and while he slept day came and restored the furniture that night had stolen. But when the boy woke he did not even notice the change; his brain traversed the hours it had lost since he lay down as quickly as you may put on a stopped clock, and with his first tick he was thinking of nothing but the deceiver in the back of the bed. He raised his head, but could only see that she had crawled under the coverlet to escape his wrath. His mother was asleep.

top and then a girl, called the servant, peeped at him from below, and then he pulled the rail again, and then the door opened from the inside, and you had a glimpse of wonder-land with a place for hanging hats on. He had not contemplated doing anything so handsome for the girl as this, but why should he not establish her here? There were many possible mothers in view, and thrilling with a sense of his generosity he had almost fixed on one but mistrusted the glint in her eye, and on another when she saved herself by tripping and showing an undarned heel.

He was still of an open mind when the girl of a sudden cried, gleefully, "Ma-ma, ma-ma!" and pointed, with her muff, across the street. The word was as meaningless to Tommy as mother had been to her, but he saw that she was drawing his attention to a woman some thirty yards away.

"Man—man!" he echoed, chiding her ignorance; "no, no, you blether, that ain't a man, that's a woman; that's woman—woman."

"Ooman—ooman," the girl repeated, docilely, but when she looked again, "Ma-ma, ma-ma," she insisted, and this was Tommy's first lesson that however young you catch them they will never listen to reason.

She seemed of a mind to trip off to this woman, and as long as his own mother was safe, it did not greatly matter to Tommy whom she chose, but if it was this one, she was going the wrong way about it. You cannot snap them up in the street.

The proper course was to track her to her house, which he proceeded to do, and his quarry, who was looking about her anxiously, as if she had lost something, gave him but a short chase. In the next street to the one in which they had first seen her, a street so like it that Tommy might have admired her for knowing the difference, she opened the door with a key and entered, shutting the door behind her. Odd to tell, the child had pointed to this door as the one she would stop at, which surprised Tommy very much.

On the steps he gave her his final instructions, and she dimpled and gurgled, obviously full of admiration for him,

which was a thing he approved of, but he would have liked to see her a little more serious.

"That is the door. Well, then, I'll waggle the rail as makes the bell ring, and then I'll run."

That was all, and he wished she had not giggled most of the time. She was sniggering, as if she thought him a very funny boy, even when he rang the bell and bolted.

From a safe place he watched the opening of the door, and saw the frivolous thing lose a valuable second in waving the muff to him. "In you go!" he screamed beneath his breath. Then she entered and the door closed. He waited an hour, or two minutes, or thereabout, and she had not been ejected. Triumph!

With a drum beating inside him Tommy strutted home, where, alas, a boy was waiting to put his foot through it.

CHAPTER II

BUT THE OTHER GETS IN



O Tommy, a swaggerer, came Shovel sour-visaged; having now no cap of his own, he exchanged with Tommy, would also have bled the blooming mouth of him, but knew of a revenge that saves the knuckles: announced, with jeers and offensive finger exercise, that "it" had come.

Shovel was a liar. If he only knowed what Tommy knowed!

If Tommy only heard what Shovel had heard!

Tommy was of opinion that Shovel hadn't not heard anything.

Shovel believed as Tommy didn't know nuthin.

Tommy wouldn't listen to what Shovel had heard.

Neither would Shovel listen to what Tommy knew.

If Shovel would tell what he had heard, Tommy would tell what he knew.

Well, then, Shovel had listened at the door, and heard it mewling.

Tommy knowed it well, and it never mewled.

How could Tommy know it?

'Cos he had been with it a long time. Gosh! Why, it had only comed a minute ago.

This made Tommy uneasy, and he asked a leading question cunningly. A boy, wasn't it?

No, Shovel's old woman had been up helping to hold it, and she said it were a girl.

Shutting his mouth tightly, which was never natural to him, the startled Tommy mounted the stair, listened and was convinced. He did not enter his dishonored home. He had no intention of ever entering it again. With one salt tear he renounced—a child, a mother.

On his way downstairs he was received by Shovel and party, who planted their arrows neatly. Kids cried steadily he was told, for the first year. A boy one was bad enough, but a girl one was oh lawks. He must never again expect to get playing with blokes like what they was. Already she had got round his old gal who would care for him no more. What would they say about this in Thrums?

Shovel even insisted on returning him his cap, and for some queer reason, this cut deepest. Tommy about to charge, with his head down, now walked away so quietly that Shovel, who could not help liking the funny little cuss, felt a twinge of remorse, and nearly followed him with a magnanimous offer: to treat him as if he were still respectable.

Tommy lay down on a distant stair, one of the very stairs where *she* had sat with him. Ladies, don't you dare to pity him now, for he won't stand it. Rage was what he felt, and a man in a rage (as you may know if you are married) is only to be soothed by the sight of all womankind in terror of him. But you may look upon your handiwork, and gloat, an you will, on the wreck you have made. A young gentleman trusted one of you; behold the result. O! O! O! O! Now do you understand why we men cannot abide you?

If she had told him flat that his mother, and his alone, she would have, and so there was an end of it. Ah, catch them taking a straight road. But to put on those airs of helplessness, to

wave him that gay good-by, and then the moment his back was turned, to be off through the air on—perhaps on her muff, to the home he had thought to lure her from. In a word, to be diddled by a girl when one flatters himself he is diddling! S'dearth, a dashing fellow finds it hard to bear. Nevertheless, he has to bear it, for oh, Tommy, Tommy, 'tis the common lot of man.

His hand sought his pocket for the penny that had brought him comfort in dark hours before now; but, alack, she had deprived him even of it. Never again should his pinkie finger go through that warm hole, and at the thought a sense of his forlornness choked him, and he cried. You may pity him a little now.

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Tommy sat up and peeped over the edge of the bed, then he let his eyes wander round the room; he was looking for the girl's clothes, but they were nowhere to be seen. It is distressing to have to tell that what was in his mind was merely the recovery of his penny. Perhaps as they were Sunday clothes she had hung them up in the wardrobe? He slipped on to the floor and crossed to the wardrobe, but not even the muff could he find. Had she been tired, and gone to bed in them? Very softly he crawled over his mother, and pulling the coverlet off the child's face, got the great shock of his childhood.

It was another one!

CHAPTER III

SHOWING HOW TOMMY WAS SUDDENLY TRANSFORMED INTO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN



T would have fared ill with Mrs. Sandys now, had her standoffishness to her neighbors been repaid in the same coin, but they were full of sympathy, especially Shovel's old girl, from whom she had often drawn back offensively on the stair, but who nevertheless waddled up several times a day with savory messes, explaining, when Mrs. Sandys sniffed, that it was not the tapiocar but merely the cup that smelt of gin. When Tommy returned the cups she noticed not only that they were suspiciously clean, but that minute particles of the mess were adhering to his nose and chin (perched there like ship-wrecked mariners on a rock, just out of reach of the devouring element), and after this discovery she brought two cupfuls at a time. She was an Irishwoman who could have led the House of Commons, and in walking she seldom raised her carpet shoes from the ground, perhaps because of her weight, for she had an expansive figure that bulged in all directions, and there were always bits of her here and there that she had forgotten to lace. Round the corner was a delightful eating-house, through whose window you were allowed to gaze at the great sweating dumplings, and Tommy thought Shovel's mother was rather like a dump-

ling that had not been a complete success. If he ever knew her name he forgot it. Shovel, who probably had another name also, called her his old girl or his old woman or his old lady, and it was a sight to see her chasing him across the street when she was in liquor, and boastful was Shovel of the way she could lay on, and he was partial to her too, and once when she was giving it to him pretty strong with the tongs his father (who followed many professions, among them that of finding lost dogs), had struck her and told her to drop it, and then Shovel sauced his father for interfering, saying she should lick him as long as she blooming well liked, which made his father go for him with a dog-collar; and that was how Shovel lost his eye.

For reasons less unselfish than his old girl's Shovel also was willing to make up to Tommy at this humiliating time. It might be said of these two boys that Shovel knew everything but Tommy knew other things, and as the other things are best worth hearing of Shovel liked to listen to them, even when they were about Thrums, as they usually were. The very first time Tommy told him of the wondrous spot, Shovel had drawn a great breath, and said, thoughtfully:

"I allers knowed as there were sich a beauty place, but I didn't jest know its name."

"How could yer know?" Tommy asked, jealously.

"I ain't sure," said Shovel, "p'raps I dreamed on it."

"That's it," Tommy cried. "I tell yer, everybody dreams on it!" and Tommy was right; everybody dreams of it, though not all call it Thrums.

On the whole, then, the coming of the kid, who turned out to be called Elspeth, did not ostracise Tommy, but he wished that he had let the other girl in, for he never doubted that her admittance would have kept this one out. He told neither his mother nor his friend of the other girl, fearing that his mother would be angry with him when she learned what she had missed, and that Shovel would crow over his blundering, but occasionally he took a side glance at the victorious infant, and

a poorer affair, he thought, he had never set eyes on. Sometimes it was she who looked at him, and then her chuckle of triumph was hard to bear. As long as his mother was there, however, he endured in silence, but the first day she went out in a vain search for work (it is about as difficult to get washing as to get into the Cabinet), he gave the infant a piece of his mind, poking up her head with a stick so that she was bound to listen.

"You thinks as it was clever on you, does yer? Oh, if I had been on the stair!

"You needn't not try to get round me. I likes the other one five times better; yes, three times better.

"Thievey, thievey, thief, that's her place you is lying in. What?

"If you puts out your tongue at me again—! What do yer say?

"She was twice bigger than you. You aint got no hair, nor yet no teeth. You're the littlest I ever seed. Eh? Don't not speak then, sulks!"

Prudence had kept him away from the other girl, but he was feeling a great want: someone to applaud him. When we grow older we call it sympathy. How Reddy (as he called her because she had beautiful red-brown hair) had appreciated him! She had a way he liked of opening her eyes very wide when she looked at him. Oh, what a difference from that thing in the back of the bed!

Not the mere selfish desire to see her again, however, would take him in quest of Reddy. He was one of those superior characters, was Tommy, who got his pleasure in giving it, and therefore gave it. Now, Reddy was a worthy girl. In suspecting her of overreaching him he had maligned her: she had taken what he offered, and been thankful. It was fitting that he should give her a treat: let her see him again.

His mother was at last re-engaged by her old employers, her supplanter having proved unsatisfactory, and as the work lay in a distant street, she usually took the kid with her, thus leaving no one to spy on Tommy's movements. Reddy's reward for not playing him false, however, did not reach her as soon as doubtless she would have liked,

because the first two or three times he saw her she was walking with the lady of his choice, and of course he was not such a fool as to show himself. But he walked behind them and noted with satisfaction that the lady seemed to be reconciled to her lot and inclined to let bygones be bygones; when at length Reddy and her patron met, Tommy thought this a good sign too, that Ma-ma (as she would call the lady) had told her not to go farther away than the lamp-post, lest she should get lost again. So evidently she had got lost once already, and the lady had been sorry. He asked Reddy many shrewd questions about how Ma-ma treated her, and if she got the top of the Sunday egg and had the licking of the pan and wore flannel underneath and slept at the back; and the more he inquired the more clearly he saw that he had got her one of the right kind.

Tommy arranged with her that she should always be on the outlook for him at the window, and he would come sometimes, and after that they met frequently, and she proved a credit to him, gurgling with mirth at his tales of Thrums, and pinching him when he had finished, to make sure that he was really made just like common human beings. He was a thin, pale boy, while she looked like a baby rose full bloom in a night because her time was short; and his movements were sluggish, but if she was not walking she must be dancing, and sometimes when there were few people in the street, the little armful of delight that she was jumped up and down like a ball, while Tommy kept the time, singing "Thrummy, Thrummy, Thrum Thrum Thrummy." They must have seemed a quaint pair to the lady as she sat at her window watching them and beckoning to Tommy to come in.

One day he went in, but only because she had come up behind and taken his hand before he could run. Then did Tommy quake, for he knew from Reddy how the day after the mother-making episode Ma-ma and she had sought in vain for his door, and he saw that the object had been to call down curses on his head. So that head was hanging limply now.

You think that Tommy is to be worsted at last, but don't be too sure; you just wait and see. Ma-ma and Reddy (who was clucking rather heartlessly) first took him into a room prettier even than the one he had lived in long ago (but there was no bed in it), and then, because someone they were in search of was not there, into another room without a bed (where on earth did they sleep?) whose walls were lined with books. Never having seen rows of books before except on sale in the streets, Tommy at once looked about him for the barrow. The table was strewn with sheets of paper of the size that they roll a quarter of butterin, and it was an amazing thick table, a solid square of wood, save for a narrow lane down the centre for the man to put his legs in—if he had legs, which unfortunately there was reason to doubt. He was a formidable man, whose beard licked the table while he wrote, and he wore something like a brown blanket, with a rope tied round it at the middle. Even more uncanny than himself were three busts on a shelf, which Tommy took to be deaders, and he feared the blanket might blow open and show that the man also ended at the waist. But he did not, for presently he turned round to see who had come in (the seat of his chair turning with him in the most startling way) and then Tommy was relieved to notice two big feet far away at the end of him.

"This is the boy, dear," the lady said. "I had to bring him in by force."

Tommy raised his arm instinctively to protect his face, this being the kind of man who could hit hard. But presently he was confused, and also, alas, leering a little. You may remember that Reddy had told him she must not go beyond the lamp-post, lest she should be lost again. She had given him no details of the adventure, but he learned now from Ma-ma and Papa (she called the man Papa) that she had strayed when Ma-ma was in a shop and that some good kind boy had found her and brought her home; and what do you say to this, they thought Tommy was that boy! In his amazement he very nearly blurted out that he was the other boy, but just then the lady asked Papa if he had a

shilling, and this abruptly closed Tommy's mouth. Ever afterwards he remembered Papa as the man that was not sure whether he had a shilling until he felt his pockets—a new kind of mortal to Tommy, who grabbed the shilling when it was offered to him, and then looked at Reddy imploringly, he was so afraid she would tell. But she behaved splendidly, and never even shook her head at him. After this, as hardly need be told, his one desire was to get out of the house with his shilling before they discovered their mistake, and it was well that they were unsuspecting people, for he could not help making strange hissing sounds in his throat, the result of trying hard to keep his sniggers under control.

There were many ways in which Tommy could have disposed of his shilling. He might have been a good boy and returned it next day to Papa. He might have given Reddy half of it for not telling. It could have carried him over the winter. He might have stalked with it into the shop where the greasy puddings were and come rolling out hours afterwards. Some of these schemes did cross his little mind, but he decided to spend the whole shilling on a present to his mother, and it was to be something useful. He devoted much thought to what she was most in need of, and at last he bought her a colored picture of Lord Byron swimming the Hellespont.

He told her that he got his shilling from two toffs for playing with a little girl, and the explanation satisfied her; but she could have cried at the waste of the money, which would have been such a God-send to her. He cried altogether, however, at sight of her face, having expected it to look so pleased, and then she told him, with caresses, that the picture was the one thing she had been longing for ever since she came to London. How had he known this, she asked, and he clapped his hands gleefully, and said he just knew when he saw it in the shop window.

"It was noble of you," she said, "to spend all your siller on me."

"Wasn't it mother?" he crowed. "I'm thinking there aint many as noble as I is!"

He did not say why he had been so good to her, but it was because she had written no letters to Thrums since the intrusion of Elspeth; a strange reason for a boy whose greatest glory at one time had been to sit on the fender and exultingly watch his mother write down words that would be read aloud in the wonderful place. She was a long time in writing a letter, but that only made the whole evening romantic, and he found an arduous employment in keeping his tongue wet in preparation for the licking of the stamp.

But she could not write to the Thrums folk now without telling them of Elspeth, who was at present sleeping the sleep of the shameless in the hollow of the bed, and so for his sake, Tommy thought, she meant to write no more. For his sake, mark you, not for her own. She had often told him that some day he should go to Thrums, but not with her; she would be far away from him then in a dark place she was awid to be lying in. Thus it seemed to Tommy that she denied herself the pleasure of writing to Thrums lest the sorry news of Elspeth's advent should spoil his reception when he went north. As far as she herself was concerned she could have written, because as she was never going back it did not so much matter to her what the Thrums people thought.

So grateful Tommy gave her the picture, hoping that it would fill the void. But it did not. She put it on the mantlepiece so that she might just sit and look at it, she said, and he grinned at it from every part of the room, but when he returned to her, he saw that she was neither looking at it nor thinking of it. She was looking straight before her, and sometimes her lips twitched, and then she drew them into her mouth to keep them still. It is a kind of dry weeping that sometimes comes to miserable ones when their minds stray into the happy past, and Tommy sat and watched her silently for a long time, never doubting that the cause of all her woe was that she could not write to Thrums.

He had seldom seen tears on his mother's face, but he saw one now. They had been loathe to come for

many a day, and this one formed itself beneath her eye and sat there like a blob of blood.

His own began to come more freely. But she needn't not expect him to tell her to write nor to say that he didn't care what Thrums thought of him so long as she was happy.

The tear rolled down his mother's thin cheek and fell on the gray shawl that had come from Thrums.

She did not hear her boy as he dragged a chair to the press and standing on it got something down from the top shelf. She had forgotten him, and she started when presently the pen was slipped into her hand and Tommy said, "You can do it, mother, I wants yer to do it, mother, I won't not greet, mother!"

When she saw what he wanted her to do she patted his face approvingly, but without realizing the extent of his sacrifice. She knew that he had some maggot in his head that made him regard Elspeth as a sore on the family honor, but ascribing his views to jealousy she had never tried seriously to change them. Her main reason for sending no news to Thrums of late had been but the cost of the stamp, though she was also a little conscience-stricken at the kind of letters she wrote, and the sight of the materials lying ready for her proved sufficient to draw her to the table.

"Is it to your grandmother you is writting the letter?" Tommy asked, for her grandmother had brought Mrs. Sandys up and was her only surviving relative. This was all Tommy knew of his mother's life in Thrums, though she had told him much about other Thrums folk, and not till long afterwards did he see that there must be something queer about herself, which she was hiding from him.

This letter was not for her granny, however, and Tommy asked next, "Is it to Aaron Latta?" which so startled her that she dropped the pen.

"Whaur heard you that name?" she said, sharply. "I never spoke it to you."

"I've heard you saying it when you was sleeping, mother."

"Did I say anything but the name? Quick, tell me."

"You said, 'Oh, Aaron Latta, oh, Aaron, little did we think Aaron,' and things like that. Are you angry with me, mother?"

"No," she said, relieved, but it was some time before the desire to write came back to her. Then she told him "The letter is to a woman that was gey cruel to me," adding, with a complacent pursing of her lips, the curious remark, "that's the kind I like to write to best."

The pen went scrape, scrape, but Tommy did not weary, though he often sighed, because his mother would never read aloud to him what she wrote. The Thrums people never answered her letters, for the reason, she said, that those she wrote to could not write, which seemed to simple Tommy to be a sufficient explanation. So he had never heard the inside of a letter talking, though a postman lived in the house, and even Shovel's old girl got letters; once when her uncle died she got a telegram, which Shovel proudly wheeled up and down the street in a barrow, other blokes keeping guard at the side. To give a letter to a woman who had been cruel to you struck Tommy as the height of nobility.

"She'll be uplifted when she gets it!" he cried.

"She'll be mad when she gets it," answered his mother, without looking up.

This was the letter:—

"My dear Esther, I send you these few scrapes to let you see I have not forgot you, though my way is now grand by yours. A spleet new black silk, Esther, being the second in a twelve-month, as I'm a living woman. The other is no none tashed yet, but my gudeman fair insisted on buying a new one, for says he 'Rich folk like us can afford to be mislaird, and nothing's ower braw for my bonny Jean.' Tell Aaron Latta that. When I'm sailing in my silks, Esther, I sometimes picture you turning your wincey again, for I'se uphaud that's all the new frock you've ha'en the year. I dinna want to gie you a scunner of your man, Esther, more by token they said if your mither had not took him in hand you would never have kent the color of his nightcap, but when you are wrax-

ing ower your kail-pot in a plot of heat, just picture me ringing the bell for my servant, and saying, with a wave of my hand, 'Servant, lay the dinner.' And ony bonny afternoon when your man is cleaning out stables and you're at the tub in a short gown, picture my man taking me and the children out a ride in a carriage, and I sair doubt your bairns was never in nothing more genteel than a coal cart. For bairns is yours, Esther, and children is mine, and that's a burn without a brig till't.

"Deary me, Esther, what with one thing and another, namely buying a sofa, thirty shillings as I'm a sinner, I have forgot to tell you about my second, and it's a girl this time, my man saying he would like a change. We have christened her Elspeth after my grand-mamma, and if my auld granny's aye living, you can tell her that's her. My man is terrible windy of his two beautiful children, but he says he would have been the happiest gentleman in London though he had just had me, and really his fondness for me, it cows, Esther, sitting aside me on the bed, two pounds without the blankets, about the time Elspeth was born, and feeding me with the fat of the land, namely, tapiocas and sherry wine. Tell Aaron Latta that.

"I pity you from the bottom of my heart, Esther, for having to bide in Thrums, but you have never seen no better, your man having neither the siller nor the desire to take you jaunts, and I'm thinking that is just as well, for if you saw how the like of me lives it might disgust you with your own bit house. I often laugh, Esther, to think that I was once like you, and looked upon Thrums as a bonny place. How is the old hole? My son makes grand sport of the onfortunate bairns as has to bide in Thrums, and I see him doing it the now to his favorite companion, which is a young gentleman of ladylike manners, as bides in our terrace. So no more at present, for my man is sitting ganting for my society, and I daresay yours is erying to you to darn his old socks. Mind and tell Aaron Latta."

This letter was posted next day by Tommy, with the assistance of Shovel,

who seems to have been the young gentleman of ladylike manners referred to in the text.

CHAPTER IV

THE END OF AN IDYLL

TOMMY never saw Reddy again owing to a fright he got about this time, for which she was really to blame, though a woman who lived in his house was the instrument.

It is, perhaps, idle to attempt a summary of those who lived in that house, as one at least will be off, and another in his place, while we are giving them a line apiece. They were usually this kind who lived through the wall from Mrs. Sandys, but beneath her were the two rooms of Hankey, the postman, and his lodger, the dreariest of middle-aged clerks except when telling wistfully of his ambition, which was to get out of the tea department into the coffee department, where there is an easier way of counting up the figures. Shovel and family were also on this floor, and in the rooms under them was a newly married couple. When the husband was away at his work, his wife would make some change in the furniture, taking the picture from this wall, for instance, and hanging it on that wall, or wheeling the funny chair she had lain in before she could walk without a crutch, to the other side of the fireplace, or putting a skirt of yellow paper round the flower pot, and when he returned he always jumped back in wonder and exclaimed: "What an immense improvement!" These two were so fond of one another that Tommy asked them the reason, and they gave it by pointing to the chair with the wheels, which seemed to him to be no reason at all. What was this young husband's trade Tommy never knew, but he was the only prettily dressed man in the house, and he could be heard roaring in his sleep, "And the next article?" The meanest looking man lived next door to him. Every morning this man put on a clean white shirt, which sounds like a splendid beginning, but his other clothes were of

the seediest, and he came and went shivering, raising his shoulders to his ears and spreading his hands over his chest as if anxious to hide his shirt rather than to display it. He and the happy husband were nicknamed Before and After, they were so like the pictorial advertisement of Man before and after he has tried Someone's lozenges. But it is rash to judge by outsides; Tommy and Shovel one day tracked Before to his place of business, and it proved to be a palatial eating-house, long, narrow, padded with red cushions, through whose door they saw the once despised, now in beautiful black clothes, the waistcoat a mere nothing, as if to give his shirt a chance at last, a towel over his arm, and to and fro he darted, saying "Yessirquitesosir" to the toffs on the seats, shouting "Twovegonebeef — onebeeronetartinahurry" to someone invisible, and pocketing twopences all day long, just like a lord. On the same floor as Before and After lived the large family of little Pikes, who quarrelled at night for the middle place in the bed, and then chips of ceiling fell into the room below, tenant Jim Ricketts and parents, lodger the young woman we have been trying all these doors for. Her the police snapped up on a charge that made Tommy want to hide himself — child-desertion.

Shovel was the person best worth listening to on the subject (observe him, the centre of half a dozen boys), and at first he was for the defence, being a great stickler for the rights of mothers. But when the case against the girl leaked out, she need not look to him for help. The police had found the child in a basket down an area, and being knowing ones they pinched it to make it cry, and then they pretended to go away. Soon the mother, who was watching hard by to see if it fell into kind hands, stole to her baby to comfort it, "and just as she were a kissing on it and blubbering, the perlice copped her."

"The slut!" said disgusted Shovel, "what did she hang about for?" and in answer to a trembling question from Tommy he replied, decisively, "Six months hard."

"Next case" was probably called immediately, but Tommy vanished, as if

he had been sentenced and removed to the cells.

Never again, unless he wanted six months hard, must he go near Reddy's home, and so he now frequently accompanied his mother to the place where she worked. The little room had a funny fireplace called a stove, on which his mother made tea and the girls roasted chestnuts, and it had no other ordinary furniture except a long form. But the walls were mysterious. Three of them were covered with long white cloths, which went to the side when you tugged them, and then you could see on rails dozens of garments that looked like nightgowns. Beneath the form were scores of little shoes, most of them white or brown. In this house Tommy's mother spent eight hours daily, but not all of them in this room. When she arrived the first thing she did was to put Elspeth on the floor, because you cannot fall off a floor; then she went upstairs with a bucket and a broom to a large bare room, where she stayed so long that Tommy nearly forgot what she was like.

While his mother was upstairs Tommy would give Elspeth two or three slippers to eat to keep her quiet, and then he played with the others, pretending to be able to count them, arranging them in designs, shooting them, swimming among them, saying "bow-wow" at them and then turning sharply to see who had said it. Soon Elspeth dropped her slippers and gazed in admiration at him, but more often than not she laughed in the wrong place, and then he said ironically: "Oh, in course I can't do nothin'; jest let's see you doing of it, then, cocky!"

By the time the girls began to arrive, singly or in twos and threes, his mother was back in the little room, making tea for herself or sewing bits of them that had been torn as they stepped out of a cab, or helping them to put on the nightgowns, or pretending to listen pleasantly to their chatter and hating them all the time. There was every kind of them, gorgeous ones and shabby ones, old tired ones and dashing young ones, but whether they were the Honorable Mrs. Something or only Jane Anything, they all came to that room for

the same purpose: to get a little gown and a pair of shoes. Then they went upstairs and danced to a stout little lady, called the Sylph, who bobbed about like a ball at the end of a piece of elastic. What Tommy never forgot was that while they danced the Sylph kept saying, "One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four," which they did not seem to mind, but when she said "One, two, three, four, *picture!*" they all stopped and stood motionless, though it might be with one foot as high as their head and their arms stretched out toward the floor, as if they had suddenly seen a half-penny there.

In the waiting-room, how they joked and pirouetted and gossiped, and hugged and scorned each other, and what slang they spoke and how pretty they often looked next moment, and how they denounced the one that had just gone out as a cat with whom you could not get in a word edgeways, and oh, how prompt they were to give a slice of their earnings to any "cat" who was hard up! But still, they said, she had talent, but no genius. How they pitied people without genius.

Have you ever tasted an encore or a reception? Tommy never had his teeth in one, but he heard much about them in that room, and concluded that they were some sort of cake. It was not the girls who danced in groups, but those who danced alone, that spoke of their encores and receptions, and sometimes they had got them last night, sometimes years ago. Two girls met in the room, one of whom had stolen the other's reception, and—but it was too dreadful to write about. Most of them carried newspaper cuttings in their purses and read them aloud to the others, who would not listen. Tommy listened, however, and as it was all about how one house had risen at the girls and they had brought another down, he thought they led the most adventurous lives.

Occasionally they sent him out to buy newspapers or chestnuts, and then he had to keep a sharp eye on the police lest they knew about Reddy. It was a point of honor with all the boys he knew to pretend that the policeman was after them. To gull him into thinking all was well they blackened their faces

and wore their jackets inside out; their occupation was a constant state of readiness to fly from him, and when he tramped out of sight, unconscious of their existence, they emerged from dark places and spoke in exultant whispers. Tommy had been proud to join them, but he now resented their going on in this way; he felt that he alone had the right to fly from the law. And once at least while he was flying something happened to him that he was to remember better, far better, than his mother's face.

What set him running on this occasion (he had been sent out to get one of the girls' shoes soled) was the grandest sight to be seen in London—an endless row of policemen walking in single file, all with the right leg in the air at the same time, then the left leg. Seeing at once that they were after him, Tommy ran, ran, ran until in turning a corner he found himself wedged between two legs. He was of just sufficient size to fill the aperture, but after a momentary lock he squeezed through, and they proved to be the gate into an enchanted land.

The magic began at once. "Dagont, you sacket!" cried some wizard.

A policeman's hand on his shoulder could not have taken the wind out of Tommy more quickly. In the act of starting a-running again he brought down his hind foot with a thud and stood stock still. Can anyone wonder? It was the Thrums tongue, and this the first time he had heard it except from his mother.

It was a dull day, and all the walls were dripping wet, this being the part of London where the fogs are kept. Many men and women were passing to and fro, and Tommy, with a wild exultation in his breast, peered up at the face of this one and that; but no, they were only ordinary people, and he played rub-a-dub with his feet on the pavement, so furious was he with them for moving on as if nothing had happened. Draw up, ye carters; pedestrians, stand still; London, silence for a moment, and let Tommy Sandys listen!

Being but a frail plant in the way of a flood, Tommy was rooted up and borne onward, but he did not feel the buffeting. In a passion of grief he dug his fists in his eyes, for the glory had been

his for but a moment. It can be compared to nothing save the parcel (attached to a concealed string) which Shovel and he once placed on the stair for Billy Hankey to find, and then whipped away from him just as he had got it under his arm. But so near the crying, Tommy did not cry, for even while the tears were rushing to his aid he tripped on the step of a shop, and immediately, as if that had rung the magic bell again, a voice, a woman's voice this time, said shrilly, "Threepence ha'penny, and them jimply as big as a bantam's! Na, na, but I'll gi'e you five bawbees."

Tommy sat down flop on the step, feeling queer in the head. Was it—was it—was it Thrums? He knew he had been running a long time.

The woman, or fairy, or whatever you choose to call her, came out of the shop and had to push Tommy aside to get past. Oh, what a sweet foot to be kicked by. At the time he thought she was dressed not unlike the women of his own stair, but this defect in his vision he mended afterward, as you may hear. Of course, he rose and trotted by her side like a dog, looking up at her as if she were a cathedral; but she mistook his awe for impudence and sent him sprawling, with the words, "Tak' that, you glowering partan!"

Do you think Tommy resented this? On the contrary, he screamed from where he lay, "Say it again! say it again!"

She was gone, however, but only, as it were, to let a window open, from which came the cry, "Davit, have you seen my man?"

A male fairy roared back from some invisible place, "He has gone yont to Petey's wi' the dambrod."

"I'll dambrod him!" said the female fairy, and the window shut.

Tommy was now staggering like one intoxicated, but he had still some sense left him, and he walked up and down in front of this house, as if to take care of it. In the middle of the street some boys were very busy at a game, carts and lorries passing over them occasionally. They came to the pavement to play marbles, and then Tommy noticed that one of them wore what was proba-

bly a glengarry bonnet. Could he be a Thrums boy? At first he played in the stupid London way, but by and by he had to make a new ring, and he did it by whirling round on one foot. Tommy knew from his mother that it is only done in this way in Thrums. Oho! Oho!

By this time he was prancing round his discovery, saying, "I'm one, too—so am I—dagont, does yer hear? dagont!" which so alarmed the boy that he picked up his marble and fled, Tommy, of course, after him. Alas! he must have been some mischievous sprite, for he lured his pursuer back into London and then vanished, and Tommy, searching in vain for the enchanted street, found his own door instead.

His mother pooh-poohed his tale, though he described the street exactly as it struck him on reflection, and it bore a curious resemblance to the palace of Aladdin that Reddy had told him about, leaving his imagination to fill in the details, which it promptly did, with a square, a town-house, some outside stairs, and an auld licht kirk. There was no such street, however, his mother assured him; he had been dreaming. But if this were so, why was she so anxious to make him promise never to look for the place again?

He did go in search of it again, daily for a time, always keeping a look-out for bow-legs, and the moment he saw them, he dived recklessly between, hoping to come out into fairyland on the other side. For though he had lost the street, he knew that this was the way in.

Shovel had never heard of the street, nor had Bob. But Bob gave him something that almost made him forget it for a time. Bob was his favorite among the dancing girls, and she—or should it be he? The odd thing about these girls was that a number of them were really boys—or at least were boys at Christmas-time, which seemed to Tommy to be even stranger than if they had been boys all the year round. A friend of Bob's remarked to her one day, "You are to be a girl next winter, ain't you, Bob?" and Bob shook her head scornfully.

"Do you see any green in my eye, my dear?" she inquired.

Her friend did not look, but Tommy

looked, and there was none. He assured her of this so earnestly that Bob fell in love with him on the spot, and chucked him under the chin, first with her thumb and then with her toe, which feat was duly reported to Shovel, who could do it by the end of the week.

Did Tommy, Bob wanted to know, still think her a mere woman?

No, he withdrew the charge, but—but—. She was wearing her outdoor garments, and he pointed to them. "Why does yer wear them, then?" he demanded.

"For the matter of that," she replied, pointing at his frock, "why do you wear them?" Whereupon Tommy began to cry.

"I ain't not got no right ones," he blubbered. Harum-scarum Bob, who was a trump, had him in her motherly arms immediately, and the upshot of it was that a blue suit she had worn when she was Sam Something changed owners. Mrs. Sandys "made it up," and that is how Tommy got into trousers.

Many contingencies were considered in the making, but the suit would fit Tommy by and by if he grew, or it shrunk, and they did not pass each other in the night. When proud Tommy first put on his suit the most unexpected shyness overcame him, and having set off vaingloriously he stuck on the stair and wanted to hide. Shovel, who had been having an argument with his old girl, came, all boastful bumps, to him, and Tommy just stood still with a self-conscious simper on his face. And Shovel, who could have damped him considerably, behaved in the most honorable manner, initiating him gravely into the higher life, much as you show the new member round your club.

It was very risky to go back to Reddy, whom he had not seen for many weeks; but in trousers! He could not help it. He only meant to walk up and down her street, so that she might see him from the window, and know that this splendid thing was he; but though he went several times into the street, Reddy never came to the window.

The reason he had to wait in vain at Reddy's door was that she was dead; she had been dead for quite a long time when Tommy came back to look for her.

You mothers who have lost your babies, I should be a sorry knave were I to ask you to cry now over the death of another woman's child. Reddy had been lent to two people for a very little while, just as your babies were, and when the time was up she blew a kiss to them and ran gleefully back to God, just as your babies did. The gates of heaven are so easily found when we are little, and they are always standing open to let children wander in.

But though Reddy was gone away forever, mamma still lived in that house, and on a day she opened the door to come out. Tommy was standing there—she saw him there waiting for Reddy. Dry-eyed this sorrowful woman had heard the sentence pronounced, dry-eyed she had followed the little coffin to its grave; tears had not come even when waking from illusive dreams she put out her hand in bed to a child who was not there; but when she saw Tommy waiting at the door for Reddy, who had been dead for a month, her bosom moved and she could cry again.

Those tears were sweet to her husband, and it was he who took Tommy on his knee in the room where the books were, and told him that there was no Reddy now. When Tommy knew that Reddy was a deader he cried bitterly, and the man said, very gently, "I am glad you were so fond of her."

"Tain't that," Tommy answered with a knuckle in his eye, "tain't that as makes me cry." He looked down at his trousers and in a fresh outburst of childish grief he wailed, "It's them!"

Papa did not understand, but the boy explained. "She can't not never see them now," he sobbed, "and I wants her to see them, and they has pockets!"

It had come to the man unexpectedly. He put Tommy down almost roughly, and raised his hand to his head as if he felt a sudden pain there.

But Tommy, you know, was only a little boy.

CHAPTER V

THE GIRL WITH TWO MOTHERS

ELSPETH at last did something to win Tommy's respect; she fell ill of an ailment called in Thrums the croop.

When Tommy first heard his mother call it croop, he thought she was merely humoring Elspeth, and that it was nothing more distinguished than London whooping-cough, but on learning that it was genuine croop, he began to survey the ambitious little creature with a new interest.

This was well for Elspeth, as she had now to spend most of the day at home with him, their mother, whose health was failing through frequent attacks of bronchitis, being no longer able to carry her through the streets. Of course Elspeth soon took to repaying his attentions by loving him, and he soon suspected it, and then gloomily admitted it to himself, but never to Shovel. Being but an Englishman, Shovel saw no reason why relatives should conceal their affection for each other, but he played on this Scottish weakness of Tommy's with cruel enjoyment.

"She's fond on yer!" he would say, severely.

"You's a liar."

"Gar long! I believe as you're fond on her!"

"You jest take care, Shovel."

"Ain't yer?"

"Na-o!"

"Will yer swear?"

"So I will swear."

"Let's hear yer."

"Dagont!"

So for a time the truth was kept hidden, and Shovel retired, casting aspersions, and offering to eat all the hair on Elspeth's head for a penny.

This hair was white at present, which made Tommy uneasy about her future, but on the whole he thought he might make something of her if she was only longer. Sometimes he stretched her on the floor, pulling her legs out straight, for she had a silly way of doubling them up, and then he measured her carefully with his mother's old boots. Her growth proved to be distressingly irregular, as one day she seemed to have grown an inch since last night, and then next day she had shrunk two inches.

After her day's work Mrs. Sandys was now so listless that, had not Tommy interfered, Elspeth would have been a backward child. Reddy had been able

to walk from the first day, and so of course had he, but this little slow-coach's legs wobbled at the joints, like the blade of a knife without a spring. The question of questions was How to keep her on end?

Tommy sat on the fender revolving this problem, his head resting on his hand: that favorite position of mighty intellects when about to be photographed. Elspeth lay on her stomach on the floor, gazing earnestly at him, as if she knew she was in his thoughts for some stupendous purpose. Thus the apple may have looked at Newton before it fell.

Hankey, the postman, compelled the flowers in his window to stand erect by tying them to sticks, so Tommy took two sticks from a bundle of fire-wood, and splicing Elspeth's legs to them, held her upright against the door with one hand. All he asked of her to-day was to remain in this position after he said "One, two, three, four, *picture!*" and withdrew his hand, but down she flopped every time, and he said, with scorn,

"You ain't got no genius: you has just talent."

But he had her in bed with the scratches nicely covered up before his mother came home.

He tried another plan with more success. Lost dogs, it may be remembered, had a habit of following Shovel's father, and he not only took the wanderers in, but taught them how to beg and shake hands and walk on two legs. Tommy had sometimes been present at these agreeable exercises, and being an inventive boy he—But as Elspeth was a nice girl, let it suffice to pause here and add shyly, that in time she could walk.

He also taught her to speak, and if you need to be told with what luscious word he enticed her into language you are sentenced to re-read the first pages of his life.

"Thrums," he would say persuasively, "Thrums, Thrums. You opens your mouth like this, and shuts it like this, and that's it." Yet when he had coaxed her thus for many days, what does she do but break her long silence with the word "Tommy!" The recoil knocked her over.

Soon afterward she brought down a bigger bird. No Londoner can say "Auld licht," and Tommy had often crowed over Shovel's "Ol likt." When the testing of Elspeth could be deferred no longer, he eyed her with the look a hen gives the green egg on which she has been sitting twenty days, but Elspeth triumphed, saying the words modestly even, as if nothing inside her told her she had that day done something which would have baffled Shakespeare, not to speak of most of the gentlemen who sit for Scotch constituencies.

"Reddy couldn't say it!" Tommy cried, exultantly, and from that great hour he had no more fears for Elspeth.

Next the alphabet knocked for admission; and entered first *M* and *P*, which had prominence in the only poster visible from the window. Mrs. Sandys had taught Tommy his letters, but he had got into words by studying posters.

Elspeth being able now to make the perilous descent of the stairs, Tommy guided her through the streets (letting go hurriedly if Shovel hove in sight), and here she bagged new letters daily. With Catlings something, which is the best, she got into capital *Cs*; *ys* are found easily when you know where to look for them (they hang on behind); *Xs* are never found singly, but often three at a time; *Q* is so aristocratic that even Tommy had only heard of it, doubtless it was there, but indistinguishable among the masses like a celebrity in a crowd; on the other hand, big *A* and little *e* were so dirt cheap, that these two scholars passed them with something very like a sneer.

The printing-press is either the greatest blessing or the greatest curse of modern times, one sometimes forgets which. Elspeth's faith in it was absolute, and as it only spoke to her from placards, here was her religion, at the age of four:

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

HAPPY ARE THEY WHO NEEDING KNOW THE PAINLESS POROUS PLASTER."

Of religion, Tommy had said many fine things to her, embellishments on the simple doctrine taught him by his

mother before the miseries of this world made her indifferent to the next. But the meaning of "Pray without ceasing," Elspeth, who was God's child always, seemed to find out for herself, and it cured all her troubles. She prayed promptly for everyone she saw doing wrong, including Shovel, who occasionally had words with Tommy on the subject, and she not only prayed for her mother, but proposed to Tommy that they should buy her a porous plaster. Mrs. Sandys had been down with bronchitis again.

Tommy raised the monetary difficulty.

Elspeth knew where there was some money, and it was her very own.

Tommy knew where there was money, and it was his very own.

Elspeth would not tell how much she had, and it was twopence halfpenny.

Neither would Tommy tell, and it was twopence.

Tommy would get a surprise on his birthday.

So would Elspeth get a surprise on her birthday.

Elspeth would not tell what the surprise was to be, and it was to be a gun.

Tommy also must remain mute, and it was to be a box of dominoes.

Elspeth did not want dominoes.

Tommy knew that, but he wanted them.

Elspeth discovered that guns cost fourpence, and dominoes threepence halfpenny; it seemed to her, therefore, that Tommy was defrauding her of a halfpenny.

Tommy liked her cheek. You got the dominoes for threepence halfpenny, but the price on the box is fivepence, so that Elspeth would really owe him a penny.

This led to an agonizing scene in which Elspeth wept while Tommy told her sternly about Reddy. It had become his custom to tell the tale of Reddy when Elspeth was obstreperous.

Then followed a scene in which Tommy called himself a scoundrel for frightening his dear Elspeth, and swore that he loved none but her. Result; reconciliation, and agreed, that instead of a gun and dominoes, they should buy a porous plaster. You know the shops where the plasters are to be obtained by great colored bottles in their win-

dows, and, as it was advisable to find the very best shop Tommy and Elspeth in their wanderings came under the influence of the bottles, red, yellow, green, and blue, and color entered into their lives, giving them many delicious thrills. These bottles are the first poem known to the London child, and you chemists who are beginning to do without them in your windows should be told that it is a shame.

In the glamour, then, of the romantic bottles walked Tommy and Elspeth hand in hand, meeting so many novelties that they might have spared a tear for the unfortunate children who sit in nurseries surrounded by all they ask for, and if the adventures of these two frequently ended in the middle, they had probably begun another while the sailor-suit boy was still holding up his leg to let the nurse put on his little sock. While they wandered, they drew near unwittingly to the enchanted street, to which the bottles are a colored way, and at last they were in it but Tommy recognized it not; he did not even feel that he was near it and look for a human door, for there were no outside stairs, no fairies strolling about, it was a short street as shabby as his own.

But someone had shouted "Dinna haver, lassie; you're blethering!"

Tommy whispered to Elspeth, "Be still; don't speak," and he gripped her hand tighter and stared at the speaker. He was a boy of ten, dressed like a Londoner, and his companion had disappeared. Tommy never doubting but that he was the sprite of long ago, gripped him by the sleeve. All the savings of Elspeth and himself were in his pocket, and yielding to impulse, as was his way, he thrust the fivepence halfpenny into James Glog's hand. The new millionaire gaped, but not at his patron, for the why and wherefore of this gift were trifles to James beside the tremendous fact that he had fivepence halfpenny. "Almighty me!" he cried and bolted. Presently he returned, having deposited his money in a safe place, and his first remark was perhaps the meanest on record. He held out his hand and said, greedily, "Have you any mair?"

This, you feel certain, must have been

the most important event of that evening, but strange to say, it was not. Before Tommy could answer James's question, a woman in a shawl had pounced upon him and hurried him and Elspeth out of the street. She had been standing at a corner looking wistfully at the window blinds behind which folk from Thrums passed to and fro, hiding her face from people in the street, but gazing eagerly after them. It was Tommy's mother, whose first free act on coming to London had been to find out that street, and many a time since then she had skulked through it or watched it from dark places, never daring to disclose herself, but sometimes recognizing familiar faces, sometimes hearing a few words in the old tongue that is harsh and ungracious to you, but was so sweet to her, and bearing them away with her beneath her shawl as if they were something warm to lay over her cold heart.

For a time she upbraided Tommy passionately for not keeping away from this street, but soon her hunger for news of Thrums overcame her prudence, and she consented to let him go back if he promised never to tell that his mother came from Thrums. "And if onybody wants to ken your name, say it's Tommy, but dinna let on that it's Tommy Sandys."

"Elspeth," Tommy whispered that night, "I'm near sure there's something queer about my mother and me and you." But he did not trouble himself with wondering what the something queer might be, so engrossed was he in the new and exciting life that had suddenly opened to him.

CHAPTER VI

THE ENCHANTED STREET

IN Thrums Street, as it ought to have been called, herded at least one-half of the Thrums folk in London, and they formed a colony, of which the grocer at the corner sometimes said wrathfully that not a member would give sixpence for anything except Bibles or whiskey. In the streets one could only tell they were not Londoners by their walk, the flagstones having no grip for their feet, or, if they had come south late

in life, by their backs, which they carried at the angle on which webs are most easily supported. When mixing with the world they talked the English tongue, which came out of them as broad as if it had been squeezed through a mangle, but when the day's work was done, it was only a few of the giddier striplings that remained Londoners. For the majority there was no raking the streets after diversion, they spent the hour or two before bed-time in reproducing the life of Thrums. Few of them knew much of London except the nearest way between this street and their work, and their most interesting visitor was a Presbyterian minister, most of whose congregation lived in much more fashionable parts, but they were almost exclusively servant girls, and when descending area-steps to visit them he had been challenged often and jocularly by policemen, which perhaps was what gave him a subdued and furtive appearance.

The rooms were furnished mainly with articles bought in London, but these became as like Thrums dressers and seats as their owners could make them, old Petey, for instance, cutting the back off a chair because he felt most at home on stools. Drawers were used as baking-boards, pails turned into salt-buckets, floors were sanded and hearth-stones ca'med, and the popular supper consisted of porter, hot water, and soaked bread, after every spoonful of which they groaned pleasantly, and stretched their legs. Sometimes they played at the dambrod, but more often they pulled down the blinds on London and talked of Thrums in their mother tongue. Nevertheless few of them wanted to return to it, and their favorite joke was the case of James Gloag's father, who being home-sick flung up his situation and took train for Thrums, but he was back in London in three weeks.

Tommy soon had the entry to these homes, and his first news of the inmates was unexpected. It was that they were always sleeping. In broad daylight he had seen Thrums men asleep on beds, and he was somewhat ashamed of them until he heard the excuse. A number of the men from Thrums were bakers, the first emigrant of this trade having drawn

others after him, and they slept great part of the day to be able to work all night in a cellar, making nice rolls for rich people. Baker Lumsden, who became a friend of Tommy, had got his place in the cellar when his brother died, and the brother had succeeded Matthew Croall when he died.

They die very soon, Tommy learned from Lumsden, generally when they are eight and thirty. Lumsden was thirty-six, and when he died his nephew was to get the place. The wages are good.

Then there were several masons, one of whom, like the first baker, had found work for all the others, and there were men who had drifted into trades strange to their birthplace, and there was usually one at least who had come to London to "better himself" and had not done it as yet. The family Tommy liked best was the Whamonds, and especially he liked old Petey and young Petey Whamond. They were a large family of women and men, all of whom earned their living in other streets except the old man, who kept house and was a famous knitter of stockings, as probably his father had been before him. He was a great one, too, at telling what they would be doing at that moment in Thrums, every corner of which was as familiar to him as the ins and outs of the family hose. Young Petey got fourteen shillings a week from a hatter, and one of his duties was to carry as many as twenty band-boxes at a time through fashionable streets; it is a matter for elation that dukes and statesmen had often to take the curbstone, because young Petey was coming. Nevertheless young Petey was not satisfied, and never would be (such is the Thrums nature) until he became a salesman in the shop to which he acted at present as fetch and carry, and he used to tell Tommy that this position would be his as soon as he could sneer sufficiently at the old hats. When gentlemen come into the shop and buy a new hat, he explained, they put it on, meaning to tell you to send the old one to their address, and the art of being a fashionable hatter lies in this: you must be able to curl your lips so contemptuously at the old hat that they tell you guiltily to keep it, as they have no further use for it.

Then they retire ashamed of their want of moral courage and you have made an extra half-guinea.

"But I aye snort," young Petey admitted, "and it should be done without a sound." When he graduated, he was to marry Martha Spens, who was waiting for him at Tillyloss. There was a London seamstress whom he preferred, and she was willing, but it is safest to stick to Thrums.

When Tommy was among his new friends a Scotch word or phrase often escaped his lips, but old Petey and the others thought he had picked it up from them, and would have been content to accept him as a London waif who lived somewhere round the corner. To trick people so simply, however, is not agreeable to an artist, and he told them his name was Tommy Shovel, and that his old girl walloped him, and his father found dogs, all which inventions Thrums Street accepted as true. What is much more noteworthy is that, as he gave them birth, Tommy half believed them also, being already the best kind of actor.

Not all the talking was done by Tommy when he came home with news, for he seldom mentioned a Thrums name, of which his mother could not tell him something more. But sometimes she did not choose to tell, as when he announced that a certain Elspeth Lindsay, of the Marywellbrae, was dead. After this she ceased to listen, for old Elspeth had been her grandmother, and she had now no kin in Thrums.

"Tell me about the Painted Lady," Tommy said to her. "Is it true she's a witch?" But Mrs. Sandys had never heard of any woman so called: the Painted Lady must have gone to Thrums after her time.

"There ain't no witches now," said Elspeth, tremulously; Shovel's mother had told her so.

"Not in London," replied Tommy, with contempt; and this is all that was said of the Painted Lady then. It is the first mention of her in these pages.

The people Mrs. Sandys wanted to hear of chiefly were Aaron Latta and Jean Myles, and soon Tommy brought news of them, but at the same time he had heard of the Den, and he said first:

"Oh, mother, I thought as you had told me about all the beauty places in Thrums, and you ain't never told me about the Den."

His mother heaved a quick breath. "It's the only place I hinna telled you o'," she said.

"Had you forget it, mother?"

Forget the Den! Ah, no Tommy, your mother had not forgotten the Den.

"And, listen, Elspeth, in the Den there's a bonny spring of water called the Cuttle Well. Had you forgot the Cuttle Well, mother?"

No, no; when Jean Myles forgot the names of her children she would still remember the Cuttle Well. Regardless now of the whispering between Tommy and Elspeth, she sat long over the fire, and it is not difficult to fathom her thoughts. They were of the Den and the Cuttle Well.

Into the life of every man, and no woman, there comes a moment when he learns suddenly that he is held eligible for marriage. A girl gives him the jag, and it brings out the perspiration. Of the issue elsewhere of this stab with a bodkin let others speak; in Thrums its commonest effect is to make the callant's body take a right angle to his legs, for he has been touched in the fifth button, and he backs away broken-winded. By and by, however, he is at his work—among the turnip-shoots, say—guffawing and clapping his corduroys, with pauses for uneasy meditation, and there he ripens with the swedes, so that by the back-end of the year he has discovered, and exults to know, that the reward of manhood is neither more nor less than this sensation at the ribs. Soon thereafter, or at worst, sooner or later (for by holding out he only puts the women's dander up), he is led captive to the Cuttle Well. This well has the reputation of being the place where it is most easily said.

The wooded ravine called the Den is in Thrums rather than on its western edge, but is so craftily hidden away that when within a stone's throw you may give up the search for it; it is also so deep that larks rise from the bottom and carol overhead, thinking themselves high in the heavens before they are on a level with Nether Drumley's farm-

land. In shape it is almost a semicircle, but its size depends on you and the maid. If she be with you, the Den is so large that you must rest here and there; if you are after her boldly, you can dash to the Cuttle Well, which was the trysting place, in the time a stout man takes to lace his boots; if you are of those self-conscious ones who look behind to see whether jeering blades are following, you may crouch and wriggle your way onward and not be with her in half an hour.

Old Petey had told Tom that, on the whole, the greatest pleasure in life on a Saturday evening is to put your back against a stile that leads into the Den and rally the sweethearts as they go by. The lads, when they see you, want to go round by the other stile, but the lasses like it, and often the sport ends spiritedly with their giving you a clout on the head.

Through the Den runs a tiny burn, and by its side is a pink path, dyed this pretty color, perhaps, by the blushes the ladies leave behind them. The burn as it passes the Cuttle Well, which stands higher and just out of sight, leaps in vain to see who is making that cooing noise, and the well, taking the spray for kisses, laughs all day at Romeo, who cannot get up. Well is a name it must have given itself, for it is only a spring in the bottom of a basinful of water, where it makes about as much stir in the world as a minnow jumping at a fly. They say that if a boy, by making a bowl of his hands, should suddenly carry off all the water, a quick girl could thread her needle at the spring. But it is a spring that will not wait a moment.

Men who have been lads in Thrums sometimes go back to it from London or from across the seas, to look again at some battered little house and feel the blasts of their bairnhood playing through the old wynds, and they may take with them a foreign wife. They show her everything, except the Cuttle Well; they often go there alone. The well is sacred to the memory of first love. You may walk from the well to the round cemetery in ten minutes. It is a common walk for those who go back.

First love is but a boy and girl playing at the Cuttle Well with a bird's egg.



Drawn by William Hathrell.

"Let her alone. Let my bairn pray for Jean Myles."—Page 39.

They blow it on one summer evening in the long grass, and on the next it is borne away on a coarse laugh, or it breaks beneath the burden of a tear. And yet—. I once saw an aged woman, a widow of many years, cry softly at mention of the Cuttle Well. "John was a good man to you," I said, for John had been her husband. "He was a leal man to me," she answered with wistful eyes, "ay, he was a leal man to me—but it wasna John I was thinking o'. You dinna ken what makes me greet so sair," she added, presently, and though I thought I knew now I was wrong. "It's because I canna mind his name," she said.

So the Cuttle Well has its sad memories and its bright ones, and many of the bright memories have become sad with age, as so often happens to beautiful things, but the most mournful of all is the story of Aaron Latta and Jean Myles. Beside the well there stood for long a great pink stone, called the Shoaging Stane, because it could be rocked like a cradle, and on it lovers used to cut their names. Often Aaron Latta and Jean Myles sat together on the Shoaging Stone, and then there came a time when it bore these words, cut by Aaron Latta :

HERE LIES THE MANHOOD OF AARON LATTA,
A FOND SON, A FAITHFUL FRIEND AND A
TRUE LOVER,
WHO VIOLATED THE FEELINGS OF SEX ON
THIS SPOT,
AND IS NOW THE SCUNNER OF GOD AND MAN.

Tommy's mother now heard these words for the first time, Aaron having cut them on the stone after she left Thrums, and her head sank at each line, as if someone had struck four blows at her.

The stone was no longer at the Cuttle Well. As the easiest way of obliterating the words, the minister had ordered it to be broken, and of the pieces another mason had made stands for watches, one of which was now in Thrums Street.

"Aaron Latta ain't a mason now," Tommy rattled on: "he is a warper, because he can warp in his own house without looking on mankind or speaking to mankind. Auld Petey said he

minded the day when Aaron Latta was a merry loon, and then Andrew McVittie said, 'God behears, to think that Aaron Latta was ever a merry man!' and Baker Lumsden said, 'Curse her!'"

His mother shrank in her chair, but said nothing, and Tommy explained: "It was Jean Myles he was cursing; did you ken her, mother? she ruined Aaron Latta's life."

"Ay, and wha ruined Jean Myles's life?" his mother cried, passionately.

Tommy did not know, but he thought that young Petey might know, for young Petey had said: "If I had been Jean Myles I would have spat in Aaron's face rather than marry him."

Mrs. Sandys seemed pleased to hear this.

"They wouldna tell me what it were she did," Tommy went on; "they said it was ower ugly a story, but she were a bad one, for they stoned her out of Thrums. I dinna know where she is now, but she were stoned out of Thrums!"

"No alane?"

"There was a man with her, and his name was—it was—"

His mother clasped her hands nervously while Tommy tried to remember the name. "His name was Magerful Tam," he said at length.

"Ay," said his mother, knitting her teeth, "that was his name."

"I dinna mind any more," Tommy concluded. "Yes, I mind they aye called Aaron Latta 'Poor Aaron Latta.'"

"Did they? I warrant, though, there wasna one as said 'Poor Jean Myles?'"

She began the question in a hard voice, but as she said "Poor Jean Myles" something caught in her throat, and she sobbed, painful dry sobs.

"How could they pity her when she were such a bad one?" Tommy answered, briskly.

"Is there none to pity bad ones?" said his sorrowful mother.

Elsbeth plucked her by the skirt. "There's God, ain't there?" she said, inquiringly, and getting no answer she flopped upon her knees, to say a babyish prayer that would sound comic to anybody except to Him to whom it was addressed.

"You ain't praying for a woman as

was a disgrace to Thrums!" Tommy cried, jealously, and he was about to raise her by force, when his mother stayed his hand.

"Let her alane," she said, with a twitching mouth and filmy eyes. "Let her alane. Let my bairn pray for Jean Myles."

(To be continued.)

FREDERICK LOCKER

By Augustine Birrell

THE author of "London Lyrics" and "Patchwork" has so many friends in the United States—friends won by the pen and by the spirit, far better deserving the name than the mere babbling host of personal acquaintances, that no apology is needed for this brief

notice in these columns of Frederick Locker.

He came of a race of men who had all a strong bias for literature, but who had pursued it as an avocation rather than as the business of their lives. His great-grandfather was John Locker, a barrister-at-law, commissioner of

bankrupts and clerk of the companies of leather setters and clockmakers—all excellent things to be. In the clerkships he succeeded to his father, Stephen, who followed the same old-fashioned calling as did Milton's father, that of a scrivener in the city of London. John Locker was educated at Merton College, and while reading for the bar in London found himself the occupier of the chambers in Gray's Inn where Francis Bacon once kept. He was impressionable and enthusiastic and for the rest of his days the great man whose rooms he had once inhabited was much in his mind. He showed his reverence after a characteristic family fashion by preparing a complete edition of the philosopher's works. But he did not hurry. A commissioner of bankrupts never hurries, and when death overtook him he had not gone to press. His papers passed into the hands of Dr. Birch and Mr. Mallet, who were not unmindful of their obligations, but most handsomely acknowledged



Frederick Locker.

From a photograph in the possession of Charles B. Foote, Esq., to whom it was sent by Mr. Locker, in April, 1895.

them in the preface to their edition of Bacon which appeared in 1765. Dr. Johnson, in his life of Addison, pronounces Mr. Locker to be "a gentleman eminent for curiosity and literature," a favorable judgment, which he had fairly earned by communicating to the lexicographer a collection of examples selected by Addison from the works of Tillotson with the intention of making an English dictionary. This was just the sort of service which Johnson, who was as lazy a fellow as ever did a giant's work, dearly loved and never forgot; although he characteristically observed that the collection came too late to be of use, and that consequently he had inspected it but slightly.

In the fifth volume of Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes," a long series of tomes which make one in love with the eighteenth century and thankful to have lived in the nineteenth, it is recorded how John Locker came to know modern Greek.

"Coming home late one evening he was addressed in modern Greek by a poor Greek priest, a man of literature from the Archipelago, who had lost his way in the streets of London. He took him to his house, where he and Dr. Mead jointly maintained him for some years, and by him was perfected in that language so as to write it fluently, and had translated a part, if not the whole, of one of Congreve's comedies into Greek." To anyone acquainted with Frederick Locker's amazing gift for strange adventures in London streets, and his boundless hospitality to perfect strangers, there is something almost ludicrous in the closeness of the resemblance between the great-grandfather and the great-grandson. John Locker married a granddaughter of Bishop Stillingfleet, and the sister of the once famous Benjamin Stillingfleet, the color of whose hose and whose affection for the society of learned ladies (and in the eighteenth century there were really learned ladies) gave rise to a nickname which still survives.

But the hero of the Locker family was William Locker, John's eldest son. Of him the editor of the anecdotes already referred to, who usually wields a

somewhat sleepy pen and rarely gets beyond the region of mere tombstone panegyric, writes with a noble enthusiasm. He says:

"William Locker entered early into the Royal Navy. The spotless excellence of this gentleman's character would alone entitle him to the notice of the biographer. While distinguished by good natural parts, by the highest sense of honor, by an enlarged intercourse with the world, and by that artificial politeness which had been contracted in the highest society, his conduct uniformly displayed the innocence of a child and the humility as well as the piety of a saint. His personal courage was equalled only by his kindness, and his general benevolence only by the warmth of his private friendships. As a son, a father, a brother, and a master he stood unrivalled. Such were the excellencies by which his private station was adorned, nor was his professional life less admirable. It is difficult to say whether his prudence, his bravery, his humanity, his zeal for the service, or his discipline were the most remarkable. This is the uniform account given by those who had the happiness to serve with him, for not a word ever fell from himself on these subjects. His virtues, if we may venture so to say, received their last polish from his perfect modesty. He was appointed a lieutenant in 1756, and holding that station on board the *Experiment*, in 1758, was wounded in a very gallant action with the *Telemaque*. He was appointed a master and commander in 1763, a post-captain in 1768, in the American war commanded the *Lowestoft* on the Jamaica station, and at that time had with him young Nelson, the future gallant hero of the Nile, to whom he had the honor of being nautical tutor. In February, 1793 (being then commodore at the Nore), he became lieutenant-governor of Greenwich Hospital, where he died December 26, 1800, at the age of seventy, and his funeral was attended by his sons, his noble pupil, Lord Nelson, and two old private friends."

I must apologize for the length of this quotation, but there are so many touches in this description of the grand-

father which portray the grandson that the space is not otherwise than well filled.

The two following letters of Lord Nelson's still glow with that manly affection which is perhaps the most delightful trait of human nature. The first was written to William Locker.

"PALERMO, 9 February 1799.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I well know your goodness of heart will make all due allowances for my present situation, and that truly I have not the time or power to answer all the letters I receive, at the moment. But you, my old friend, after twenty-seven years acquaintance, know that nothing can alter the attachment and gratitude to you (*sic*). I have been your scholar. It is you who taught me to board a French man-of-war by your conduct when on the Experiment. It is you who always said, 'lay a Frenchman close and you will beat him,' and my only merit in my profession is being a good scholar. Our friendship will never end but with my life, but you have always been too partial to me.

"Believe me ever your faithful and affectionate friend,

"NELSON.

"Lt. Governor Locker."

The next letter was written the day after William Locker's death to his son John.

"27 DECEMBER 1800

"MY DEAR JOHN: From my heart do I condole with you on the great and irreparable loss we have all sustained in the death of your dear, worthy father—a man whom to know was to love, and those who only heard of him, honoured. The greatest earthly consolation to us, his friends that remain, is that he has left a character for honour and honesty which none of us can surpass, and few, very few, attain. That the posterity of the righteous will prosper we are taught to believe, and on no occasion can it be more truly verified than from my dear much lamented friend, and that it may be realized in you, your sisters, and brothers, is the fervent prayer of, my dear John,

"Your afflicted friend,

"NELSON.

"John Locker, Esq."

VOL. XIX.—5

In 1833 King William IV. and his consort visited Greenwich Hospital and were attended while examining the pictures in the Painted Hall by Sir Richard Keats, the then governor. The king stopped before the portrait of William Locker, and, turning to Sir Richard, said: "There's the best man I ever knew." I mention this not because the poor king had enjoyed the society of so many good men as to make his compliment of rare value, but because Locker owed it to the fact that he had once the boldness to reprove Prince William Henry for the profanity of his language, a reproof which, though not immediately successful, bore at all events some fruit in later years, in the shape of the aforesaid compliment.

Captain Locker's youngest son, Edward Hawke Locker, was educated at Eton, and after various naval appointments became civil commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, where he formed the Royal Naval Gallery. He married, in 1815, a daughter of the Reverend Jonathan Boucher, who died vicar of Epsom, but who had spent a good deal of his life in America, where he was a friend of George Washington. The War of Independence severed their friendship, for the divine stuck to his king, and his last sermon preached at Annapolis, with pistols on his pulpit-cushion, concluded as follows: "As long as I live, yea, while I have my being, will I proclaim 'God save the king.'" Several of Washington's letters to Mr. Boucher were in Mr. Locker's possession and were lent by him to Thackeray when he was writing "The Virginians."

Edward Hawke Locker, though a martinet with a strong dash of austerity, possessed the family gift for friendship, and was greatly beloved by those who knew him. Sir Walter Scott held him in high regard. He was an excellent writer. In Charles Knight's "Half Hours with the Best Authors" will be found an extract from his memoir of Captain William Locker—and a better piece of work is not in the selection. He was a fair artist, as his Spanish pictures, a record of his travels in that country in 1813 with Lord John Russell, remain to prove. He was a collector of pictures and had a decided

faculty of surprising his friends by doing the most unexpected things.

The author of "London Lyrics" took a great deal of interest in his forebears, and when the memoirs he prepared for the entertainment of his descendants come to be published, they will be found to contain many amusing things about a succession of brave and interesting men.

Frederick Locker himself was born in Greenwich Hospital, in 1821, and after divers adventures in various, not over well-selected, schools and a brief experience of the city and of Somerset House, became a clerk in the Admiralty, serving under Lord Haddington, Sir James Graham, and Sir Charles Wood. He was twice married—first, to Lady Charlotte Bruce, a daughter of Lord Elgin (of the Marbles), and secondly, to the only daughter of Sir Curtis Lampson, Bart., of Rowfant in Sussex, where he died last May.

It is hard, perhaps impossible, for anyone who was brought into close contact with Mr. Locker to consider either his works or his ways apart from a personality which combined in an extraordinary degree an enchantingly gentle bearing, a kindness of heart that defies description, a keen perception, and (though in undertones) a rare incisiveness of speech. For his friends—and he had friends everywhere and in all ranks of life—there was nothing he would not do. It makes my legs ache to think of the trouble he would be at only to give them a little pleasure. It seemed as if he could not spare himself. I remember his calling at my chambers one hot day laden with many things, all presents. I can only remember two of the things—a bust of Voltaire and an unusually lively tortoise, which seemed always half-way out of its paper-bag. Wherever he went he found an occasion for kindness, and his whimsical adventures would fill a volume. For mere appearance he cared not a straw. Yet the friends for whom he toiled made a great mistake if they imagined he was incapable of perceiving their faults. He saw them clearly enough, and could have described them too—if need had been—but kindness of heart and a genuine humility (perhaps the

rarest of the Christian virtues) prevented his satirical gifts from free play.

His relation to his own poetry was somewhat peculiar. A critic in every fibre of his body, he judged his verses with a severity he would have shrunk from applying to anybody else's. Clumsy praise was torture to him, though his kindness of heart prompted him to find an excuse even for that. "It was kindly meant," he would say, writhing. The editor of "*Lyra Elegantiarum*" knew his subject at least as well as any living man. He could never mistake good verses for bad. He was not only modest and full of humility, but far too prone to be profoundly dissatisfied with himself and out of conceit with his undeniable gifts and graces. You might almost describe him as being on bad terms with himself. No one ever saw him self-complaisant. None the less he was far too good a critic not to know when he had succeeded, and he was compelled, half sorrowfully, to admit that he had written some very good verses indeed. His poetry meant a great deal to him, for he had taken great pains with it; but he had so shy a spirit, so subtle a sense of humor, was so apt to scent extravagance, and so indisposed to detect his own merits, that though he liked to be praised, you had to see to it that you praised nothing but his best, or else your compliment was greeted with a sad civility, which made you feel that you had given more pain than pleasure. And yet, for all that, he stood in need of sympathy and of allies against his own despondency. Matthew Arnold once asked Lord Beaconsfield what was the best way of getting on with very great people. "Flattery," was the instant answer, "and, Mr. Arnold, you need not be afraid of using too thick a brush." Flattery of this kind is odious, degrading, but as between true friends, such a thing as loving flattery, corresponding to Charles Lamb's "Sick Whist," is perhaps permissible, or, at all events, is seldom found fault with. But it only made Mr. Locker uneasy, as if he were robbing others of their due. Consequently he got but little praise, not nearly as much as he deserved, for his best verses are "heart-compelling dit-

ties," which secure him a permanent place among the poets of his class.

I have already said that he took immense pains. He was a great student of verse. There was hardly a stanza of any English poet, unless, indeed, it was Spenser, for whom he had no great affection, which he had not pondered over and duly considered as does a lawyer his cases. He delighted in a successful verse, and grieved over any lapse from the path of metrical virtue, over any ill-sounding rhyme or unhappy expression. He once reproved me for speaking lightly, as he thought, of the unfortunate ending of the seventh stanza of Cowper's "Castaway." "How can you!" said he, sorrowfully. I protested I meant no harm, and that I was as incapable of laughing at Cowper as was the hero of "Happy Thoughts" at sneering at a mother. But the mischief was done, for he was very fond of Cowper, saying of him, "He writes so very like a gentleman." And so always did Frederick Locker, who was, however, no mere "mannered" poet, but one whose verses are the product of a kind human heart and of an exquisite fancy.

We live in days when every bough is tuneful. Nobody was more struck than Locker with the amazing facility and average of excellence of our annual poetical output. In fact it struck him dumb. He used to regard the small volumes which rained upon his desk with a mournful smile. "I wish I could read them," he would say. "I am sure they are so good."

Any notice, however short, of Mr. Locker would be woefully incomplete if it did not make some reference to his collecting proclivities. At the same time it would be a mistake to attribute to him any consuming passion. With him collecting was but a virtuoso's whim, a pleasant freak, a romantic fancy.

From the unpleasant vices of the tribe he was entirely free. He never bragged of and rarely made a bargain, nor was he ever known to boast of a treasure. In fact he never spoke of these things unless spoken to with some degree of insistence, and if forced to make any reference, he did so with a depreciating air. If you demanded to see the famous Rowfant Library, which

was kept in an iron room in an out-of-the-way corner, he produced the keys with an apology. I can see him now, provided with a nicely graduated foot-rule, measuring with grave precision the height to a hair of his copy of "Robinson Crusoe" (the first edition, of course) for the purpose of ascertaining whether it was taller or shorter than one vaunted for sale in a catalogue just then to hand. His face was a study, exhibiting alike a determination to discover the exact truth and the most humorous realization of the inherent triviality of the whole business. As he practised it the craft of book-hunting was a delightful thing, clear of all taint of huckstering and devoid of every kind of weakness.

He commenced collector not with books, but with ancient furniture—Louis Seize gimcracks, china, and curiosity. His only object was to make his rooms pretty. His rare taste, his unrelenting energy, and his early date enabled him to fill his restricted quarters in Victoria Street quite full enough with good things. Prices began to rise, and as his resources were then but small, he gave up his first pursuit, and betook himself to make a representative collection of drawings by the great masters of the Renaissance and small pictures. Here again he was very successful, till the long purses crowded into the market and compelled him to bid farewell to what he calls "his innocent pleasures and pious excitements." And then it was that he became a book-hunter, beginning with little volumes of poetry and the drama from about 1590 to 1610. Thus the Rowfant Library came into existence, which, though it never grew to large dimensions, for I suppose a thousand volumes contains the whole of it, is yet a collection never likely in its own way to be surpassed. Mr. Locker and the second-hand booksellers were on the best of terms. He had, indeed, a way of his own which won all hearts. I do not say they lowered their prices for him, for I dislike exaggeration, but they served him as if they loved him, and were eager to aid him in his ends. Mr. Locker possessed all the qualities of a good collector; he knew what he wanted and could not be persuaded to take what he did not

want—he did not grow excited in the presence of the quarry—he had patience to wait and also courage to buy.

In 1886 he printed his "Catalogue," and a most readable book it is. To a but half-baptized heathen like myself, the charm of the Rowfant Library consists in the fact that there you will find the first or very early editions of all the poems and plays and essays and tales you know and love best—from Shakespeare to Tennyson, from Marlowe to Sheridan, from Bacon to Lamb, from Richardson to Charlotte and Emily Brontë. All are there, the old familiar names, though in a garb far from familiar. Izaak Walton is there printed in *S. Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet Street* (1653); and the *Lives*, sold by most booksellers (1670), with autograph corrections by the author, and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," in the third, but first complete, edition of 1679. Only one other copy of this edition is known, and such was the goodness of Mr. Locker's heart, that he believed himself to be sorry that it was incomplete. The "Vicar of Wakefield," printed at Salisbury, in 1760, is of course not wanting, and inside is inserted a letter from Forster to Mr. Locker, warranting it a genuine first issue; and "Gulliver's Travels" and "Robinson Crusoe" and "Bewicks" without end, and the "Kilmarnock" Burns and Byron's "Waltz" and Poe's "Raven" and Browning's "Pauline." But lest the antiquarians begin to sniff and to compose a sneer, I hasten to add that in the Rowfant Library are also to be found "England's Helicon" and Davison's "Poetical Rapsodie" and Edwardes's "Paradys of Dainty Devices" (1578) and Greene's "Groat's Worth of Wit" and Mere's "Wit's Treasury" (though imperfect) and Nash's "Have with you to Saffron Walden" and Storer's "Wolsey" and the two volumes of "The Palace of Pleasure Beautified" by William Painter Clarke of the Ordinance and Armorie, 1566 and 1567. After rarities such as these, it is sheer bathos to mention such mere nobodies of books as Florio's "Montaigne" (1603), Milton's "Poems" (1645), or Sir Philip Sidney's "Defence of Poesie," 1595.

These treasures are all safely housed

at Rowfant, cared for by the loving hands of wife and children. Long may they be cherished there! Woe worth the day when they come to be scattered over half the town. But for a time, at all events, it is impossible to take pleasure in them. What gave them charm and individuality, almost sense and feeling, has been taken from them, their collector is no longer among them to point out their particular virtues, or, in hushed tones, as if humorously anxious not to hurt their feelings, to specify some hidden defect, or some carefully repaired page. While Mr. Locker lived, each book had its story. Now the Rowfant Library is dumb.

Sometimes at breakfast, a meal at which Mr. Locker, like all really agreeable companions, was apt to be a little depressed, he would tell of a bad dream which occasionally visited him, in which it was revealed to him that all his title-pages were in *fac-simile*. The expert who examined the library for purposes of the Inland Revenue after its owner's death, discovered but two such *fac-similes*, but they were in highly prized volumes. Mr. Locker may have had his suspicions. Hence the bad dream. Property is burdensome, even when it wears the pleasant shape of old books.

Occasionally when a taller copy came into the market of some book he already had, he would be good enough to buy it, and then the earlier volume would be ejected from its former home, where it had proudly dwelt with its equals, and be forced to abide among my ill-bred and ill-bound, though far more numerous flocks and herds. They may easily be detected, these ex-Rowfant books, in their new surroundings, where it must be owned they look as much out of place as would a duchess and her train on Margate sands on a bank holiday. But I mean to keep them there, all the same, to remind me of their donor. No words of Nelson's can ever become hackneyed, and I can therefore bring these few remarks to an end by saying of Frederick Locker what Nelson said of William Locker, that he was a man whom to know was to love, and that he has left behind him a character for honor and honesty which none of us can surpass, and few, very few, attain.



A NEW SPORT

ILLUSTRATED BY W. R. LEIGH.
FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS
TAKEN AT ST. MORITZ



WHEN Palefaces in Canada first fraternized with Redskins, it was found that even in the arts of peace the Indian of Northern America could give his European visitor at least three new experiences: Lacrosse, the Snowshoe, and the Toboggan. It is with the development of the last of these—the toboggan in Canada, and especially in Switzerland, that this article will deal.

The descent of man in tobogganing, as in all else, has been the result of gradual selection. Hunters in the Himalayas have perilously bumped down mountain-passes seated in their

iron camp-basins; Roman soldiers (so say the chronicles) have used their shields and spears to slide down wintry paths into the hostile territory; but the earliest form of the toboggan must have been that rude board which was soon found to be the handiest defence against the effects of friction, down a firm snow slope, upon the lightly clad anatomies of our early ancestors.

This primitive board has remained, with very little alteration, the dominant type of the toboggan in Canada; for the machine still used on the "chutes" of Montreal is practically the same long, narrow sled of birchwood about one-

fourth of an inch thick, with one end curved backwards and kept in place by leather thongs, which was the "*otobanask*" of the Crees. Wearing his snowshoes, and dragging his toboggan after him, loaded with game or skins, the Indian had early developed the best forms

had hardened the soft surface-snow upon the Côte des Neiges, or MacTavish's Hills, at Montreal, the toboggan easily proved its superiority over the snowshoe, and flew straight across the sloping country, down hillsides and over "*cahots*," across the roads, and



Topham's Start.

of transport or of locomotion possible, across the snowy wastes of uncivilized Canada.

The first French settlers were content to copy what they found, and to leave the toboggan as they found it, for they were of a stock that cared little for out-door games or sports. But when the Saxon had first conquered the famous plains of Abraham, and then played cricket on them, he straightway began to improve the Indian methods of travel and transport into pastimes requiring considerable skill and courage, in which the joy of rapid motion and the satisfaction of defeating natural obstacles were the chief things aimed at; and the supreme delight of competition with another man in speed was not impossible.

When the first touch of hard-frost

through the scattered pine-trees, at a pace which needed no little skill and nerve to manage to a safe conclusion. Mr. J. Keith Reid, for instance, the first secretary of the "Tuque Bleue" Club, once steered five people down a mile and a quarter of the Côte des Neiges Road in one minute, seventeen seconds, using a kind of double toboggan called a "bobsleigh," which will be described later. But as time went on and the houses crept farther and farther over the country, tobogganers were obliged to go to Clarke Avenue at Côte St. Antoine, or Fletcher's Field, instead of the old open mountain-sides. Yet at Kingston there was still a good ride of a mile and more at Fort Henry; at Quebec there was a chance of risky steering almost anywhere; at the Montmorenci Falls the great ice-cones gave a sudden sharp

fall and then a shoot across the frozen surface of the river, where a different form of the machine on runners, was employed. Here was the right indication of ultimate success—the runner, had it only been recognized; but the toboggan continued to develop only on the lines of the broad-bottomed *otobanask*; though strips of wood down its centre and at each side (varying in width with the weight to be carried) were indeed tried. The best machines are, however, now built of three or four lengths of selected straight-grained birch, fitted with countersunk screw fastenings. They are from five to seven feet long by about one and one-half to two feet broad, and highly polished.

It was these strange cones, formed by the frozen spray upon the Montmorenci, which may have suggested the peculiar development of tobogganing upon artificial chutes now practised in Canada and our Northern States. The pastime had become so popular with the fair sex, and every location

favorable to the sport was in consequence so crowded with enthusiasts of very various degrees of skill, that some system was necessary which would avoid the risk of dangerous accidents, both to the weaker (and perhaps more fascinating) section of tobogganers, and to experts from the bad riding of their too-numerous companions. So chutes were built, high sloping scaffoldings of wood, with hard snow pressed down and iced, divided longitudinally into three or more courses, each about two and one-half feet wide, and governed by such rules as to almost preclude the possibility of hurt; while the corners—where they existed, were built with a sweep so gradual and wide that scarcely any skill was needed to get round them. The novices and ladies secured the sensation of a “fall without striking anything,” and perhaps found their chief enjoyment in the climb back together; the “Whish! and Walkee Milee” of the Chinaman was justified.

Such has been the origin and devel-



Between the Start and Church-Leap.

opment of tobogganing in Canada; and it is somewhat disappointing. It is not strange that the pastime, on this side of the Atlantic at any rate, has grown somewhat stale and lost its hold on public interest. Indeed, if to lie down, alone or with some three or four companions, on a flat board, and slide at a speed proportionate to the weight of your party, down a straight track, and then repeat the performance with trifling variations several times—if this were the last word in tobogganing, it would hardly be worthy of being called a sport at all. But there is, fortunately, "another side," and on the other side are methods, new to us, which have resulted in something infinitely better, which is not merely an amusement but a hard exercise, just when the winter makes such exercise so difficult to get; something which is not an exercise merely, but a sport worthy of the name, by everything which calls for skill and strength, for quickness and resource, by every element of competition and excitement which enters into those forms of rapid motion that are the basis of our best athletic games. It is these new methods which I shall endeavor—as briefly as may be—to describe.

After Switzerland had become the playground of Europe, she was invaded, not in summer only, but in winter too; and the spoiled children of the nations' nurseries began to look around for some new pastime that was native to the soil. They found—as the first English settlers in Canada had found—that the inhabitants had long ago developed a form of transport and locomotion over the snowy roads, and had already discovered that a platform upon runners (which still remains in its essentials of construction the highest type of Swiss machine) gave results enormously superior to the primitive board already mentioned. The early hand-sled or *schlittli* of the old Swiss cantons was indeed little more than a diminutive reproduction of what probably first suggested it: * the wood-sleigh, in which the patient Swiss horses still

haul lumber down the mountain-passes. It will be noticed that the vital point of difference between the Swiss and the Canadian methods, is already apparent in the origin of the two machines: the *runner* is the starting-point of all real development in the sport. And if this be true, any sled or coaster upon Boston Common will be nearer to perfection than the fastest "Blizzard" or "Larivière" of Montreal toboggan clubs. And this is not all; for in the making of the runs, and in methods of riding and of racing there is to-day no less a difference—as between the Swiss and the Canadian systems—than in the machines that are used in Montreal and in the Engadine.

It was the late John Addington Symonds who first raised the old Swiss *schlittli* from its utilitarian position as a mere small carriage, into a machine for races (down the post-roads of Davos) between the natives and their foreign visitors. The first of these competitions organized by Mr. Symonds came off in February, 1883, two years before any race-meeting had been regularly carried out by the oldest Club in Canada.

The original *otobansk*, as we have seen, has for long remained sufficient for Canadian tobogganers, probably because the pastime with them is hardly more than the original means of locomotion it provided for the Indians, and competition in speed was never a successful possibility. The primitive Swiss coaster was destined to a far shorter supremacy, when put to the keen tests of the racing that developed it. Men soon got all that was possible, in the way of speed, out of sitting on a wooden framework balanced upon flat iron bars. And Mr. L. P. Child, of New York, supplied the want, by producing in the winter of 1887 an American "clipper-sled" which beat every rider in Davos out of sight, whether native or imported. He rode it lying headfirst on his side, steering with one mocassined foot swinging out behind, after the method familiar on the chutes of Montreal. Owing to local prejudice and habit, this head-first position had not penetrated to Switzerland till long after it had been well known elsewhere. But even the intro-

* See "Notes on Tobogganing at St. Moritz" (Second Edition), by T. A. Cook, to whom I am indebted for various photographs reproduced in this article.



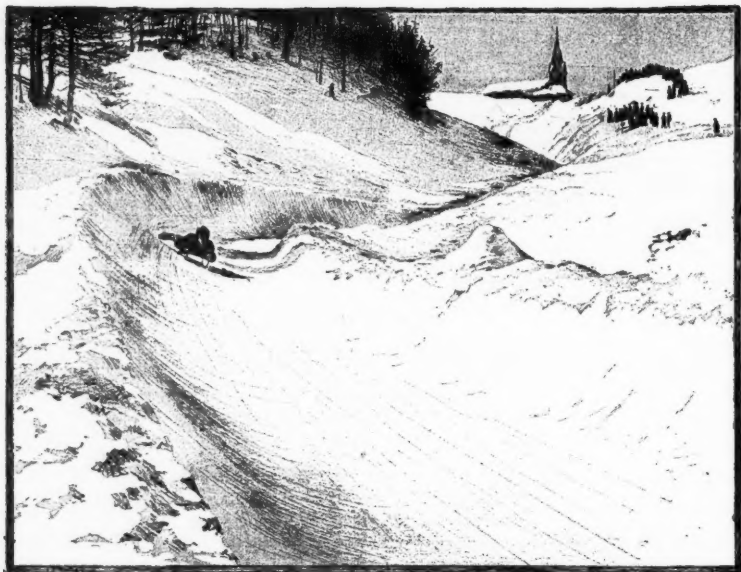
Topham on Second Bank of Church-Leap.

duction of the new position was not so essential an advance as was the long spring-runner of Mr. Child's machine, by means of which steering was made far more accurate and easy than with the old flat runner of the *schlittli*. Mr. E. Cohen, another American, by winning the best race at St. Moritz, sitting on one of the new clipper-sheds, proved conclusively the merits of the right machine, even when it was ridden in the wrong way, and showed that on hard ice as well as on the snow of the post-roads, the new machines and methods were a great advance.

It was just about this time that the famous Cresta run at St. Moritz, in the Engadine, was beginning to develop its perfections. Not content with the gradual slopes and curves of the snowy passes of Davos, the riders of St. Moritz had some years before attempted to

build for themselves a more ambitious ice-run across the fields that slope down the valley of the river Inn from St. Moritz toward Cresta, a little village not far from the mountainous streets of Pontresina. With the beginnings of this run are connected the honored names of Mr. G. P. Robertson and Mr. Digby Jones; but for the completion of their first idea and the perfection of what is now the best crooked ice-course for toboggan-racing in the world, lovers of the sport have to thank Mr. W. H. Bulpett, an old officer in the English Engineers, whose skill is only equalled by his enthusiasm and pertinacity.

As it was built for the races of 1895, the Cresta run measured exactly three quarters of a mile in length. In this distance there is a fall of six hundred feet, at a gradient of rather more than one in eight, the slope being much more



Pulitzer on Third Bank of Church-Leap.

severe at some places than at others. The course is built throughout, without any wooden foundations, of packed snow, beaten hard and finished with a surface of extremely hard and polished ice. The run is by no means straight, and this, not only for geographical reasons, but also for purposes of sport. At some points the corner to be turned is so sharp, and the gradient at the same place so steep, that twenty feet of ice-bank, as at "Church-Leap," for instance, has to be built up to prevent the tobogganer from being swung bodily out of the course, with the sheer momentum of his descent. The same principles of construction, and for very similar reasons, may be noticed at the corners of the best modern race-tracks for bicycles. The surface of these banks, and indeed of the whole run, is kept so hard that the round steel runners are sometimes grooved to enable them to bite at all, so that the steering-powers of the rider become all-important.

He must calculate exactly where, upon that sloping curve of ice before him, he will place the nose of his tobog-

gan, so as to get safely round at the particular pace at which he may be travelling at the moment. He must be as watchful of what is coming as he is careful of his position at every point he passes. For it is plain that if he begins his turn a foot too late, nothing can stop a fast tobogganer going over the highest bank ever constructed, by the mere impetus of his machine continuing in its original direction. Yet if he begins his turn too early there results an evitable loss of priceless speed, and the mysterious laws which regulate the phenomenon of "skidding" may begin, and end almost as surely in disaster. The theory of this style of riding has been carefully developed and described at length by Hon. H. Gibson, a winner of the St. Moritz race three years ago.*

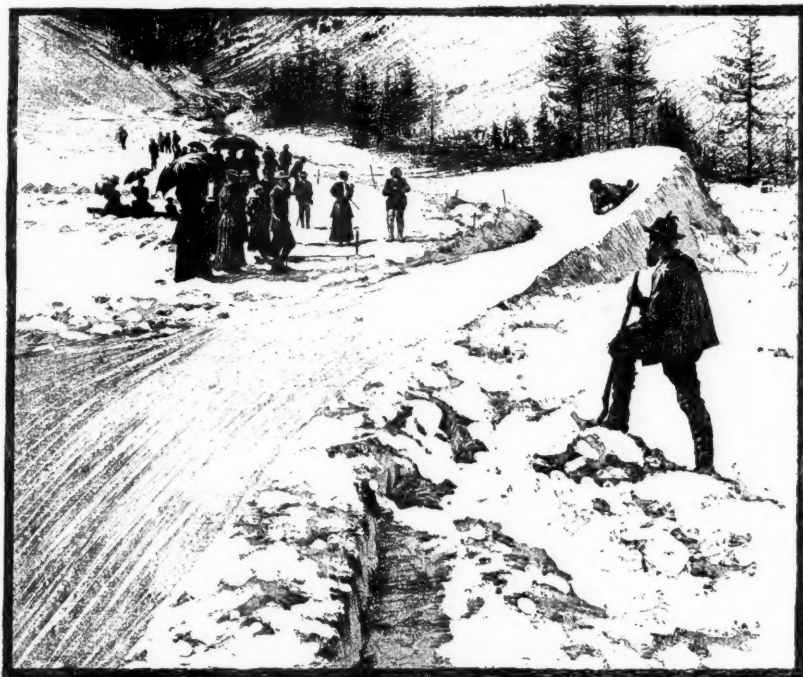
It may be imagined with what amazement the natives regarded the Cresta when it was first built, and still more when first its iced surface was in any degree perfected. It is recorded that the village postman—one of a class who, from constant practice of their calling

* "Tobogganing on Crooked Runs," by Hon. Harry Gibson.

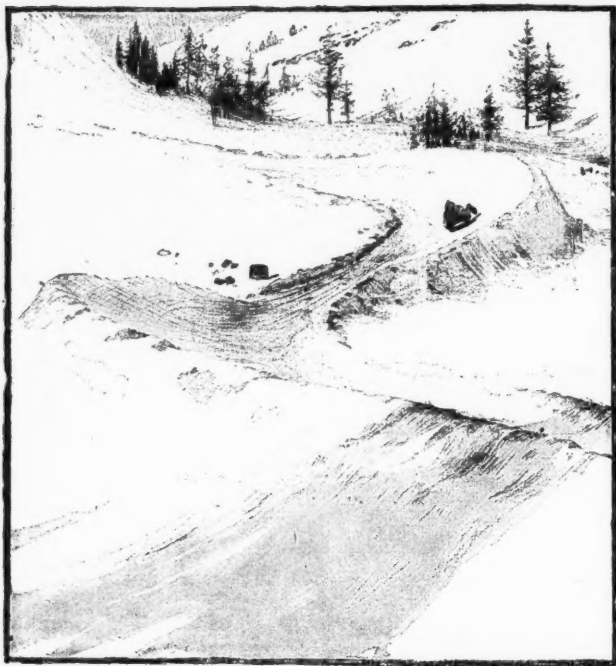
usually provide the native champions of snow road-racing, made an attempt, sitting on his Swiss hand-sled, at the Church-Leap; with the result that he became entangled in the trees above the top of the first bank, and after buffeting them violently for some time, fell headlong down the steep ice into the run. This tired him so much that he now uses a snow-road exclusively. On another occasion a native with a wood-sleigh stood waiting on the run itself, and artlessly regarded an approaching rider; in a moment the "expecting rustic" was rolled up in a confused mass of arms and legs, machines, and wood-sleighs; and during the week ensuing the Swiss lawyers were much exercised as to the probable verdict of the court; suicide, murder, accidental death, the visitation of Providence, force of gravity, the well-known English madness; each was in turn suggested, until the man himself recovered, and put it all

down to the uncanny nature of the new toboggan-run.

It is possible already to realize how great a difference such a course as this has produced on the serious methods of riding a toboggan. No trifling is possible, for recklessness means danger, and success is only to be won by hard practice and careful study of the run itself. A mere slide downward by the force of gravity is changed into an exciting rush that makes every demand upon the pluck and skill and energy of the rider. The muscles of the back and legs and shoulders all come into play in a descent that, with a speed (in some places) almost as great as any chute can give, involves far higher qualities of swift resource, of balance, of unerring eyesight, than are ever needed by the best Canadian tobogganer. And it must also be remembered, in any comparison of mere speed between the methods, that a Canadian toboggan of-



Coming Around "Battledore."



Coming off "Battledore" on to "Shuttlecock."

ten carries as much as six hundred pounds or more down straight inclines, on which every pound accelerates pace; while on the Cresta the weight involved (and it would seem that generally the less the better) is only that of one man with his machine, travelling in a crooked course, around corners, each of which takes off a little from his speed. The "flat-board" type of toboggan from Canada had only to be tried to be abandoned, when such niceties of accurate steering and regulated speed became required of it. Known distinctively, henceforward, as a "Canadian" in the Engadine, it was relegated to the lighter and more feminine portion of the community; and only three first-class riders cared to try its capabilities, during the last few seasons, down the difficulties of the Cresta course. Mr. Arthur Hodgson, a young Englishman, has lately been by far the most graceful and successful exponent of the art of riding this form of toboggan in the Engadine.

He fitted long steel runners (without any spring to them) along the bottom of his machine.

It was a right instinct which thus led visitors in Switzerland to see greater facilities for sport in the runners of the clumsy *schüttli* than in the graceful lines and curves of the flat-bottomed Canadian. After Mr. Symonds had first shown the possibilities of racing, Mr. Childs and Mr. Stephen Whitney (another American at Davos) developed the capacities of the runner on their clipper-sleds; and the head-first position gradually established its superiority and completed the success of toboggan-racing in the Alps.

The machine itself, however, had one more stage to pass through before attaining its perfection. Mr. Bulpett of St. Moritz, turning his attention for a moment from his run-making to the toboggans flying down his course, conceived the brilliant idea of making a machine entirely of steel. By remov-

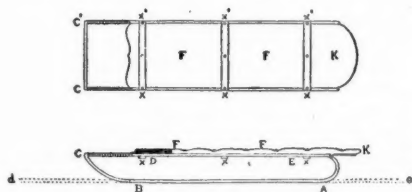
ing the strip of wood just above the spring-runner of Mr. Child's clipper-sled, and welding a flat bar of steel to each end of the curved metal that remained, he produced his famous "Skeleton," as Swiss tobogganers have christened it, and did away at once with the jarring of the old machine, while he removed all dangers of the warping and cracking of the wood, that in the dry climate of the high Alps had proved the chiefest source of danger. The only woodwork in the skeleton-type is in the platform or centreboard which supports the rider's weight; but this, although fastened to the framework, is not an integral part of it, and can go through any of the changes to which wood is subject at a high altitude, without affecting the spring or accuracy of the runner. As has been pointed out, this was an advance in the science of tobogganing as great as the invention of the pneumatic tire in bicycling.

A fully detailed description of the way to manufacture this machine may be found in either of the books to which I have already referred. But the diagram here reproduced will indicate the method of its construction, and various other pictures in these pages will give the reader an accurate idea of the proportions such a machine should bear to its possessor. It will indeed be absolutely necessary, for comprehension of the small figures which occur in the pictures of the run itself, that these larger presentments of a rider with his toboggan should be first studied and

6 inches, with a spring of 10 millimetres. Breadth, 12 inches, from centre to centre of runner. Height (without cushion), 5 inches. *d, e*, is the original bar of round English steel, carefully polished, and usually about 16 millimetres thick. At *B*, this bar is bent round *C* to *D*, and at *A* is similarly bent to *E*. A flat bar of German steel is welded to the points *D* and *E*. The two runners are accurately made on exactly the same model. They are kept exactly parallel by the flat cross-bars, *x, x'*, riveted to the underside of the German steel in each runner and to the centreboard, *F, F*, which lies upon these cross-bars and between the tops of the runners. On the centreboard is a low cushion, the front of velvet, the rest leather. The noses of the runners are joined at the top by a round bar of steel at *C, C'*; and between this bar and the cushion they are wrapped in rope or leather, to secure a firm grip for the hands.

It will thus be seen that when once American inventiveness had begun the development of the hand-sled in Mr. Symonds's races at Davos, the centre of activity changed to St. Moritz, where, to Mr. Gibson's theories, to Mr. Topham's practice, and to Mr. Bulpett's building, are due the great advance in tobogganing there, beyond anything known or attempted on this side.

Yet it must not be thought, from what has been said above, that racing has never been attempted at all upon our chutes. The old "Tuque Bleue" slide at Montreal was often, in former days, the scene, not only of ordinary racing, but of both high and broad jumping as well. The first races ever given by any club in Canada were held under the auspices of the "Tuque Bleue" on January 17, 1885, just a month before the first race recorded on the Cresta Run at St. Moritz. After a run of 200 yards on almost level ground, a jump of 37 feet 11 inches broad was made by A. Dubé from the top of an inclined chute 3 feet high—a feat which can be fully realized by anyone who has seen the leap sometimes taken by a fast rider on the top of the hill at the finish of the Cresta course. Mr. J. Paton did 4 feet 5 inches in the high jump, but no record



carefully kept in mind. The measurements of this machine, used on the Cresta Run in 1895, and designed by W. H. Bulpett for a man of 5 feet 11 inches, are as follows: Length over all on the top (including the counterboard, *K*), 4 feet 1 inch. Length of each runner on the ground (from *A* to *B*), 3 feet

is given of the winner's time in the most interesting race of all, for single riders. It would seem that the speed upon the old Montreal slide pitch was practically that of a falling body, for in 1886 it is said that a toboggan loaded with three men was timed to have done 900 yards on that slide in 30 seconds; but the pace of the toboggan on the level afterwards depended so entirely on the condition of the various tracks that "timing" was neglected, and it was even found necessary to settle starting-positions by toss of the coin. It is indeed well-nigh impossible to secure a fair breast-race in any form of tobogganing; the slightest differences of sunlight or construction are fatal to the equality of the runs. Each rider must race against the watch, over the same course, and in as short an interval of time as possible, to secure fair conditions of competition. But the enormously increased popularity of the pastime, with both sexes and all classes, in Canada, soon made even these first attempts at racing quite impossible. Tracks had to be built not so much for speed and skill as for the absolute safety of the greater number.

The objects which Mr. Bulpett has to attain in building the Cresta Run at St. Moritz are very different. And although I can but very lightly touch upon the methods he employs to get the varied curves and ice-banks of his course, I shall at least be able to show the superiority of its results as the finest race-track for skilled tobogganing that is now in existence.

The heaviest snowfall in the Engadine is generally down by Christmas, or the early days of January, and the first flakes fall upon a quantity of high stakes that have already marked out the main lines of the course to be constructed. Banks of earth, too, have been thrown up at a few points to lessen labor later on; streams have been dammed or bridged, and careful arrangements made to secure a constant and convenient supply of water to ice the final surface. The building begins from the bottom, and the workmen's first task is to trample down the snow between the marking stakes with their heavy Engadiner boots swathed in coarse bandages. Then the banks,

looking rather smaller than they will be later on, are thrown up roughly with great wooden shovels, and snow is added or taken away from the straight parts of the run, as may be considered necessary. These banks are in turn trodden down firmly by the men's feet and are then levelled off with spades, ready for the engineer's inspection. Not before he has tried each one, riding over it at the proper speed on his toboggan, does he proceed to give the finishing touch by icing the whole surface till it is as hard and polished as a slab of marble. A strong stream of water from a hose is the best means of doing this; and a kind of mortar locally known as "polenta," produced by mixing snow and water, is found to be the best substance for mending any breaks or inequalities. Great care has to be taken to keep the banks quite clean, as the least speck of dirt will attract the sunlight sufficiently to melt an appreciable hole in the fine curves of the banks, which shine like mirrors in the sun when perfected. Screens were used, during the last season, to protect the most exposed parts of the run from the brilliant sunshine of the Alpine spring.

Little by little the whole run is thus built upward from the finish, and parts of it, as they are completed, are opened for practice, so that when the workmen have put the last touch to the start, even new-comers will have learned at least the look of most of the corners that await them. Each bank, too, has by this time its own name; not always so happily bestowed as the "Battledore and Shuttlecock" of Mrs. Bancroft; though "Seylla and Charybdis," nearer to the finish, have a grim significance of their own; while the banks of the "Church-Leap," the most astonishing feature of the run, seem worthy of a more suggestive appellation. The first of these banks, where the run turns sharply to the left after a stiff drop, measures twenty-four feet from base to summit at the top of the long semicircle of its curve; and the two immediately following it are each more than eighteen feet in height. The run itself seems to have entirely disappeared, for the flat banks rise sheer out of the rough snow of the fields; and it becomes easier to

realize the pace at which a man must come to stay upon these sloping sheets of ice at all; for naturally, if his momentum did not overcome the down-pull of his weight, he would slide off the banks at once into the snow beneath. And yet his pace must always be within his accurate control; a foot too high, a shade too fast, and the best rider in the world is done for. There is no incident in sport which calls more suddenly on a man's resolution and resource than this; a moment's inattention, and his chance is over.

I well remember, one day just before the races of February, 1894, when a heavy rider, who had with difficulty secured the last place in the team of the St. Moritz Club, that was to race against Davos, came at this leap hard and fast, for his last practice-run before the race. His eye caught the well-known figure of a rival near the run; and to our astonishment we heard him shout a greeting, and then go flying at full pace up the whole height of the great ice-bank to his right. Man and machine came toppling down together into the snow some twenty feet beneath, and he was very lucky to escape with no worse misfortune than a broken collar-bone. He described to me his sensations afterward: "I never saw that bank at all," said he; "my shout to C. and the shock of falling from my machine seemed almost simultaneous." The moral is not that such runs are dangerous, but that such riding is. Carelessness of this kind was far more frequent in the old days than at present. Before the run itself had reached the hard and glittering perfection of the 1895 course, and while the Swiss hand-sled had fallen into contempt, yet had not been superseded,

a novice was once challenged to drink a glass of whiskey while he rode down the Church-Leap. The *Alpine Post* reported the result laconically: "The drink got down; the novice didn't." On the other hand, I have seen men crawl along the Cresta course—stopping their pace by digging into the ice with the iron rakes on their boots—as slowly as any crowded omnibus up Montmartre. Beginners are sometimes wise enough to do this, and anyone with defective eyesight is practically obliged to do so. It was amusing, for instance, to watch the creator of the daring "Sherlock Holmes" in his first effort to negotiate this Alpine steeplechase. He got down safely and with due deliberation, and no sooner reached the finish than he made a bet to race the heaviest and clumsiest rider within sight. So contagious are the elements of rivalry upon the Cresta course.

Even ladies cannot be persuaded from imitating their masculine admirers. Though as they still persist in riding in a sitting posture, they have no chance of pace and very little even of safety. A few young girls ride in the same position as the men; but even bloomers, should they penetrate as far as the Engadine, will scarcely, I imagine, persuade any elder sisters to attempt the full course lying down. Upon an easier run, indeed, or upon a portion of the Cresta, I have seen ladies riding with absolute grace and ease in the sideways position which Mrs. MacLaren used so well on her American clipper-sled, or with the Canadian toboggan to which Lady Archibald Campbell and her daughter gave a short-lived popularity.

But the Cresta run, as a whole, is really built only for men, and chiefly for the highest rate of speed, a rate which would be hardly credible on so severe a course, were it not carefully authenticated by various officials of the club. It may be interesting to give a few figures in sup-



port of this. The pace has been increasing steadily each year, as the building of the run itself improved and as new methods of riding have developed. In the crack race of February, 1895, two riders, one after the other (Messrs. Bird and Gibson), did what at the time of writing is a record for the run, 71 seconds for the measured three-quarters of a mile. Although this means an average speed over the whole course that on a straight run would be by no means extraordinary, yet when such difficult turns as Battledore or the Church-Leap are taken into consideration, it becomes an astonishing performance. Down certain straight parts of the course men have been timed to be travelling at the rate of a mile in $1\frac{1}{2}$ minute; and a little nearer to the finish the pace is certainly well over sixty miles an hour. These last four or five hundred yards are purposely built to give that variety of riding which is necessitated by great speed without hard corners, as a contrast to the steering difficulties on the curves above; a variety in which body-balance and great delicacy of touch are the all-important factors of success.

The briefest consideration of the accompanying pictures will make it evident that only one man can be on the run at once, about ninety seconds being the average interval between each rider. So that racing must always be done against the watch, the time-keeper being placed in such a position that he can accurately see the rider pass both starting-point and finish. The competitors ride in an order settled beforehand by the chance of the draw. Each has to run three times, and each heat is arranged in a different order, so that every chance may be given to the most consistently good rider to secure a win. The prize goes to the lowest aggregate time of the three runs added together, and a special prize is given for the single course which is done fastest in the whole race.

But record-breaking is not always the object a rider wishes to attain, and there are, fortunately, many other possibilities both of speed and pleasure. By the gradual opening of the run, capital courses are provided for those who

like to race upon a portion at full pace, yet are not skilful enough to ride over the entire length. And since the fever of competition seems inseparable from this as from most other forms of sport based upon more or less rapid motion, those who insist on racing, yet feel the completed Cresta to be quite beyond their powers, can get all they want upon the smaller village runs and the snow-roads of the valley; and they will appreciate good riding in the greater races all the better when they have thus mastered the first steps to excellence.

Perhaps the race producing the most exciting riding on the Cresta, in late years, has been that of February 21, 1894, which may be taken as a typical day in the history of Engadine tobogganing.

The sun rose brilliantly above the snow-peaks in a cloudless sky, and in the air was that peculiar quality of tonic keenness which can lend life and enthusiasm to the laziest, in that clear, dry climate of six thousand feet above the sea. To a new-comer the sparkling colors displayed in the grand stand, with its wavy line of fluttering sunshades, suggested some August gathering at Newport or Bar Harbor, rather than the actual deep expanse of solid snow beneath him. The first American representative, a boy of fifteen only, did a course of $76\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, after brandishing his legs above the banks of Battledore in most alarming fashion. The best time in the first round was accomplished by Mr. Harold Topham, an Englishman, who remains to this day the finest exponent of the art in Switzerland. Two more rounds had to be ridden, in which the same men reappeared in different order. In these Mr. Topham steadily increased his lead, and finally won. The very last course of all was ridden by an American, who had, though a former winner, hitherto shown no chances of attaining the front rank in this year; but, by a magnificent effort, Mr. J. F. Patterson (from Montreux) achieved—at this last moment—the fastest course yet ridden, and secured the second prize. In the races of 1895 Mr. Topham once more proved the winner, and young Ralph

Pulitzer's good riding secured the third prize for the States. None of the representatives of Davos did much in either of the last "Grand Nationals," as these races on the Cresta Run are called, in which representative teams from the rival clubs are pitted against each other. A return race is also held over the snow-roads of Davos, where a longer variety of the Skeleton* with thicker runners has been successfully tried, and it is only fair to say that

and effective dress. But the sterner necessities of racing on the Cresta have at least developed a costume in the last few years, which answers all the purposes required of it, though from the artistic point of view it still leaves much to be desired. There is an Engadine garment of stout whitish cloth, which combines the advantages of high-fitting trousers and gaiters that strap tightly around the boots. This is the best covering for the nether man. Above, it is

a useful trick to wear a stout coat with padded elbows strongly sewn with leather, to prevent the unpleasant effects of touching hard ice when at full speed; to this leather can be buckled the long gloves that complete the rider's protection from cold and flying snow. The strap used for pulling up his toboggan should be fastened tightly round his waist. His cap must be small and close-fitting, without the possibility of coming off at any critical corner; a proceeding as dangerous to his own steadiness as to the runners of the machine which follows; his boots cannot be too stout or too well oiled; and fixed upon them with an iron toe-cap should be the sharp, strong spikes by means of which

he steers or takes off pace, using the right foot, for instance, when he wishes to turn in that direction, and both feet equally when he desires to go slow. His costume, in fact, while strong and close-fitting, must allow the rider perfect freedom and elasticity of movement. Nothing is more ludicrous than an unsuitably dressed performer, who must be as uncomfortable himself as he is dangerous to others.

This is gradually becoming better understood than was formerly the case. None, for instance, would at the first glance have recognized the Lord Chancellor of Ireland in that workmanlike figure in a cloth cap and snuff-colored leggings, which used to career down the village run at St. Moritz, sitting on an old-fashioned Swiss machine, with all the enthusiasm which tobogganing can arouse, even in the breast of a member of the doomed "Upper House." It seems



A Fast Finish—the Leap on the Brow of the Hill at the End of the Cresta.

St. Moritz finds it just as hard to provide a winner over a course away from home.

It remains to say something of the best costume for wearing on such runs as I have just described. In this matter Switzerland is certainly, even still, far behind the Canadians. For a long while indeed the costume in the Alps was not merely completely inappropriate but also absolutely ugly. And this, perhaps, because the ladies have not been the integral part of each tobogganload, in the Engadine, that they are in Montreal. The sincerest form of flattery (if nothing else) has led Canadian tobogganers into the right paths of neat

* The "Giant Skeleton" had runners 20 mm. in diameter, 4 feet 3 inches long (on the ice), with a spring of half an inch. The machine was 5 inches high, 13 inches broad, and 6 feet 2 inches long (over all) including 18 inches of counterboard. Bow and stern were curved alike, as at C in the diagram on page 53.



Coming Around Caspar's Corner, Village Run.

indeed as if Swiss tobogganing, when properly managed, can provide riding of every kind, for young and old, for strong and weak alike. And of what endless merriment have these same small runs at St. Moritz been the scene! Bets have there been decided upon rocking-horses; there clipper-sleds and double-rippers, pigstickers and bob-sleighs, fearful wildfowl of all sorts and kinds may be descried of a fine afternoon sliding round "Caspar's Corner" toward the shores of the frozen lake. Swiss nurses, carrying babies in their arms, career down the snowy road, hotly pursued by infants, hardly larger than the babies and jauntily astride of tiny hand-sleighs no bigger than a biscuit-box. Several ladies flash past on a Canadian, balanced by the swinging foot of their young guide, who sits behind them, leaning on his side and looking over all their pretty shoulders as he steers. There is a perpetual swing and flash of movement and bright color; a ring of laughter in the frosty air; while the warning cry of "*Achtung*" echoes from every corner, as the rattling sleds go by, and more keep coming upward from below to start again.

Upon the snowy post-roads, too, that

lend themselves without any further preparation to such varieties of the sport, the double-ripper, known in the Engadine as a "bob-sleigh," provides endless amusement. Two toboggans of the American or "clippersled" variety are so arranged, with a long plank above them, that the "skipper" can sit in front and steer with a ring and pulley in each hand to swing round the first machine; while a brakesman sits behind, ready to dig a nail-studded board with all his strength into the snow and take off pace when necessary. Between these two sit three or four more passengers, who strive, when once the ship is started, to solve the double problem of keeping in their seats at all—for the machine is very like a spirited buckboard upon runners—and curling away their legs and boots as much out of their own and everybody else's way as possible. A long and lusty post-horn adds greatly to the success of the descent, and when the short run from St. Moritz down the Cresta Road has been safely learned, the Passes of the Julier, even the Maloggia, remain to be conquered by the flying "bob," which is pretty certain to be carrying lady-passengers along its middle seats.

This is, indeed, the "light side of to-



"The palings have a hard time."
Going Around Caspar's Corner, Village Run.

bogganing," the only part of it which seems a little known outside of Switzerland, the only part of it which real tobogganers in the Engadine scarcely ever touch. For the American visitor prefers to get a move on quickly, and when he finds that high speed can be combined with the skilful riding needed on the Cresta Run, there is he in the midst of it. Since 1888, and earlier, there has hardly been a year in which an American has not secured one of the best prizes in the great toboggan-races of St. Moritz or Davos.

But why should we go so far afield to find a sport that we might reproduce, if not improve, at home? Tobogganing on this side of the Atlantic seems, as a mat-

ter of fact, to be passing under a cloud, either of indifference or satiety. I have tried to indicate not only the reasons but the remedy for this. That the Swiss runs, and the Swiss methods generally, are infinitely better than any straight-track variety we have here or in Canada, no reader of these lines can—I venture to believe—deny. I am equally convinced that the accompanying virtues of Mr. Bulpett's steel machine (which anyone can make) have only to be more widely known to be appreciated as they deserve. This slight description of the new possibilities may perhaps serve as the first incentive to an emulation which (as the past year has amply shown) will rarely fail in any branch of sport.

T. F. Bayard, State. W. C. Endicott, War. W. C. Whitney, Navy.
W. F. Vilas, Postmaster-Gen'l. Daniel Manning, Treasury. A. H. Garland, Att'y-Gen'l. L. Q. C. Lamar, Interior.



President Cleveland's First Cabinet.

A HISTORY OF THE LAST QUARTER-CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

A DEMOCRAT AT THE HELM

CLEVELAND'S STRENGTH
DEATH OF GENERAL GRANT
THE NEW NAVY
THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE
PAN-ELECTRIC SCANDAL

THE PENSION VETO
CHICAGO ANARCHISTS
THE MILLS BILL
BARTHOLDI'S STATUE
FISHERIES DISPUTES

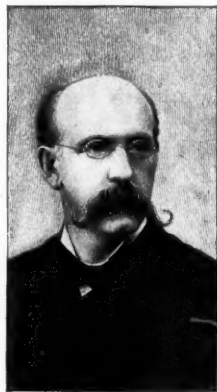
THE election of Grover Cleveland, the first Democrat to press the presidential chair after Buchanan left it in 1861, brought grief to millions of honest hearts. On assurance that Cleveland had really won, an old lady exclaimed: "Well, the poor won't have any work this winter, that's certain!" A col-

lege president discoursed lugubriously to his students upon the Democratic victory, as portending he knew not what of ill. Many good souls thought the Government in effect at an end. Those of less pessimistic temper, prophesied simply a financial panic. "The South is again in the saddle," still others said; "slavery will be restored." Most Republicans supposed that the new President would, at the very least, fill every office with a Democrat. The Democracy, with exceptions, was correspondingly jubilant. Over a hundred thousand people visited the capital to view the Inauguration Day ceremonies, and a quarter as many actually marched in the procession. Of this both colored troops and ex-Confederates formed part. The inaugural address was received with great enthusiasm, even Republican Senators and Representatives publicly expressing approval of its tone. The Cabinet was on every hand pronounced an able one, and nearly all the great diplomatic offices abroad were filled with first-rate men.

Those who predicted that the President would be inefficient proved false prophets. Mr. Cleveland *governed*. The Treasury he administered with economy. The development of our Navy was continued, systematized, and accelerated. No clean sweep of office-holders occurred, and where a colored man was displaced, a colored man succeeded him, provided a good one could be found. Extensive land grants, shown to be fraudulent, were declared forfeited. Cattle kings were forced to remove their herds from Indian reservations. Federal troops kept "boomers" from public lands. A conspiracy by members of the railway postal service to strike was nipped in the bud, and the conspirators discharged. When on March 31, 1885, the Prestan rebels in Panama seized an American ship, marines were promptly landed on both sides of the isthmus to maintain the rights and dignity of this Republic. Such vigor in administration soon convinced all that the ship of state was safe with a Democrat at the helm. In the self-command, independence, and executive ability which he dis-

played, the President exceeded the expectations of his friends, and disappointed his enemies. He performed his exacting duties with dignity and intelligence, was straightforward in his actions, and did not seek popularity by drifting with the current. Whatever

else might be said against him, none could call him a demagogue. If in the exercise of his appointing and removing power he made some mistakes, the wonder was, all things considered, that he made so few. Democrat he was, yet President of all the people. In manners he continued at Washington to be what he had been at Buffalo and at Albany—simple without any affectation of simplicity. Like Blaine, he wrote with his own hand every word of his official papers. Even his wedding invitations were autographs.



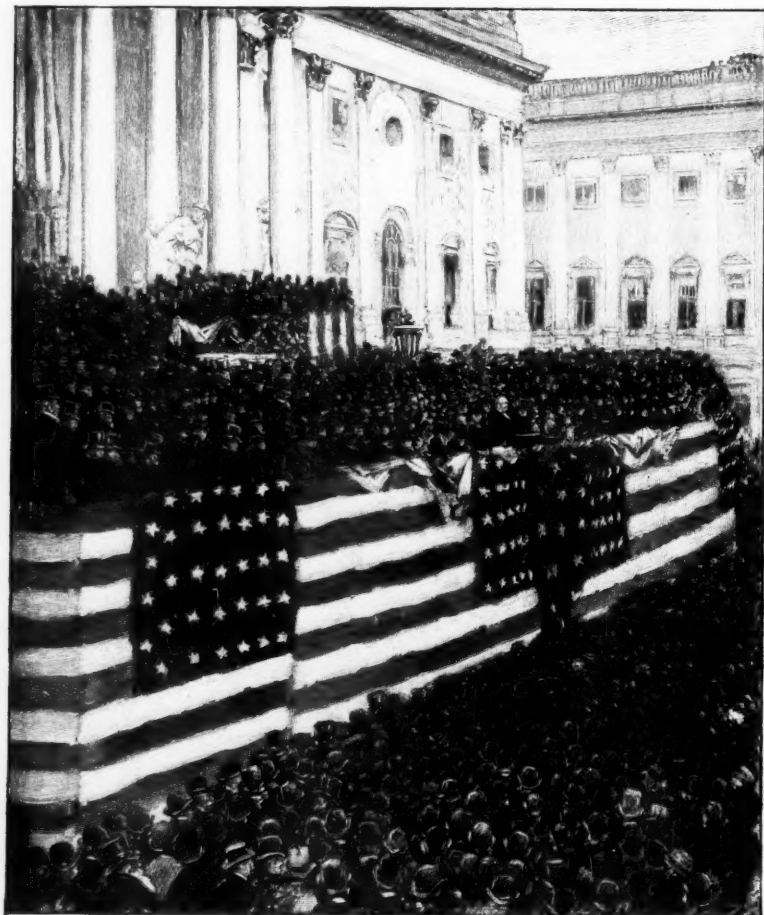
Terence V. Powderly.
From a photograph by Kuchler.

MARRIAGE OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

A FEW weeks after his inauguration as President, Mr. Cleveland's engagement was announced, to Miss Frances Folsom, the daughter of his friend and partner, Oscar Folsom, who had died in 1875. They were married on June 2, 1886, at the Executive Mansion. The old edifice had already been the scene of eight nuptial ceremonies, but all these had been very private. Now, however, the occasion could not but have public significance, since for the first time the President of the United States was a principal party. A little before seven a



Gov. John P. Altgeld, of Illinois.



The Inauguration of President Cleveland.

The President delivering his inaugural address from the grand central portico of the Capitol, March 4, 1885.

Painted by Childre Hassam from photographs.

small company were received in the Blue Room by the President's sisters, Mrs. Hoyt and Miss Cleveland. The Cabinet, save Attorney-General Garland, were of the number, the rest, aside from the officiating clergyman and his wife, being intimate friends either of the bride or of the bridegroom. Miss Folsom entered the room on the President's arm, the com-

pany falling back in a semicircle, while the Marine Band, in resplendent uniforms, rendered Mendelssohn's Wedding March. The music was followed by a sovereign salute of twenty-one guns and the ringing of church bells in the city. Meanwhile the marriage ceremony was concluded, and Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland left Washington for the summer cottage they had taken.

THE DEATH OF GRANT

THE elect of the Solid South, and determined to give that section its rights, Mr. Cleveland yet took every occasion to recognize the results of the war, and to honor those who had made it successful. On learning of General Grant's death, he, on July 23, 1885, wrote Mrs. Grant :

"MY DEAR MADAM : Obeying the dictates of my personal feelings, and in accord with what I am sure is the universal sentiment of his fellow-countrymen toward your late husband, I am solicitous that every tribute of respect and affection should be duly rendered, and with constant consideration of your personal wishes on the subject. Adjutant-General Richard C. Drum is

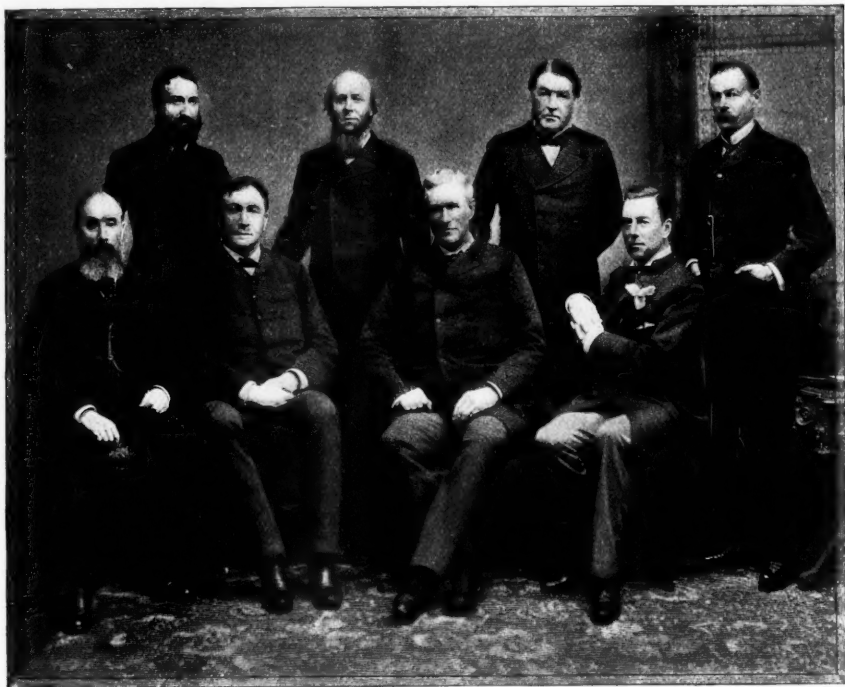
charged with the delivery of this note, and will reserve and convey to me any intimation of the wishes of yourself and your children in respect to the selection of the place of burial and conduct of the funeral ceremonies, and the part which may be borne by those charged with the administration of the government. With sincere condolence, "Your friend and servant,



William E. Chandler.

"GROVER CLEVELAND."

For months intense suffering had been General Grant's lot, but he bore



John B. Moore, American Sec'y. James B. Angell. Sir Charles Tupper. J. H. G. Bergne, British Sec'y.
Sir Lionel Sackville-West. W. L. Putnam. Thomas F. Bayard. Joseph Chamberlain.

The Fishery Commission of 1888.

it in a hero's way. Never before had his character seemed so admirable as in this battle with disease, in which he was doomed to fall. No word of complaint escaped him. Work upon his "Memoirs," whose sale—such his poverty—he expected to be his family's sole source of support when he was gone, he persistently kept up till four days before the end. His protracted affliction made the Silent Man seem each one's next of kin. When it was known that he was gone, the entire nation bent over his bier in tears, every household in the land, North and South, feeling itself bereaved. Southern cities half-masted their flags in Grant's honor, Southern legislatures passed resolutions speaking his praises and adjourned out of respect for him. Even Jefferson Davis unbent for a moment, uttering about the deceased commander a greater number of kindly words than the public had heard from him before in twenty-five years.

The death had occurred at Mount McGregor, near Saratoga. From the evening of August 4th till 10.30 a.m., August 5th, the body lay in state at the Capitol in Albany, where it was viewed by over seventy-seven thousand persons. The public funeral took place in New York City on August 8th—the most imposing spectacle of the kind ever seen in America. Business was suspended. Crowds poured in from all the neighboring States, every train and steamer being packed to its utmost capacity. Positions convenient for surveying the procession sold for as much as fifty dollars apiece. City Hall, the immense pillars and winding stairs of its vestibule impressively draped in black, received the coffin, and through its iron portals for hours flowed a steady stream in double columns of twos. It was thought that from the opening to the closing of

the gates, nearly or quite three hundred thousand people gazed upon the corpse.

As day broke, August 8th, was heard the first of the dirges that till sunset were at no moment intermitted. The sound came nearer and nearer, till five hundred veterans of Meade Post, Grand Army of the Republic, came in sight. Soon Old Trinity's grave chimes pealed forth. At seven, notes of mourning from all distances and directions rose, floating up to the barred gates behind

which lay the remains.

At 8.50 General Hancock and staff slowly entered the plaza, first presenting front to City Hall in honor of the dead, then facing Broadway, prepared to lead the solemn march. At 9.35 the funeral car approached, drawn by twenty-four jet-black horses, a colored man at each bridle. Twelve soldiers who had formed the Guard of Honor at Mount McGregor, reverently lifted the casket upon the car, which, as it moved, was flanked by veterans.



Joseph E. Gary.

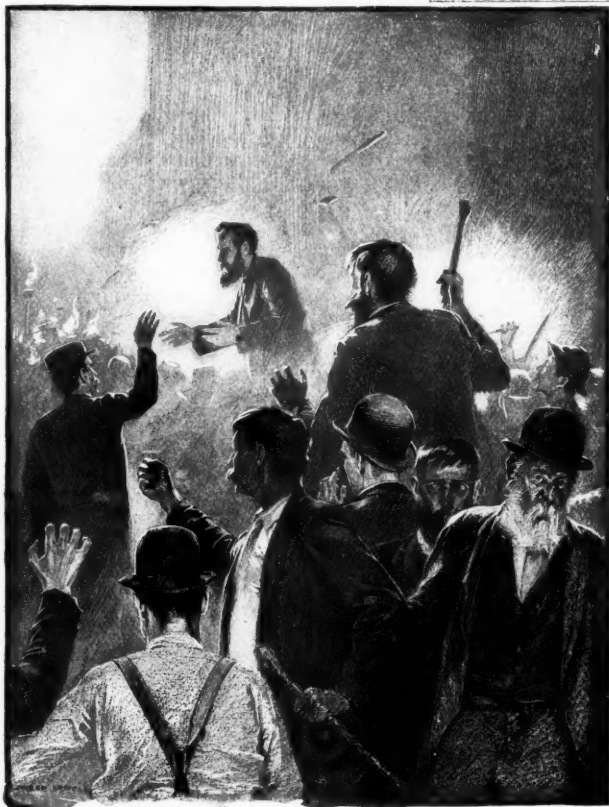
The procession, eight miles long, wended up Broadway between lines of old soldiers—flags veiled, drums muffled, and arms reversed. The Grant family, except Mrs. Grant, who was unable to be present, followed in four carriages, succeeded by the General's old staff, his cabinet officers, and detachments from Grand Army Posts. Members of the Aztec Club, survivors of the Mexican War, formed a group. President Cleveland rode with Secretary Bayard, and they were followed by the Vice-President and the Cabinet, the Supreme Court Justices, United States Senators, and a Committee of the House. Governor Hill and his suite and a Committee of the State Legislature were of the cortege, also gentlemen who had occupied diplomatic and consular offices under Grant while President. Besides all these were of-

ficial guests filling a hundred and fifty carriages. Over the ashes of the man who had said: "Let us have peace," all bitter memories were forgotten. Speaker Carlisle and ex-Speaker Randall rode with Congressmen Hiscock and Reed, Senator Morrill with Senator Cockrell, Sherman with Ransom, Ingalls with Harris. Famous Confederates, distinguishable by their gray silk sashes, fraternized with Federal chieftains. Generals Joe Johnston and Buckner officiated with Sherman, Sheridan, and Logan among the pall-bearers. Three other gallant Southerners, Wade Hampton, Fitzhugh Lee, and Gordon, were also present at the funeral.

The tomb had been prepared in the upper city, near the North River and within sight of the Palisades. Directly opposite it, that day, lay the Despatch,



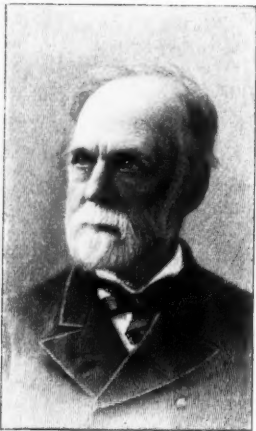
Haymarket Square Looking East, 1895, with the Statue Erected in Memory of the Murdered Police. (The bomb was thrown from the alley just behind the centre building on left.)



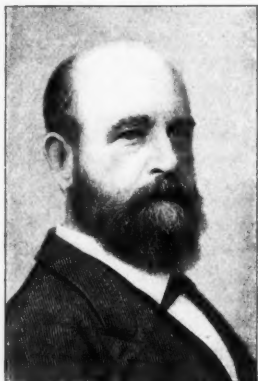
"We are peaceable."

The Tragedy in Haymarket Square, Chicago. The scene during Fielden's speech just before the bomb was thrown.

bearing the Rear Admiral's pennant; near her the Powhatan, guns gazing from her ports; also the Omaha, the Swatara, and the Alliance. The vessels had their yards "a-cockbill" — obliquely set in token of mourning. Their brass and steel fittings, their holy-stoned decks, and the accoutrements of their marines shone in the bright sun. On land, too, wherever you looked, were brilliant uniforms and trappings, plumed cavalymen and artillerists, burnished cannon, and bodies of infantry with rifles stacked in sheaves.



Abram S. Hewitt.



Henry George.

ing, stood nearest, then General Hancock, with President Cleveland, Vice-President Hendricks, and members of the Cabinet. Close to the head of the bier were Generals Sherman and Sheridan, ex-Presidents Arthur and Hayes, Admiral Porter, General Fitzhugh Lee, General Gordon, and General Buckner. Representatives from Meade Post circled the casket and went through the Grand Army ritual, after which came the burial service of the Methodist Episcopal Church. At the close of this "Tattoo" was sounded, ending the ceremonies, save that three volleys of musketry and as many of artillery were let off while the Grant family re-entered their carriages.

Shortly after two, trumpets heralded General Hancock and staff. Sweeping past the tomb, they drew rein beneath trees a hundred yards north. Soon a thunder-peal from the Powhatan shook the bluff, being returned, multiplied, from the Jersey shore. The salute was repeated at intervals. Shortly after four another strain of trumpets was heard; then the sound of muffled drums, announcing the approach of the catafalque. Infantry companies which had escorted it formed a hollow square between it and the tomb, and to the middle of this the body about to be laid away was transferred.

The family mourners, alight-

THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE ACT

ANTAGONISTIC as Cleveland and the Republicans were, some good laws passed the Forty-ninth Congress, among them the Interstate Commerce Act, placing the great railroads of the country under the General Government's supervision. This was meant to remedy the unfair discrimination in railway facilities and charges theretofore prevalent between different persons and different places. The "dead-head" system had grown alarmingly. Favored shippers obtained rates enabling them to crush their rivals by this advantage alone; and long-haul tariffs were far too low in comparison with those for short hauls. Shippers of freight from Rochester to San Francisco had found it profitable to pay transportation charges first to New York City, their goods then going straight back through Rochester again. The act of February 4, 1887, forbade special rates to special shippers. It also inhibited charging or receiving for the carriage of passengers or a given class of freight—conditions being the same—any greater compensation for a shorter than for a longer haul over the same line, in the same direction. These provisions worked well. More questionable was the interdiction of "pooling," since almost universally evaded. The act provided for a commission of five members to administer and enforce it.

THE NEW NAVY

ANOTHER point of public policy about which the President and Congress substantially agreed, was the building up

of the navy. In 1881 the grand old frigate *Constitution*, her ensign at last hauled down, was put out of commission, dismantled, and placed beside the *Ticonderoga*, slowly to fall in pieces. This step had been contemplated



Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi.



The Bartholdi Statue of Liberty, from Communipaw, N. J.
Painted from nature by Otto H. Bach.

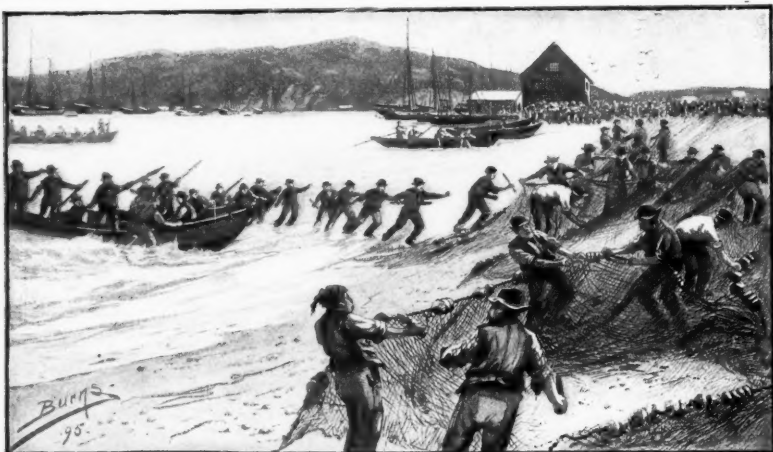


The Second Seizure of the Schooner David J. Adams.*

Drawn by M. J. Burns from photographs by Parker and description.

down!" These rotting hulks typefied our neglected and degenerate navy, with its thirty-seven cruisers, all but four of wood,

* The American schooner David J. Adams, calling at the port of Digby, Nova Scotia, May 5, 1886, to procure bait, was seized by Captain Scott of the steamer Landsdowne. The captain of the Adams declared he had called to see friends, and was released, but ran aground going out of the harbor, and since the truth had meanwhile been learned, the schooner was re-seized, everything movable being sold at auction to cover expenses. The matter was in dispute between England and the United States for a long time.



The "Fortune Bay Affair."†

Drawn by M. J. Burns from photographs.

twenty years before, but the poet then procured for the venerable warrior a stay of execution by the plea beginning, "Aye, tear her tattered ensign

† On Sunday, January 6, 1878, a number of American sailors were engaged in taking herring in Long Harbor, Fortune Bay, Newfoundland. They were attacked by the Newfoundlanders who destroyed one of their seines and forced them to stop fishing. The matter was for years one of the international questions in dispute between England and America.

68



The Newfoundland Fisheries.—Fish-sheds at Quidi Vidi.

its fourteen single-turreted monitors built during the war, its guns all or nearly all muzzle-loading, and many of them smooth-bores. Hon. William E. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy under President Arthur, deserves the honor of being the first pungently to urge the building of a new navy worthy the American nation. Mr. Arthur cordially endorsed the recommendation. As a result, a Naval Advisory Board of able and experienced officers was appointed in 1881. It recommended a programme for the

either in commission or building, their cost varying from \$3,000,000 each for the battle-ships Oregon, Massachusetts, Indiana, and Iowa, to \$25,000 for the smallest torpedo-boat. The sea-going and fighting qualities of the new ships, and the comforts and even luxuries which they provide for their officers



Loading the Fish.



UNDER THE PLANKS.

Scenes in Quidi Vidi, a Typical Newfoundland Fishing Town.

next eight years, which, while involving the vast outlay of \$30,000,000, would place in commission the twenty-one iron-clads "absolutely needed," seventy unarmored cruisers, five rams, five torpedo gun-boats, and twenty torpedo-boats. To make a beginning, Congress in 1882 authorized the construction of three unarmored cruisers, the Atlanta, the Boston, and the Chicago, and of the despatch-boat Dolphin.

The policy thus entered upon was to be permanent. The Cleveland years marked important forward steps in it, and since then progress has been continuous, rapid, and splendid. To December 4, 1894, forty-seven vessels were

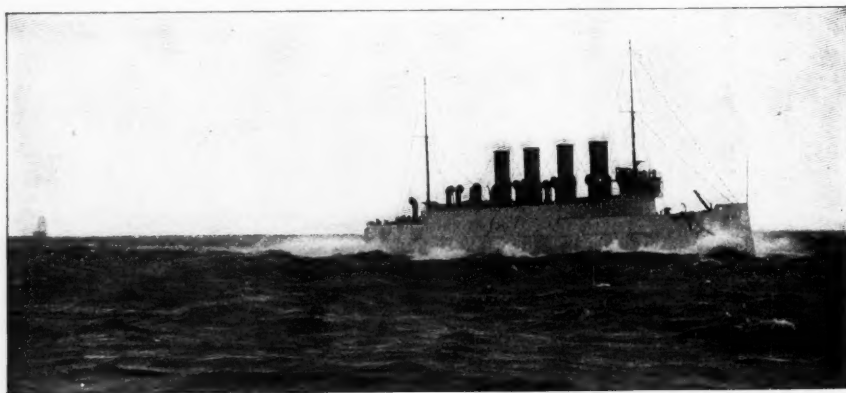
and crews, have evoked admiration both at home and abroad. Their plate is an alloy of nickel and steel, superior to any yet produced in Europe. The old Constitution could, with her best guns, at 1,000 yards, pierce twenty-two inches of oak, about the thickness of her own hull at water-line. The $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch steel covering at the Atlanta's water line had nearly the same resisting power as the Constitution's twenty-two inches of oak. The Atlanta's 6-inch guns will, at 1,000 yards, bore through a surface having

twenty times the resisting power of her own or the Constitution's hull at water-line. At the same range her 8-inch guns pierce fourteen inches of iron. The Atlanta is about half as large as the Constitution, but their duties in war are the same. Both are, technically, "frigates," a sort of naval cavalry, to accompany and assist battle-ships as scouts, or to convoy friendly commerce and destroy that of the enemy. This predatory rôle is indeed a cowardly one, like privateering, or like

land warfare upon civilians and their property; but so long as naval tactics admit such barbarism, ships able to perpetrate it will be prized. The Atlanta can riddle her like when hull down on the horizon, while battle-ships, like the immense Iowa, which displaces 11,300 tons, to make any serious impression on one another must approach to within at least 4,000 yards.

At the international naval fête in 1895, when the Kiel Canal was opened, our New York and Columbia were objects of utmost curiosity. The Columbia is a protected cruiser 348 feet long on the water-line, 69 feet broad, and of 24 feet mean draught, with a displacement of 10,231 tons, about the size of the old Constitution. Her armament consists of one 8-inch breech-loading rifle, two 6-inch and eight 4-inch rapid-fire guns, twelve 6-pounder and four 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, and four Gatlings. Built for a commerce destroyer, though closely resembling a merchantman, she can, like a wolf in sheep's clothing, draw fatally near her victim without exposing her true character. After the naval fête referred to, *La Patrie*, of Paris, said: "What has struck France and all Europe with surprise mixed with fright, is the speed of one of the vessels of the American fleet. The Columbia will be able to accept or refuse combat according to her wishes. She will thunder forth

shot and shell or run away at will. She can with impunity cover the surface of the ocean with ruins and wrecks, or laugh at the avengers sent to pursue her. The European nation which should have the foresight to create a large number of these terrible cruisers would be unassailable, invulnerable, and invincible." Of her powers to overhaul most merchantmen or to run away from battle-ships, the Columbia soon gave signal proof, making the trip home from Southampton under natural draught and in spite of some heavy weather—though, it is said, using extra coal and exhausting her men—in 6 days, 23 hours, and 49 minutes, an average speed of 18.53 knots an hour, the best long-distance run ever made by a warship. For a shorter time she is good for 22 knots. The *St. Louis*, an ocean greyhound then newly built, and the swift *Augusta Victoria*, both starting just behind the Columbia, failed to catch her. Great was the jubilation when, on August 3, 1895, her snowy hull, stained with spots of rust, and her four buff smoke-stacks crystallized over with salt from the waves, approached her anchorage on this side. All the standing-room on the Battery and the North River front was full of people, whose cheers joined the diversified applause. "Such a chorus of screeches, grunts, toots, and shrieks is seldom heard in New York waters."



The United States Steamship Columbia on her Government Speed Trial.

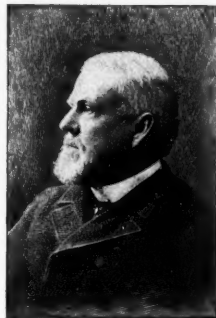
From a photograph by Rau.

THE CHARLESTON EARTHQUAKE

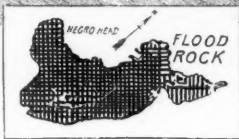
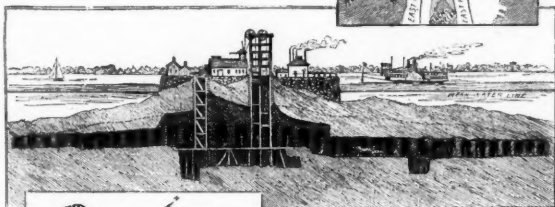
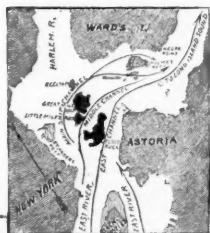
NOTWITHSTANDING this pleasant harmony of parties upon a few weighty matters, the opposition to Cleveland was resolute and bitter. Each doubtful act of his was exhibited in the worst possible light, and innumerable falsehoods forged to aggravate his discredit. If there appeared a direful portent in the sky or a deadly fever or tornado on the earth, there were not wanting persons ready to arraign the Administration therefor.

The first week of September, 1886, a destructive earthquake shook important portions of the United States. In lower New York City chandeliers were swayed and clocks stopped by the motion. Vibrations were felt from Cape Cod as far west as Chicago and Milwaukee and south to Jacksonville, Fla. The earth-dance was slight in Baltimore, alarming in Washington. The worst that occurred at other points was but a hint of the fearful fate which overtook Charleston, S. C. The horror broke upon the inhabitants in the dead of night, and so awful was the rocking and rumbling of the ground that women and children went insane. Doves of blacks rushed, frantic and half-clad, to the fields and parks. A pious old negro in the midst of one dense throng, engaged in prayer. "Good Lawd," his petition ran, "Come and help us! Oh, come now! An' come yo'self, Lawd; 'tain't no time for boys!" The first shock occurred Tuesday night. On Friday night, when all, worn out, had sought slumber under such shelter as remained, suddenly came a new convulsion advertised by a deafening alarm like thunder. Once more the shrieking multitudes rushed to the open amid showers of bricks and plaster, negroes making the night doubly hideous with their weird lamentations. Almost precisely twenty-four hours later came a third shock, milder, but sufficient to evict the people

still again. The indication that the terrestrial ague was periodic put men awatch for another disturbance on Sunday night, and they were not disappointed. At the same hour as before, the demon came amid appalling throes. Fortunately, this fourth quaking was his adieu. When the telegraph lines were again in order, permitting the world to learn what had taken place, it was found that seven-eighths



General John Newton.



Plan of the Operations at Flood Rock.
By permission of the Scientific American.

of Charleston's houses had been rendered unfit for habitation, scores of persons killed, and \$8,000,000 worth of property destroyed. The handsomest streets suffered most, desolation as from innumerable dynamite explosions being visible far up and down many of them. Railroad tracks were torn awry, rifts and gullies gaping in all directions. For days all highways to the city were impassable, cutting off relief.

BLOWING UP HELL GATE

MANY conjectures were uttered regarding the cause of the earthquake, none very satisfactory. Fancy, how-

ever, could hardly avoid connecting it somehow with the artificial earthquake of the preceding October, when, through a brilliant piece of engineering executed by General John Newton, the channel from East River to Long Island Sound was rid of the last Hell-gate ledge which dangerously choked it. Since 1848 this bit of coast had been the subject of many futile experiments. Strong tides sweeping back and forth over the reefs had strewn the spot with wrecks; yet the necessities of commerce, especially of the coast-wise trade, kept it a thoroughfare. Up to 1876 the expenditure of about \$1,717,000 had

dented and devised on so large a scale, that in anticipation many people living near suffered terrors as if a disastrous convulsion of nature were at hand. That the mine should be set off on Sunday, as had been arranged, was also a source of distress. General Newton, however, was unwilling to imperil life by delay. At high-tide, therefore, on Sunday September 24th, his baby daughter was allowed

to touch the electric key, and instantly the thirteen thousand potent germs were hatched. For three seconds the water foamed and



resulted in the demolition of only a few outworks. The Scylla and Charybdis, Hallett's Point Reef and Flood Rock, remained. The former was made ready for annihilation by the novel method of tunnelling. The tunnels, corresponding to its semicircular form, radiated somewhat like the ribs of a fan, being connected with each other by concentric passages, the whole covering nearly three acres. Thus honey-combed, the rock was impregnated with above thirteen thousand cartridges, containing something like twenty-five tons of powder, and all were connected with electric batteries.

The experiment was so unprece-

TWO FOOT FISSURE
OAK FOREST



VENDE RANGE



ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH



Camp of the Homeless on Colonial Lake.

tumbled at a height of forty or fifty feet, cowed in thick black smoke, and ejecting fragments of rock and mud. A shock was felt in New York City, attended by a low booming sound. The tremor extended as far to the north-east as Springfield, Mass. No damage whatever was suffered by neighboring property.

Flood Rock was next assailed. It was three times the size of Hallett's Point Reef, but the construction of the grid-iron system of tunnels was now watched without alarm, the earlier achievement having set all qualms at rest. Dynamite was the explosive used. When all was ready, General Newton's daughter, May, now eleven years of age, once more pressed the button, this time blowing 300,000 cubic yards of reef into fragments—partly, indeed, into powder. "A tremendous volume of water rose to a height of one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet, masses of white foam shining in the sunlight, resembling the appearance of a fantastic iceberg lifted bodily upon a solid basis of dark, frozen water. For five or six seconds it tumbled aloft, and then sank back into the river, where a yellow, sulphurous glow prevailed for a minute, after which the river resumed its wonted course."

THE PRESIDENT AND THE CIVIL SERVICE

THE President and the Senate first came to blows early in 1886, over the President's act in suspending from office on the preceding July 17th, G. M. Duskin, district attorney for the southern district of Alabama. When Congress reassembled, the Senate, proceeding upon the theory that the power of removal as well as that of appointment was committed to it jointly with the President, called on him to furnish the reasons for his action and the papers relating to the case. This demand Mr. Cleveland refused. In a vigorous message dated February 22, 1886, he held that for his acts of removal and suspension he was responsible to the people alone, and that the papers asked for touching Duskin were of a private nature. Reluctantly the Senate acquiesced in this position. In March, 1887, a bill

passed Congress repealing the old Tenure of Office Act, and rendering explicit and unqualified the President's independent power to remove from office.

It seemed to be the Senate Republicans' purpose in this encounter to discredit Mr. Cleveland, by showing him insincere in his avowals of sympathy with reform. His election was largely due to the stand he had taken in regard to the evil of Congressional patronage. He had given his word to abate this so far as lay in his power, and the conditions at his accession to office favored the accomplishment of that purpose. No strictly party vote had elevated him to the presidency. Moreover, there were 15,000 offices, vacancies which the Pendleton Act required to be filled by non-partisan tests, and that law authorized the President to extend this mode of appointment if he wished. The fact was that Mr. Cleveland had assumed a task greater than he anticipated. Democrats incessantly vociferated against continuing Republican monopoly of the offices, urging him, as a Democrat, to relinquish a policy which must disintegrate the party and lose him all its support. Not one recognized Democratic leader stood up for the policy. Congress betrayed no cordial sympathy with it. In June, 1886, an attempt was made practically to annul the Civil Service Law by refusing to make an appropriation for the Commissioners. Disappointing and disgusting a host of his friends, Mr. Cleveland gradually yielded. By June, 1887, nearly all the 2,359 Presidential postmasters had been replaced, as had 32 of the 33 foreign ministers, 16 of the 21 secretaries of legation, 138 of the 219 consuls, 84 of the 85 collectors of internal revenue, 8 of the 11 inspectors of steam-vessels, 65 of the 70 district attorneys, 64 of the 70 marshals, 22 of the 30 territorial judges, 16 of the 18 pension agents, and some 40,000 of the 52,609 fourth-class postmasters. Within three years from his inauguration the President had replaced not less than 75,000, perhaps 100,000, Republican office-holders by Democrats, considerably impairing the service. But, though roundly denounced as a hypocrite, he

never recanted his profession of devotion to reform, and he faithfully executed the mandatory provisions of the law.

What hurt the President most with reformers was his aid to Senator Gorman, of Maryland, in 1887, seeming to be an effort to acquit himself of the charge, often preferred, that "he was no Democrat." A Democratic authority stated that in Baltimore election after election had been carried by barefaced fraud; that to stop a ballot in an important ward murder was recognized as a political service; that ballot-boxes were continually looted, and that in one ward nineteen men of criminal record drew pay from the city for their evil activities. Yet Mr. Cleveland's aid and comfort to representative Democratic leaders came too slowly and grudgingly to win their support in return. They thought him meanly obsequious toward Independents, and declared that he was betraying his party. Western Democrats, in particular, were never enthusiastic for Mr. Cleveland, owing partly to his views upon the civil service and partly to his hailing from New York. With them "Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana," had been the magic and drawing part of the ticket. What occurred on Inauguration Day indicated this. As the procession moved along Pennsylvania Avenue toward the Capitol, cheers for the President-elect were at points rather faint, but the appearance of Mr. Hendricks's carriage "was the signal for a prolonged roar that testified to the love and confidence the people felt for him." Many thought that this obvious contrast piqued the President, and ascribed to it a certain lack of cordiality on his part toward the Vice-President, kept up till the latter's death. A month after the inauguration Mr. Hendricks had an interview with the President. On returning to his room at Willard's Hotel he seemed disappointed, and said: "I hoped that Mr. Cleveland would put the Democratic party in power in fact as well as in name, but he does not intend to do it." A Southern Congressman told his Democratic friends: "Gentlemen, we've got a big elephant on our hands. I fear there will be some disappointment about the

offices." Too few Republicans were turned out to suit Democratic workers, yet enough continually to keep up office-seekers' hopes. Those disappointed after long suspense were doubly unforgiving. The President would have done well to remember Machiavelli's precept: "Matters of severity should be finished at one blow, that so they may give the less distaste and be the sooner forgotten."

PAN-ELECTRIC SCANDAL

REPUBLICAN papers made all possible political capital out of the pan-electric "scandal," affecting Attorney-General Garland. One Rogers had received a patent on a telephone which he hoped would rival Bell's. He assigned his rights to Democratic members of Congress, who transferred them to a certain "Pan-Electric Company," receiving stock in return. When the Democratic party came into power the Pan-Electric managers moved the Government to institute suit inquiring into the validity of the Bell patent. Though owning Pan-Electric stock which would rise in value a round million if the Bell patent were annulled, the Attorney-General did not forbid Solicitor-General Goode to attack that patent. This Goode did, though the Interior Department soon took the case off his hands. It was argued that Garland should not have allowed his subordinate to act in the matter, or, at any rate, should have divested himself of all interest in it by disposing of his stock. That he could at worst only *argue* the case and could not *decide* it, and that the court would specially scrutinize his plea as that of an interested party, was by most people forgotten or ignored. A congressional committee exonerated Garland, Goode, and Mr. Lamar, Secretary of the Interior, from all censurable action in the premises.

When Mr. Cleveland took office the pensioning of Union soldiers was too indiscriminate, neither party venturing to advocate an economy of expenditure or a scrutiny of claims by which veterans might suffer. The Treasury surplus presented an irresistible temptation to foolish and pauperizing liberal-

ity. Greedy pension attorneys loved the "swag" which the system offered. Ultra protectionists also connived at it out of a wish to keep the high tariff intact. At that time pension attorneys were given access to soldiers' records in the War Department. Knowing that the record in any case would be appealed to in verifying the claim, they would obtain an old soldier's leave and set up on his behalf a claim for every trouble shown in his record. One attorney issued a circular announcing "Desertion marks quietly removed," the adverb being cancelled in ink. Innumerable fraudulent claims came to the Bureau, too many of them successful. A New England merchant worth \$50,000, who never smelled powder or even served so much as three months, tried for a pension on the ground that his bad health was due to catarrh contracted in the army. An application was actually received at the Bureau for injury by the chin of a comrade "while drilling on the ice near Brattleboro, Vt." A wagoner who had lost his leg tumbling off a wagon when drunk obtained a pension. In several cases men who escaped service by shooting away their fingers got pensions for this disability.

PENSION EXTRAVAGANCE

To relieve those whom for any reason the Bureau had denied, thousands of private bills were passed. The House of Representatives usually devoted one meeting each week to the passage of these personal bills, only a handful, far less than a quorum, being present. Bill after bill became law merely upon the recommendation of the Committee, without recording a vote and without discussion. The Senate was also slack. April 21, 1886, it passed 500 pension bills in two hours. Instead of doubling watchfulness upon special legislation, our bicameral system seemed to halve it; each house shifting upon the other the onus of rejecting unworthy but influential claims; both, as a result, leaving that useful but thankless task to the Executive. Little wonder that many unworthy claimants sought presidential endorsement.

But they did not any longer receive this. While favoring, for the truly worthy, pensions even more bountiful than were then allowed by law, the President insisted, both as a matter of due economy and in justice to loyal and true pensioners, on careful discrimination in making up the pension list. Till Cleveland's time but one pension bill had been rejected by the Executive, but in 1886 he vetoed 101 out of the 747 which passed Congress. The veto-messages were bold and often caustic. It was easy to represent all this as betraying hostility to old wearers of the blue, and Republican organs and orators were not slow to arraign the President thus. But, although many attempts were made to pass pension bills over the veto, only one was successful. Hostility toward the President was immensely intensified when he negatived the Dependent Pension Bill, passed in 1887, which pensioned all dependent veterans who had served three months in the Union army, and also all dependent parents of such. The veto was, however, agreeable to not a few even among the Republicans, who had begun to look with dread upon the rising tide of paternalism in our Government, a tendency which found expression in the Blair Educational Bill, meant to give governmental support to certain State schools all over the South, and in the Texas Seed Bill, to aid needy farmers, passed by the House and Senate, but vetoed by the President.

THE REBEL FLAG ORDER

MORE scathing yet was the condemnation visited upon Mr. Cleveland in consequence of his unfortunate "Rebel Flag" order. Hastily and without authority, he had given permission that the various Confederate flags in possession of the Government might be returned to the Southern States from which they were borne forth. The permission did not take effect, as these flags were public property and could be restored only by act of Congress, but the mischief was done. The rank and file of the Grand Army of the Republic felt outraged, and post after post passed reso-

lutions fiercely denouncing the order, some of them hinting at lack of patriotism in its author. General Butler styled the order, "An attempt to mutilate the archives." Just previous to the national encampment at St. Louis, in 1887, a number of posts in western Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Ohio held a camp-fire at Wheeling. A banner had been suspended across the street on the line of their march, bearing the President's portrait with the inscription, "God Bless our President, Commander-in-Chief of Our Army and Navy." Most of the posts refused to pass under, marching through the gutters instead, with colors folded and reversed. The President had accepted an invitation to the St. Louis encampment, but owing to this extreme rancor toward him felt constrained to decline attendance. "I should," he said, "bear with me there the people's highest office, the dignity of which I must protect, and I believe that neither the Grand Army of the Republic as an organization, nor anything like a majority of its members, would ever encourage any scandalous attack upon it. If, however, among the membership of this body there are some, as certainly seems to be the case, determined to denounce me and my official acts, at the National Encampment, I believe that they should be permitted to do so unrestrained by my presence as a guest of their organization, or as a guest of the hospitable city in which their meeting is held."

We have seen that, spite of its little love toward him, Tammany almost unanimously voted for Cleveland. This had the unpleasant effect of leading such as inclined to be severe on him to lay all Tammany's sins at Cleveland's door. And Tammany had not changed. The boodle alderman scandal of 1886 emphasized the fact that the spirit of Tweed still haunted Manhattan Island. Jacob Sharp all but challenges admiration for the persistency of his assault upon the virtue of the New York City government. He secured from the aldermen his first franchise as early as 1851, in that case, too, over the Mayor's veto and in face of an injunction; with the result, however, of sending one al-

derman to jail in addition to the fine which he paid in common with his fellows. From that time Sharp had toiled unremittingly to secure at Albany such legislation as would enable him once more to begin hopeful conflict in New York City. Success waited upon him in 1884, bringing him privileges for which a million dollars had been more than once offered. Charges were preferred against members of the Board of Aldermen for 1884, accusing them of having granted a charter to the Broadway Surface Railroad Company in consideration of \$300,000, divided equally among them. It appeared that thirteen members had combined for the purpose of selling their votes on important enterprises. Twelve of these thrifty gentlemen were formally indicted, of whom three were convicted and sentenced to years of imprisonment with heavy fines. The charter of the road was annulled by the Legislature, and Sharp prosecuted and tried for bribery. He was convicted, but granted a new trial, before the conclusion of which, in the spring of 1888, his health broke down completely and he died. The investigation of this scandal cost \$48,000.

THE SOUTHWESTERN STRIKE

THE year 1886 brought several labor movements which had grave political and social significance. The Texas Pacific Railroad was a bankrupt corporation in the custody of the United States Courts. Its receiver having refused to re-employ a dismissed foreman, the Executive of the Knights of Labor, in March, ordered the employees to quit work. The strike rapidly spread over the entire Gould system in the Southwest, Missouri Pacific employees making common cause with the original strikers. St. Louis was the storm centre. Here violence and terrorism were rife, and the United States troops had to be sent to restore and keep the peace. April 7th and 9th bloody riots occurred, fatal to several and destroying vast amounts of property. A crowd of three or four hundred persons gathered on a bridge near the Louisville

and Nashville Railroad crossing, which was guarded by eight special deputies brought from distant points. Taunts were freely thrown at them, especially at one who was conspicuous on account of his tall figure, surmounted by a shock of red hair. He was counselled to go shoot himself. Instead, he advanced and dragged forth his tormentor, whereupon a tumult ensued, and all the small boys set up a cry of "Rats!" The other deputies, furious, all followed the example of the red-haired one, when he levelled his gun at the crowd. Someone called out, "Don't shoot!" but the response was a volley that felled five men and a woman. Now panic-stricken in their turn, the deputies sought safety in the jail, one in his flight killing still another man. The wrathful populace dispersed to secure arms, and, once more assembling, were about to advance upon the jail. This violence was avoided and many lives saved by the leaders of the Knights of Labor, who hastened to the spot and implored the people to make no unlawful demonstrations. That evening, however, some \$50,000 worth of property was destroyed by incendiarism. Perishable goods spoiled, the St. Louis flour industry was stopped, and the price of provisions greatly increased. When coal rose from \$5.50 to \$40 a ton, factories of all descriptions had to shut down. At last, some agreement being reached, General Master Workman Powderly, of the Knights, ordered work resumed; but feeling had become so bitter that in St. Louis his mandate was disobeyed. Martin Irons, head of the St. Louis Knights, assumed the leadership and kept the conflict raging for some time. Congress raised a committee to investigate the strike, and before this, in the course of time, Irons came. He had been born in Scotland in 1832, arriving in America when fourteen. For years he was a rover, but at length settled at Sedalia, Mo., near Jesse James's old camping ground. His ultra policies, much more than his ability, had made him a labor leader. It was "a weak, irresolute, half-cunning, half-frightened face, that he turned toward the committee. He wore a dirty white shirt and a dirty white collar held in its place by a brass stud. An imitation diamond relieved

the discolored area of his shirt-front, and a heavy brass watch-chain dangled from his unbuttoned vest. His first act after taking his seat was to draw a spittoon toward him and take a huge quid of tobacco, which he chewed heavily while he listened to Chairman Curtin's opening address to him." Irons and many more were examined. It was the old story: hot heads of a lax labor organization making rash demands; stiff capitalists readier to die than yield a point. The strike worse than failed of its purpose, at least of its immediate purpose. It is estimated that the strikers lost \$900,000 in wages, and non-striking employees deprived of work not less than \$500,000. The Missouri Pacific lost nearly \$3,000,000.

CHICAGO ANARCHISTS

SERIOUS as was this disturbance, it was temporarily forgotten in the more sombre event which occurred in Chicago on the very evening when the Southwestern strike terminated. Chicago labor organizations had recently started a movement to secure the adoption of an eight-hour labor day. Forty thousand workmen struck to enforce the demand, in efforts to withstand which some workmen had been shot by police and by Pinkerton detectives. On the evening of May 3d was announced a public indignation meeting for next day in Haymarket Square, which "good speakers" would address. On Tuesday some 1,400 workmen assembled. Most of the addresses were comparatively mild in tone, but about ten o'clock, after the Mayor had gone and part of the audience dispersed, Samuel Fielden gave utterance to vehement incendiary remarks: "John Brown, Jefferson, Washington, Patrick Henry, and Hopkins said to the people: 'The law is your enemy. We are rebels against it.' The skirmish lines have met. The people have been shot. You have been robbed, and you will be starved into a worse condition." At this point a body of 180 policemen marched up. Halting within a few feet of the wagon Captain Ward said: "I command you, in the name of the People of the State of Illinois, to immediately and peaceably disperse." Fielden said: "We

are peaceable." He was arrested. As the police were carrying him off a gleaming missile was seen to curve in the air and fall among them. A deafening explosion ensued, and a third of their number fell writhing, seven being fatally wounded. "Fall in; close up!" The officers still on their feet obeyed instantly, and, not knowing the extent of the disaster or whether the cowardly attack would be repeated, dashed against the mob, of whom over fifty fell, the rest fleeing. Such magnificent courage in the presence of a sudden, mysterious, and horrible danger, of a nature specially calculated to breed panic, won for the Chicago police force admiration at home and abroad. Army-disciplined *gendarmes* or regular troops could have behaved no better. The Chicago people have done well to commemorate the deed with a monument.

A storm of wrath fell upon the Anarchists, who had thus for the first time tried their methods in America. The actual thrower of the bomb was probably Rudolph Schnaubelt; but by shaving off his beard immediately after the event he avoided identification, though twice arrested, and finally escaped to unknown parts. Excitement was increased by the discovery in Cincinnati of Anarchists to the number of 600, organized and armed with rifles. Efforts were redoubled to bring the heads of the Chicago conspiracy to justice. The bomb used was probably the production of Louis Lingg, who all the afternoon before the riot had, with his assistants, been filling bombs similar to the one thrown. Besides Lingg seven other men were indicted, connected with two anarchist sheets, *The Alarm*, Albert R. Parsons's paper, and the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, conducted by Augustus Spies. An extract from the *Alarm* of February 21, 1885, runs as follows: "DYNAMITE! Of all the good stuff, this is the stuff. Stuff several pounds of this sublime stuff into an inch pipe (gas or water pipe), plug up both ends, insert a cap with a fuse attached, place this in the immediate neighborhood of a lot of rich loafers who live by the sweat of other people's brow, and light the fuse. A most cheerful and gratifying result will fol-

low. The dear stuff can be carried around in the pocket without danger, while it is a formidable weapon against any force of militia, police, or detectives that may want to stifle the cry for justice that goes forth from the plundered slaves. A pound of this good stuff beats a bushel of ballots all hollow, and don't you forget it." When this passage was read in court the accused seemed greatly amused at the wit of it.

It was mainly upon such extracts from Anarchist papers that the prosecution was based. As accessories before the fact, equally guilty with the unknown principal, having by speech and print advised the commission of murder, Augustus Spies, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, and Louis Lingg were, on August 20, 1886, sentenced to death. Oscar Neebe was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment at hard labor. With the approval of Judge Gary and District Attorney Grinnell, Governor Oglesby commuted Schwab's and Fielden's sentence to life imprisonment. Lingg escaped the gallows by suicide, or, as his friends maintained, by murder at the hands of the police, a bomb, his chosen weapon, being exploded in his mouth. Four more bombs were found in his cell. Engel failed in an attempt to kill himself by poison. On November 11, 1887, Engel, Parsons, Fischer, and Spies were hanged, remaining defiant to the last. Their bodies were buried two days later. A procession of Anarchists followed them to the grave, singing the *Marseillaise* and sporting red ribbons.

There were people of intelligence, standing, patriotism, and high courage who, then and later, differed from the prevailing opinion touching the proper method for dealing with the convicted. Some believed that Anarchy would be more effectively discouraged by mildness than by severity; others thought that all the condemned, though guilty, were proper objects of executive clemency; still others were convinced that the seven were unjustly convicted. Henry D. Lloyd, of Chicago, Mr. Howells, and many others strongly favored clemency. Even Judge Gary, who pre-

sided at the trial, wrote: "In copying these fierce denunciations, these recitals of alleged tyranny and oppression, these seemingly pitying descriptions of the hardships and wrongs of the humble and the poor, written with apparent sincerity and real intellectual ability, I have occasionally lost sight of the atrocity of the advice given by the Anarchists, and felt a sort of sympathy with the rioters who would have praised my assassination as a virtuous act." Mr. Black, of the counsel for the defence, was deeply touched by what he considered the wrongs of his clients. Speaking at the graves of the executed, he confessed that he "loved these men" when he came to know "of their love for the people, of their patience, gentleness, and courage."

Between eight and nine years after the Haymarket riot, Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, pardoned the three Anarchists still in the penitentiary, thus bringing upon himself unmeasured and lasting condemnation, increased by the fact that he chose for his act the day of the dedication of a monument to the dead Anarchists. His Excellency declared that the pardon was not mercy, for which there was no place, but tardy justice. He insisted that the men had not been legally convicted. Their conviction proceeded solely upon the ground that they had generally, by speech and print, advised classes, not particular individuals, to commit murder, and that, in consequence of such advice *somebody not known* threw the bomb. There was no evidence that any of the accused threw it, or that the one doing so, whoever he was, ever read or heard a word that proceeded from the mouth or pen of any of the accused. Governor Altgeld was thought by many to have established that the jury was prejudiced, and that their admission to the panel, as also the principle upon which conviction was had, was a legal novelty. He charged that the jury was packed, and the judge not judicial in conducting the trial or in delivering sentence. He suggested that the murder was not upon the seditious advice of those obscure Anarchist sheets, but was an act of personal retaliation for some of the several instances of police

or Pinkerton shooting and brutality which he alleged.

In 1886, labor strife stirred New York City as well as Chicago. Here, in June, Johann Most and three other Anarchists were convicted of inciting to riot and imprisoned. Several members of labor unions were also sentenced for boycotting. The same year Henry George ran as Labor Candidate for the office of mayor, polling nearly seventy thousand votes. In this campaign the foreign element for once deserted Tammany. To stem such adverse tide the braves nominated Abram S. Hewitt, a gentleman of courage, ability, and integrity. It thus came to pass that one of the best mayors New York ever had, was the official choice of Tammany Hall. Never previously had he been in even ostensible alliance with that body, and he has not been so since. Indeed, he was one of the famous 1894 Committee of Seventy, of whose work the reader will learn later.

REVENUE REFORM AGITATION

THE tariff problem was little discussed in the campaign of 1884. The platform on which Cleveland was elected did not speak strongly regarding it, and the Republicans had then by no means agreed upon the extreme form of protection embodied in the McKinley Act of 1890. When elected, Cleveland had no definite purpose concerning this subject, but the condition of the Treasury, present and prospective, soon drew his thoughts thereto. This History has already remarked that the Government's inability to pay its four-and-a-half per cent. bonds before 1891, or its fours before 1907 was unfortunate, and that the threes of 1882 were happily made payable at the Government's option. A call for the last of these was issued on May 20, 1887, interest to cease on the next July 1st. After this time no bonds were subject to par payment at the Government's discretion, and surplus piled up ominously. December 1, 1887, after every possible Government obligation had been provided for, \$55,258,701 remained—a sum increased

by the end of that fiscal year, June 30, 1888, notwithstanding considerable purchases of long-term bonds at high rates, to \$103,220,464. There was no method at once legal and economical for paying this out. The Secretary could of course buy long bonds in the open market, and during 1888 he to some extent did so; but, obviously, if entered upon in a large way, this course must carry up the price of those bonds considerably. The President could not but foresee that the question, how to keep the money of the country from becoming locked up in the Treasury and sub-treasuries of the United States, was destined to be grave.

In his message to Congress in December, 1885, he said: "The fact that our revenues are in excess of the actual needs of an economical administration of the Government, justifies a reduction in the amount exacted from the people for its support. . . . The proposition with which we have to deal is the reduction of the revenue by the Government, and indirectly paid by the people, for customs duties. The question of free trade is not involved. . . . Justice and fairness dictate that in any modification of our present laws relating to revenue, the industries and interests which have been encouraged by such laws, and in which our citizens have large investments, should not be ruthlessly injured or destroyed. We should also deal with the subject in such a manner as to protect the interests of American labor. . . . Within these limitations a certain reduction should be made in our customs revenue. . . . I think the reduction should be made in the revenue derived from a tax upon the imported necessities of life."

The Forty-ninth Congress did nothing to carry out these suggestions, but the Morrison and the Randall bill, reported and discussed in the House, revealed among the Democrats a rapidly strengthening current of sentiment for lower duties. The President's convictions meantime became more pronounced. In his bold and candid message of 1887, he said, referring to the Treasury situation: "It is a condition which confronts us—not a theory.

. . . The question of free trade is absolutely irrelevant, and the persistent claim made in some quarters that all efforts to relieve the people from unjust and unnecessary taxation are schemes of so-called Free-Traders, is mischievous and far removed from any consideration of the public good. The simple and plain duty which we owe to the people, is to reduce taxation to the necessary expenses of an economical operation of the Government, and restore to the business of the country the money which we hold in the treasury through the perversion of governmental powers."

This message recommended the taxing of luxuries, the free-listing of raw wool, the radical reduction of duties on all raw materials, and the lowering or total abrogation of the tariff on necessities. On the convening of the Fiftieth Congress, surplus revenue being more and more a menace, the House felt forced to attempt a reduction of the Government's income. The Mills Bill resulted, hotly denounced and violently opposed by the Republicans as a Free-Trade measure. It was far from being this, though many of the arguments adduced in support of it would have been equally valid against all protection. The bill passed the House, 169 to 149. In the Senate a Republican substitute was reported but never pushed.

PRESENTATION OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

We pass from domestic affairs to a pleasant event of international interest. June 19, 1885, the New York Aldermanic Chamber, late witness of the presidential count, might have been seen tricked out with our red, white, and blue, and with the French tri-color, to welcome the bringers of Bartholdi's statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, presented by Frenchmen to the people of America. M. Bartholdi had conceived this enterprise before the Second Empire fell. Obeying a hint of M. Labouleye touching American love for Lafayette, he wished that French and American effort might erect a monument typical at once of

American independence and of liberty itself. Soon after the re-establishment of the Republic, a French-American Union was formed in France to realize this idea. Bartholdi's plan being approved, a popular subscription from 100,000 Frenchmen brought in more than \$200,000, the cost of the statue, to which Americans added \$300,000 for base and pedestal. The United States set apart as the site of the statue Bedloe's Island, now Liberty Island, in New York Harbor, occupied since early in the century by the star fort which forms so suitable a part of the base beneath the statue. Upon the soil of the island was laid a solid block of concrete, the largest in the world, 90 feet square at the bottom, 65 at the top, and 52 feet high, and this was surrounded by a concrete arch covered with turf. Above rose the masonry of the pedestal proper, with huge, rough-hewn quoins.

The work of art was formally made over to our Minister in Paris on July 4th. When the *Isère*, bearing it, approached our shores, Senator Evarts, chairman of the Pedestal Committee, Mayor Grace, the French consuls of New York and Chicago, with many invited guests, steamed down to meet her. The naval progress up the harbor was led by the *Despatch* with Secretary Whitney on board. Other American men-of-war followed, behind them the French frigate *Flore*, and then the *Isère*, with an American vessel on each side. Over a hundred excursion boats, big and little, sail and steam, brought up the rear. Clouds of smoke and incessant thunder from the forts reminded one of the Yorktown celebration. This noise gave place to a bedlam of shrill steam whistles when the fleet reached Bedloe's Island. Here the American Committee and their French guests landed, while French choral societies of three hundred voices sang the *Marseillaise* and *Hail Columbia*. All then crossed to the Battery, whence a grand procession moved to City Hall. Three regiments of the New York State Guard, sixteen hundred strong, mounted policemen, delegations from the Chamber of Commerce and other New York bodies, prominent residents, the alder-

men, with Admiral Lacombe, Captain De Saune, and other guests of honor, were formally of the procession, while thousands upon thousands of on-lookers moved as it moved. Roofs and windows along the line were densely filled. In the Governor's room at City Hall a lunch was served to the guests. Over the old-fashioned desk once used by Washington was his full-length portrait, *vis-à-vis* with that of Lafayette. The table bore a model of the *Isère*, of the statue on its pedestal, and an emblematic figure of France, wearing a tricolor cap and bearing a French flag. At the formal reception, in the chambers, a number of addresses were made.

The goddess was not unveiled till October 28, 1886. When in place she stood 151 feet high, the tip of her torch extending 305 feet above low water. Her weight was 440,000 pounds. Beside her the Colossus of Rhodes would seem a good-sized boy. The statue's only rivals in size are certain figures in India cut from the living rock, but they are hardly works of art or of engineering. The frame consists of four heavy corner posts, joined by horizontal and diagonal braces. The contour is approximated by similarly braced struts, with a flying truss to support the arm. The cuticle is of copper plates, 3-32 inches thick, strengthened by iron strips on the inside.

In contrast to the bright June day of her arrival, the day for the unveiling was chilly and drizzling, with mud in the streets and mist over the harbor. President Cleveland and his Cabinet, from a shelterless platform at Madison Square, reviewed a procession twenty thousand strong, as it marched to the Battery. The sidewalks were packed with humanity in two solid columns. Simultaneously with this pageant a grand naval parade of nearly three hundred vessels, led by French and American men-of-war, wended toward Bedloe's Island, where at last, though with face still hidden, stood the goddess, beautiful indeed. Afternoon saw the island crowded with distinguished guests. The head of the French Cabinet, the Minister of Public Instruction, members of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, and the vice-president

of the Paris municipal council, were of the number. Comte de Lesseps spoke for France, when Senator Evarts, in a more extended address, delivered the statue to the President as representing the people. When M. Bartholdi removed the veil cannon roared on every side. President Cleveland in a few words accepted the gift. Addresses by M. Lefèvre and Hon. Chauncey M. Depew followed. Unfortunately the weather prevented the intended pyrotechnic display in the evening, though the harbor craft were all illuminated.

THE FISHERIES DISPUTE

WHILE these happy events cemented the old good-will between us and the French Republic, our relations with England were in danger of being strained over the inveterate Fisheries Dispute, which had come down from the very birthday of the nation. On July 1, 1885, the fishery clauses of the Treaty of Washington ceased to be operative. Canadian salt fish was now taxed by us, who, on the other hand, found, to our sorrow, the cruel provisions of the 1818 Treaty again legally binding, and the Canadian authorities bent on their strict construction and enforcement. Our citizens could not now fish "within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, and harbors of her Britannic Majesty's dominion in North America." In determining this limit England "measured from the headlands or extreme points of land at the entrance of bays or indents of the coast," forbidding Americans to fish in such bays even if more than three miles from shore. American vessels could not enter Canadian ports for bait. During the season of 1886 thirty-two of our vessels were detained at Canadian ports, some of them under most aggravating circumstances, though but two were condemned. Crews were refused water, on the ground that they had not conformed to certain port or customs regulations. For weeks the dispute greatly excited our country. Threats of war with Canada were uttered, and careful estimates made of the force we could throw across our northern border in case of need. In

May, Congress placed in the President's hands power to suspend commercial intercourse between ourselves and Canada. Later a bill was introduced in the House cutting off all commercial relations with Canada by land or water. The Senate advanced a more moderate proposition, to limit the proposed arrest of traffic to water commerce and to Canadian vessels, also to leave its enforcement optional with the President. This became law on March 3, 1887. Under this legislation the President, on being assured that fishing-masters or crews were treated in Canadian ports any less favorably than masters or crews of trading vessels from the most favored nations, could, "in his discretion, by proclamation to that effect, deny vessels, their masters and crews, of the British dominions of North America any entrance into the waters, ports, or places of or within the United States."

The President did not think best at once to use this fearful power, likely enough to lead to war. He preferred to make another attempt at a peaceful settlement through a new treaty. This had constantly been the wish of the British Government. Accordingly, late in 1887, a joint commission, consisting of Secretary Bayard, President Angell, of Michigan University, and Hon. William L. Putnam, of Maine, on the part of the United States, and of Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Sir Charles Tupper, of Canada, and Sir Lionel West, the British Minister, on the part of Great Britain, met at Washington. The commission toiled nearly all winter, and passed to the President the result of its deliberations on February 16, 1888. The treaty which it drafted was necessarily a compromise. Canada thought the British commissioners had yielded too much; many in the United States believed our commissioners to have done the same. The document, approved by the President, went to the Senate, where, after long debate, it was refused ratification, August 21st.

The commission had agreed upon a *modus vivendi*, to hold good, unless revoked by the Governor-General and Council of Canada, till February, 1890, under which our fishermen might ob-

tain in Canadian ports, on payment of a license, the privileges of merchantmen. Many such licenses were taken out during the season of 1888. Most of the fishing-masters, however, did not seek licenses and were averse to the new treaty, preferring the terms of 1818 to granting their rivals any further rights in our markets. Fresh fish, including frozen and slack-salted, was already free in our ports, competing sharply with our own catch. No one longer cared to fish inside, or, except in emergencies, to provision at Canadian towns.

Convenient as would be the power to obtain bait near the fishing-grounds and to transship fish home in bond, neither was indispensable. Cod are still caught with trawls and baited hooks. The best bait is squid, whose abundance upon the banks is what causes the cod so to frequent them. The squid can be had freshest as well as cheapest from the peasantry of the Newfoundland and Nova Scotia coasts; but clams carried from home were found to do nearly as well.

Accordingly, few collisions occurred in 1888, and as the season of that year closed there was a prospect that, even without a new convention, no necessity for American retaliation would arise.

Besides the northeastern fisheries imbroglio, the seal fisheries of the North-

west gave trouble. The occasion was the Treasury Department's attempt in 1886 to treat Behring Sea as a *mare clausum*, assuming that the United States had jurisdiction over it all, whereas British sealers claimed the right to hunt seals wherever they pleased if over three miles from land. In 1886 the British schooners *Carolina*, *Onward*, and *Thornton*, though beyond the three-mile limit, were seized, taken to Sitka, condemned, their skins confiscated, and their masters fined. The British Government demanded the release of the prisoners and vessels and an indemnity of \$160,000. The release was ordered by President Cleveland in January, 1887, though the order was not immediately executed. In the summer of 1887 other British vessels, together with American seal-poachers, were taken from thirty to seventy miles from land. On August 19, 1887, Secretary Bayard sent circular letters to the United States ministers in England, France, Germany, Japan, Russia, and Sweden, directing representations to be made to these governments that action was desirable for the better protection of the seals in Behring Sea. All the powers appealed to, except Sweden, began conference with the United States in the interest named, and for the present no more British vessels were seized.

THE NEW BUILDING OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

By T. R. Sullivan

WHEN one turns from Clarendon Street or Boylston Street toward Boston's new Public Library building it is difficult at first to realize its capacity to contain a million and a quarter of volumes. Across the open space of Copley Square the dark roof-tiles and their cresting stand out against the sky, so far detached from the neighboring roofs and towers that none among them will serve the eye as a gauge of measurement. A glance shows the architectural style to be that technically known as Italian Renaissance, but at this distance an extreme sim-

plicity of outline makes the dominant impression. Upon a nearer approach, however, the dimensions begin to assert themselves with monumental force and dignity. The walls are of granite, peculiarly warm in tone, faintly tinged with rose-color; and the ornamental details, coming out little by little, are seen to be not only in perfect harmony with the design of the building and its use, but also interesting in themselves, as well as of great beauty; until, long before reaching the doors, one stops instinctively to study them.

Just over the bust of Pallas, carved

upon the keystone of the central arch, is the library seal in white marble relief of heroic size, designed and executed by Augustus St. Gaudens. The shield has for device an open book with the motto "*Lux Omnium Civium*," and it is supported by two boyish figures holding lighted torches. The sculptor of the Farragut and the Lincoln has surpassed himself in these supporting torch-bearers, strongly original in their treatment, faultlessly modelled with indescribable grace and delicacy. Flanking this work are the city and State seals, from the same hand, upborne by plunging dolphins. And to right and left along the front, continued also in the side façades, stretches away a double line of tablets bearing their host of noble names cut deep into the granite—a fitting memorial to the gods and heroes of the temple inscribed upon its outer walls. Above this level rise the high-arched windows of the principal reading-room, and between the arches is a series of stone medallions faithfully reproducing the emblems of famous printers from the earliest times to our own day. These printers' marks, full of suggestion, prove admirably decorative. Here are the dolphin and anchor of Aldus, Elzevir's sage, Caxton's cipher, old Thomas Woodcock's chanticleer, praising the Lord "in full-throated ease;" and among modern devices the Riverside rising sun and Pandean piper stand pleasantly conspicuous. Higher still, in letters so large that it seems as if the world might read them, a broad band of inscription states the fact that the library was built by the people and dedicated to the advancement of learning. The heavy stone cornice is relieved by carved ornament which accentuates the lines with due regard for light and shadow; and the bronze-work surmounting it repeats in little the marble dolphins of the seals. These details

help the eye to determine the scale of the building, and only those who have followed its growth day by day can be aware how carefully all were considered in their relation to the general effect; how models were made, tested, and destroyed; how new ones were set up only for new rejection; the very stones, afterward, being cut and recut, until the zealous ardor that combined them seemed to have something mediæval in its constancy. The architects, McKim, Mead & White, should follow a good French fashion and sign their work. That trifling honor is not only accorded to the painter or the sculptor, but demanded of him. Architecture like this is a fine art. Why should the hand and brain excelling in it be denied the poor privilege of a name which those who come after us may read?

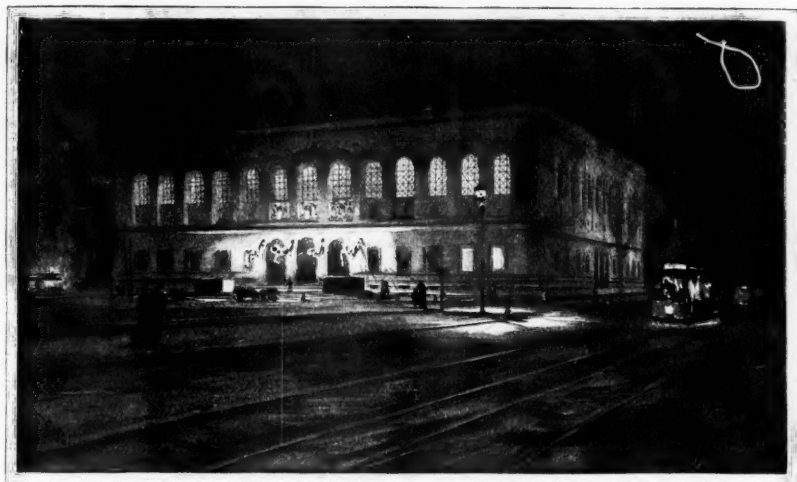
The building stands upon a broad platform of granite six steps in height, and the huge blocks on either side are vacant pedestals for groups of sculpture upon which St. Gaudens is now engaged. Passing between them, under clustered lamps suggesting the early Florentine *fanali*, we cross an arched vestibule of Tennessee marble to its inner threshold, where the doors, not yet in place, are to be of bronze from a design by Daniel Chester



French. Another step brings us to the lower entrance-hall.

This hall is divided into three aisles by piers of Iowa stone. The signs of the zodiac gleam from the marble pavement in shining brass, and the ceiling, arched and domed, is adorned with mosaic of delicate tints and graceful patterns.

This modern Italian work, unique of its kind in America, recalls the Pompeian fragments in the Naples museum, and is used as a setting for the names of men linked by birth or later fortunes with the State of Massachusetts, though



The Library at Night.

the fame surviving them is world-wide. The bays of the centre aisle are given to Hawthorne, Franklin, Longfellow, Adams, Peirce, and Emerson; while the six small domes in the side-vaults record eminent local historians, jurists, theologians, artists, scientists, and statesmen, numbering twenty-four in all. The fitness of this record is at once apparent. All these established a claim "rightly to be great;" all have passed away from earth, and are now honored with a lasting remembrance in the outer precincts of this great Valhalla of Learning.

Intersecting passages lead from the side aisles to the Periodical and Catalogue Rooms, which occupy the remainder of the front upon the ground floor. These spacious, airy rooms, with tiled and vaulted ceilings supported by columns, are well adapted to their purpose. But a flood of light draws us by them along the main aisle to the beautiful arch of Siena marble through which the staircase springs.

A great hall opens up before us to the full height of the second story, lined throughout with the same Siena marble, in color a deep golden yellow, so lustrous and resplendent that the light streaming through the long windows seems to proceed from it. Mould-

ing and wainscot, panel-arch, pilaster, and balustrade are all of this rich material, highly polished, massed in broad, plane surfaces, in solid pillar-shaft and in carved Corinthian capital. But the scheme has been worked out so skillfully that there is no suggestion of heaviness. Even the colossal couchant lions of Louis St. Gaudens on the first landing look ready to leap up lightly. These lions were given by two Massachusetts regiments in memory of comrades who fell in the battles recorded upon their pedestals. As we turn by them to follow either of the two branches into which the stairs divide, the whole place seems steeped in sunshine, and the library motto, "Lux Omnium Civium," is borne in upon our minds at every step that brings us nearer to the light's true source. The vacant panels here are to contain decorations of the French artist, Puvis de Chavannes. With all complete this glowing stairway will be, surely, one of the finest in the world.

The stairs have brought us to a wide gallery upon the main floor of the building. We are now on a level with the windows under which we passed, and leaning over the marble rail can look back across the intervening hall into the open court beyond,



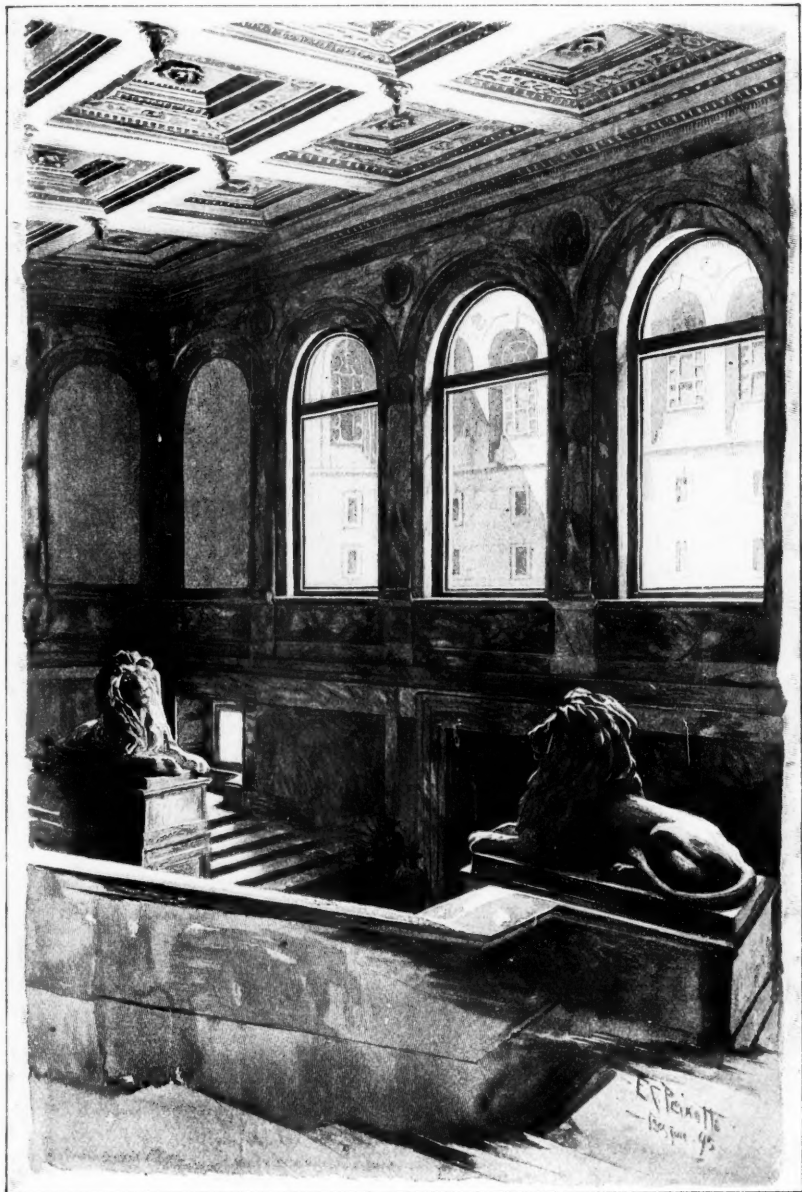
The First Landing of the Main Staircase.

toward the huge clock-face on its farther side. This is the stranger's point of view unquestionably, and it may be doubted if even the most studious frequenter of the library will ever proceed to his work without lingering a moment here. The decorations of the gallery-wall which closes in the staircase have likewise been entrusted to the famous Frenchman. This portion of his work, already finished, has lately been exhibited in Paris; and, most happily, he has chosen for its subject the Muses acclaiming Genius, the Messenger of Light. The central door, between the panels, is the principal entrance to Bates Hall; while at either end the gallery expands into a small vaulted corridor. That on the right leading to the Delivery Room door, above which stands a winged Venetian lion of early date, is brilliantly decorated by Elmer E. Garnsey, who also supplied the paler tints for the raised staff-work in the staircase and Bates Hall ceilings.

Here the style is Pompeian, with a deep-red ground-work and elaborate borders in lighter colors, similar to those designed by Raphael for the *loggie* of the Vatican. The details, exquisitely drawn, attract the eye at once, and the color scheme is harmonious and pleasing. Passing through this corridor, we stand in what may be called the centre of the whole system—the service-room from which the forces of enlightenment are drawn for home use.

The Delivery Room is a rectangular hall with a high oaken wainscot and ceiling, the latter painted in colors of which the prevailing hues are

blue and green relieved by gold. On one side the wainscot is broken by a porphyry fireplace and by two pillared doorways to Bates Hall. All the main doors on this floor are similarly recessed with a combination of polished marbles, those employed here being porphyry and Levantine. Opposite is a long table over which the books are distributed from an inner room communicating with the stacks. At one end is the card-catalogue, with two or three smaller tables where the applicants may refer to its bound volumes; or, waiting for their names to be called, may study to their hearts' content the chief glory of the room—The Quest of the Holy Grail—in a series of pictures filling the wall-space above the wainscot. The finished half of Abbey's great work has been often described. Speaking in general terms, one need only say now that repeated inspection fully warrants the praise bestowed upon it. The subject was singularly well se-

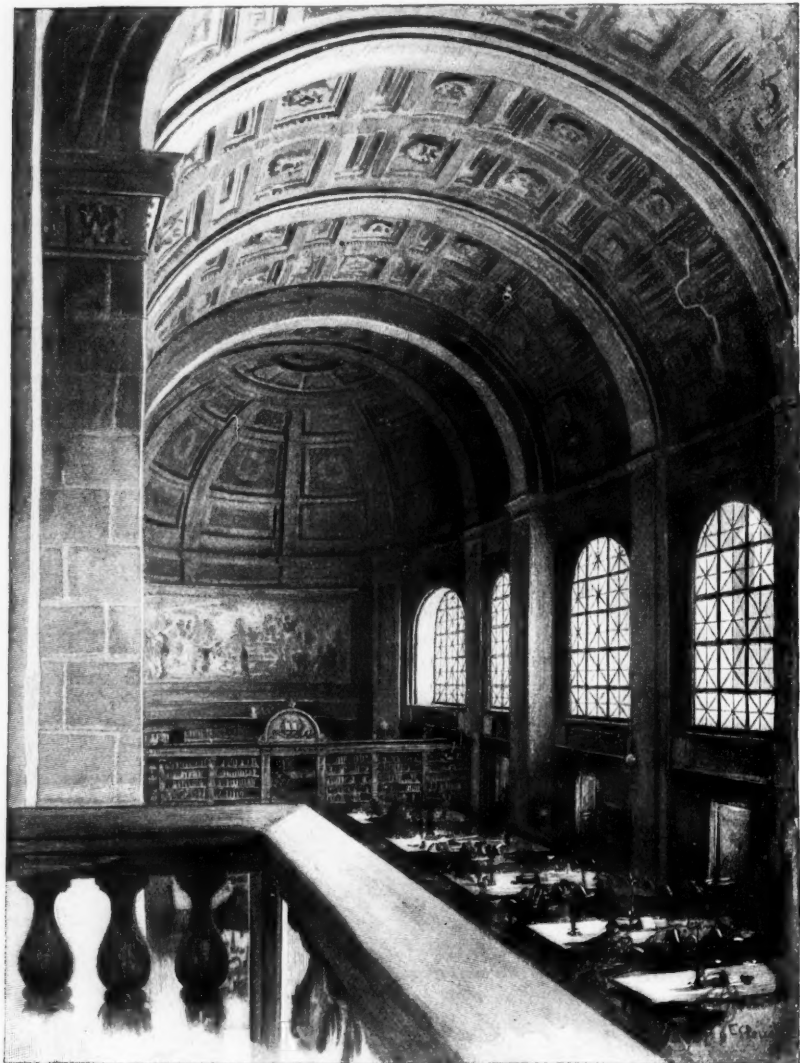


THE MAIN STAIRCASE, LOOKING DOWN.

The Monumental Lions Designed by Louis St. Gaudens were given by two Massachusetts Regiments in Memory of Comrades who Fell in the Battles Recorded upon their Pedestals.

lected for its place and purpose. This is a story that all may understand; the eyes of young and old alike follow with ever-increasing interest the youthful Galahad to the Seat Perilous, and go forth with him upon his holy mission into the mysterious, enchanted castle of Amfortas. The great hall of

the Round Table with its thronged knights and encircling angel-host is a wonder of composition, toward which one turns again and again to admire it as a whole or to consider individual figures. The scene is nobly dramatic, the treatment masterly. A more suggestive and inspiring theme than this



THE READING-ROOM, "BATES HALL."



GALLERY OF THE STAIRCASE HALL ON THE MAIN FLOOR.
The Decoration on the Right by Puvis de Chavannes.

for such a waiting-room could scarcely be conceived. We leave it reluctantly, with a feeling of gratitude for the earnest toil and the thoroughness of research by which so much has been accomplished, and with an impatient longing for that half of the story still to be told.

Returning to the gallery, we enter Bates Hall by the central door, at a point where its fine proportions make immediately their full effect. It is two

hundred and eighteen feet in length, forty-two feet wide, and fifty feet high. The ceiling is an elliptical arch, with half-domed ends, and the rich mouldings of its coffers are accentuated by delicate shades of color—ivory and pale green. The cornice bears the names of famous men from Homer to Newton in golden letters. Dark marbles encase the stately doorways; but the walls are of sandstone, and their gray tone, which is the predominant

one, unrelieved by any striking ornament, seems at first severe in its simplicity. There is nothing which catches the eye at any single point; but, sitting down to read, one soon perceives this to be intentional, and discovers that these quiet, well-subdued surroundings are most appropriate to the uses of the place. The light is superb, yet there is no glare, no obtrusive detail to distract the mind. This is the reference reading-room of the library, and its seven thousand volumes are free to all who care to take them down, without the intervention of an attendant. At the southern end, always open for con-

sultation, is the card-catalogue of all the books contained in the building; any one of these will be furnished upon application, and brought from the main library to the designated table at a few moments' notice. There is room for hundreds of readers to sit here from early morning to a late hour of the night in undisturbed pursuit of knowledge. Those who have tried to work in the overcrowded libraries of Europe, hampered by annoying restrictions and wearisome delays, will fully comprehend the blessing which such freedom brings. The humblest creature that ever learned to read and write



THE DELIVERY-ROOM, WITH THE ABBEY FRIEZE: "THE SEARCH FOR THE HOLY GRAIL."



"The Religions of the World."

THE SARGENT DECORATION IN THE STAIRCASE HALL ON THE SECOND FLOOR.

has but himself to blame if he yields supinely to the darkness of ignorance in the face of advantages like these.

The vaulted corridor on the left of the staircase-gallery, larger than the right-

hand one, is lighted by a window overlooking the court. As in the former case, the door is surmounted by an old Venetian lion; and the decorations of walls and ceiling, by Joseph Lindon



The Main Entrance on Copley Square.

Smith, in the style of the Renaissance, symbolize the golden age of Venice. The "white swan of cities," embodied in a graceful female figure, sits enshrined above the window between a kneeling Saint Theodore and a genius of the Adriatic, against a background of mountain and lagoon. The side niches record her artistic triumphs in colors emblematic of the sea and sky. A fleet of ships circles in the central vault, and the walls are hung with those heavy garlands of fruit, woven to this day in Venice for the Redentore feast. An inner alcove, brilliant with gold, silver, and peacock blues and greens, commemorates the Eastern conquests of the Planter of the Lion. Here the emblems and devices, chosen from her crumbling palace-walls, are all Byzantine. Viewed from the centre of the gallery, these Pompeian

and Renaissance corridors, opening out on either hand, present agreeable vistas of color, and their details demand close and careful study. The hanging lanterns in them are modern reproductions of an old design made in Venice.

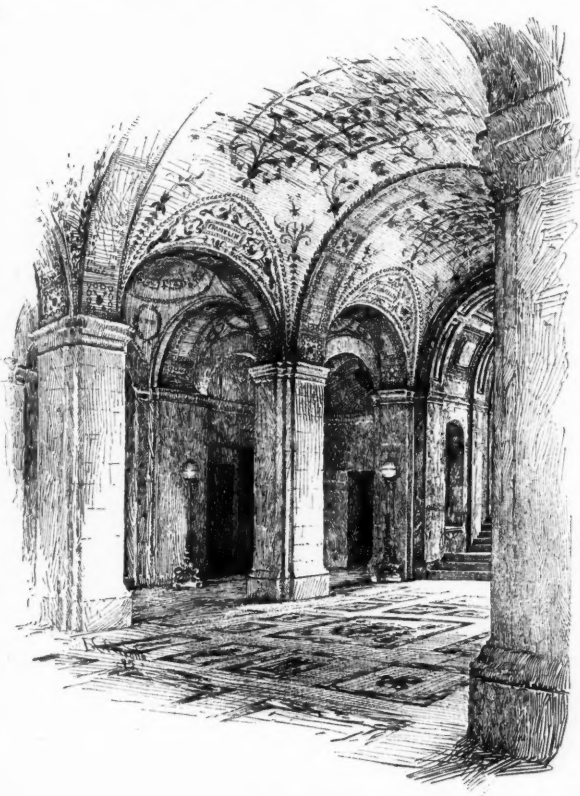
Beyond the Venetian corridor follow in order three large halls, designated respectively as the Registration, Patent, and Newspaper Rooms. Mr. John Elliott has been chosen to decorate the Patent Room, and is already at work upon it; the other decorations are not yet assigned. From the Byzantine alcove, just mentioned, a staircase ascends to the third story; and the door on the first landing leads into a stone balcony, overhanging Bates Hall above its main entrance in the centre of the western wall. At this point a fine view may be obtained, not only of the hall itself and

its silent company of readers, but also through the great façade windows, out across the open square, where the Romanesque towers of Trinity Church rise grandly in the distance. All the stir and hubbub of the city are shut out. Standing in this clear light, one is doubly impressed by the fitness of the place for study, and the voice sinks with a natural impulse to a whisper, lest, through inadvertence, the study should be interrupted.

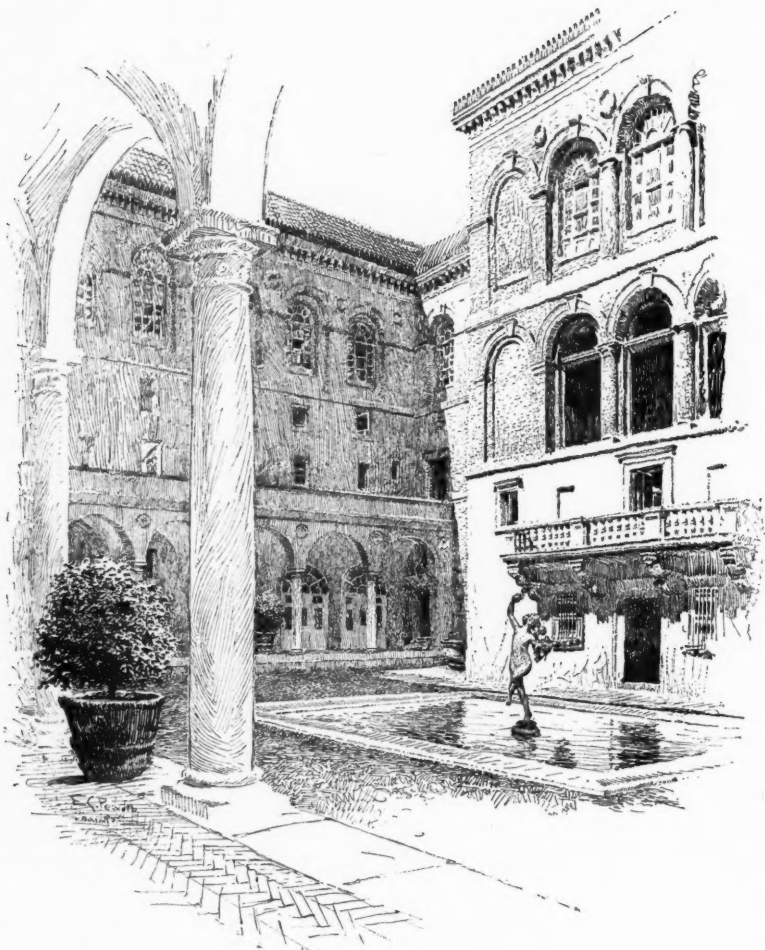
The staircase brings us out upon the third floor, which is entered by a corridor leading to the special libraries. This is a vaulted hall, wide and lofty, without windows, but well lighted from above. The arched ends, deeply recessed, are destined for Sargent's decorations illustrating the world's religious history. The north end only is finished, and we turn toward it to be overwhelmed by the splendor of its color, before our first attempt to grasp the full force of the painter's conception. Upon drawing nearer we observe that the space is divided into three parts—a lunette, an arched ceiling, and a frieze—treated separately, yet interdependent. The central foreground of the lunette is filled by a group of Israelites pleading for release from the rod of Egypt and the yoke of Assyria, whose mighty figures trample upon the slain and threaten the living with uplifted arms. On either side are the royal attributes and idols of oppression—Pasht, the cat-headed goddess, the ibis

of the Nile, the Assyrian lion. The crimson wings of seraphs flame through all the background, and the hand of Jehovah issues from a cloud, checking the sword in its downward stroke. Red and gold are used freely, their illuminating effect being heightened by the sombre gray of the accessories. The kneeling group in bondage is splendidly composed, and the fierce Assyrian tyrant is drawn with extraordinary power and skill.

The arched ceiling before the lunette displays a confusion of pagan beliefs and symbols, combined with startling originality. Above and behind, dimly discernible, but dominating them all, appears the Vault of Heaven goddess, Nut, as suggested in certain of the Egyptian temples, a colossal blue-black figure, curved along the firmament with



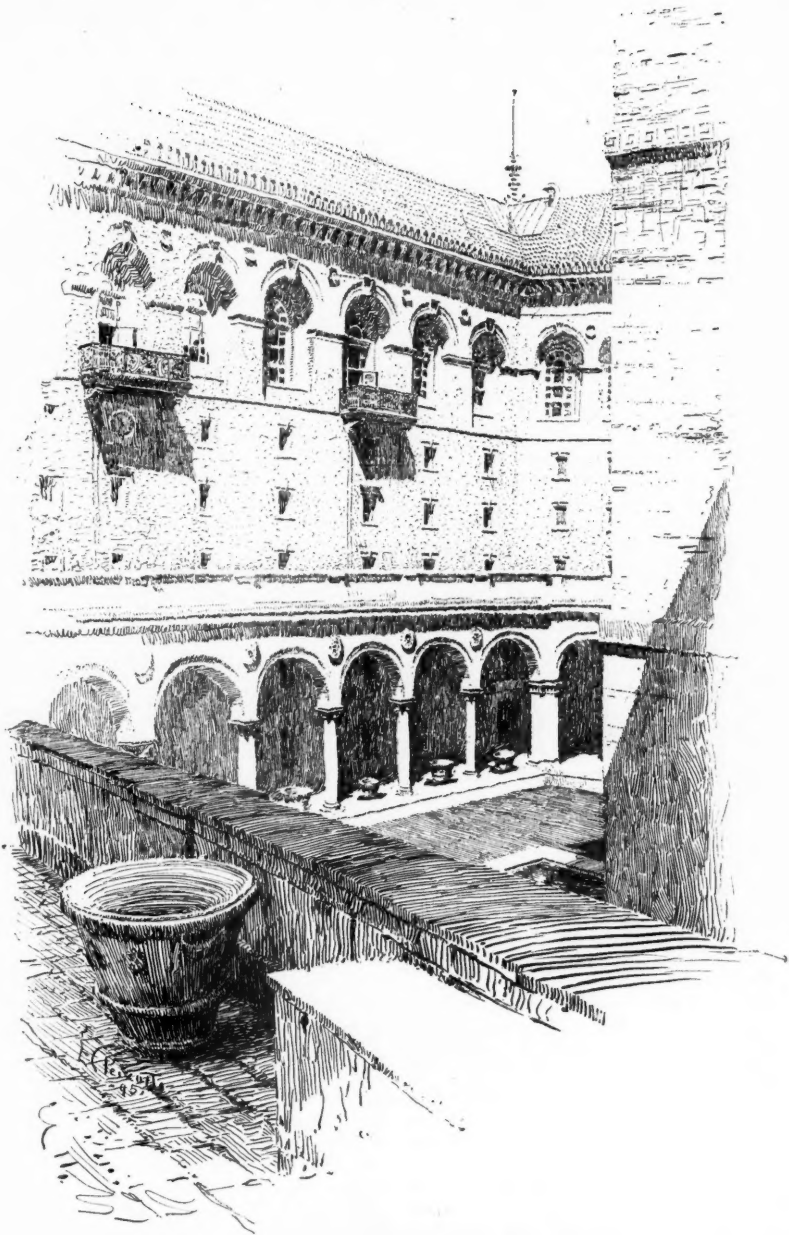
In the Vestibule.



The Courtyard and Fountain.

hands and feet stretching downward to the earth. The signs of the zodiac in a golden circle surround her breast-plate of the stars. In the higher foreground, Tammuz, the Phœnician Apollo, attacks the python, figuring both as the slayer and the slain in their deadly conflict, according to a myth of the recurrent seasons; lower down, on the right, rises the jewelled presence of As-tarte, the moon-goddess, attended by her votaries and enveloped in her pale-blue web of Death. She stands upon a

crescent, with a cobra coiled at her feet. Upon the left sits the idol Moloch, the Sun-god and Devourer, in a blazing glory, the rays of which are tipped with golden hands. His gigantic human shape has a bull's head, triple-eyed; and his attendants are rampant lions. Lower still, between two solemn Egyptian deities, the soul escapes, phoenix-like, from its mummy case in the guise of a bird fluttering over the winged sun-disk that typifies resurrection. The ornaments and attributes in relief, heav-



Looking Down on the Courtyard, from the Outer Gallery.

ily gilded, give unexampled richness to this part of the decoration. Below lunette and arch is the frieze, representing the Old Testament prophets; those on the extreme left are grouped in attitudes of despair, while the corresponding group at the right hails the light with outstretched hands. All the painter's best qualities of technical method, color, and distinction seem reunited here in this band of heroic figures, which are exceptionally strong in their simplicity. Moses alone, in the central place holding the tablets of the law, stands out from the wall in high relief adorned with gold, as if to bind together the component parts of the design. Though complete in itself, this is really but a fragment of Sargent's scheme, which includes a similar combination of mediæval doctrines already ordered for the southern recess, and the decoration of the intervening sides. The long eastern wall, devoted to a single scene from the New Testament—that light toward which the hopeful prophets turn—will thus form the central, fundamental point of the whole composition, expressing the faith that abides, that subdues the old and controls the new. The artistic importance of all this mural decoration deserves much more than the passing word given to it here. The work of Sargent and Abbey is of a very high order, ranking with the best that modern Europe has produced. Whatever may be the final judgment passed upon it generations hence, the painters have certainly approached their task in the reverent spirit of the old masters, which seems to shine through the result of studious years.

Doors open from the corridor into the special libraries extending around the building on all four sides of the court. Here are the Bowditch, Ticknor, Barton, and Brown collections, with other of the more valuable books in a series of fine rooms furnished with tables for students. In the Barton Library now stands the bronze statue of Sir Harry Vane, by MacMonnies—an interesting work which looks somewhat too large for its present position, and will probably be placed elsewhere.

The great central court, open to the

sky, is not only a well-spring of light, but also a most satisfactory addition to the vast resources of the building. The public is admitted at all times to its marble arcade, which through many months of the year will serve as an open-air reading-room of delightful retirement. The cloistered enclosure, like an old Italian courtyard, with the wide grass-plot stretching inward to a central basin, is extremely dignified and beautiful. A Bacchante, the gift of Mr. McKim, will adorn the fountain; this is the original by MacMonnies, a replica of which has been sold to the French Government for the Luxembourg. The arcade supports a marble balcony, always accessible from the main floor. Above this, the walls are of yellow brick, with deep-set windows, ornamental cornice, and medallions. On one side a church-tower, cutting into the sky, overhangs them picturesquely. There is no other suggestion of the outer world.

In the arrangement of the main library its growth has been carefully considered, and there is ample room for extension as need requires. It is now shelved in six stories of stacks between Blagden Street and the court. To these stacks the public is not admitted; but all are provided with pneumatic tubes through which written orders for books pass from Bates Hall and the Delivery-room. An automatic railway of extraordinary ingenuity conveys the books thus ordered to an inner service-room on the main floor. These inventive triumphs supplement and concentrate the labor of the working force which is graded by competitive examination. The attendants in the highest grade are specialists, standing ready to put their knowledge and training at the disposal of any student who may consult them.

Other working departments of the library (not open to the public) include the Librarian's Room, on the main floor; the Trustees' Room above, with panelled doors, wainscot, and ceiling from an old château in France; the Ordering, Correspondence, and Binding Rooms; and, finally, the cellars, fitted up with the machinery for light, heat, and ventilation. The mechanism of the

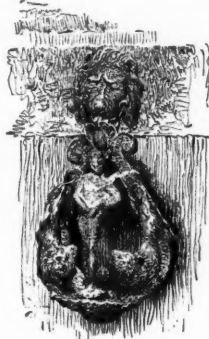
latter is especially interesting. A huge electric fan keeps the current in active motion, and all the air so introduced is filtered through long shafts of sackcloth before distribution, after which it is withdrawn by means of a corresponding fan directly under the roof. Visiting in turn these *arcana* of the building, one is speedily convinced that no modern contrivance tending to insure comfort has been overlooked.

Comfort, as all must allow, is eminently desirable; but the critic may question the need of so rare a setting for it. Why, he may ask, would not a simpler reading-room serve the rank and file of the public as well as the arched grandeur of Bates Hall? Why ransack the quarries of Carrara for costly marbles? Why employ famous hands to paint the intermediate wall-surface? To all such shallow criticism there can be but one emphatic answer. The builders have dedicated this great library to the advancement of learning, in due remembrance of the fact that familiarity with things ideally beautiful is an education in itself. With this purpose in view they have dared to

build not for a day but for the time to come, and the purpose has been so well achieved that their work takes high rank at once among the few examples of architectural inspiration in America. As time goes on its influence will grow

with the growth of the accumulating treasure it contains. Here, at least, is a public library where the eye may share its pleasure with the mind, and our popular taste may gain that impulse in the right direction for which, with us, the opportunity is still far too meagre. We have had no Medici to adorn our streets, and often our public buildings have been the deplorable issue of inexperience and political scheming. Now, for once, we have an enduring monument, worthy

of our material prosperity and progress. Turning away, we linger and look back at the long inscription of its northern façade — THE COMMONWEALTH REQUIRES THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE AS THE SAFEGUARD OF ORDER AND LIBERTY—and we are profoundly grateful to the commonwealth which has justified itself so nobly that all the world may learn from it a useful lesson.



Venetian Bronze Knocker.

MADAME ANNALENA

By Bliss Perry

I COASTED down the long hill into Slab City just at sundown, the brook roaring at my right, and the sudden coolness of the valley bathing my face and aching wrists like water. As I dismounted at Dakin's—post-office, general store, and tavern all in one—the cyclometer ticked off its fortieth mile since noon. Over Green Mountain roads that means rather steady pedalling. Dakin himself, smooth-shaven and

loose-lipped, sauntered out of the L part, in his shirt-sleeves, and looked first at the wheel, then at me.

"Pretty light," he volunteered. "There was a feller through here last week on one of that make. Stands up all right, does she?"

"First rate," said I. "Can you take care of me for the night?"

"I guess so. Seems to me you'd oughter have a brake, though," he continued, judiciously, as I unstrapped my bundle. "We put up a considerable few wheelmen here, week in and week out, and I ain't hardly seen a brake all sum-

mer." He was still shaking his gray, close-cropped head, as he led me upstairs.

At supper I enjoyed a most amiable conversation with Amanda Dakin, who waited on the table, and afterwards I stood in the doorway a while, surveying Slab City. At the right of Dakin's was a blacksmith's shop of rickety brick; at the left a dozen story-and-a-half white houses were scattered along the road before it dipped again into the forest; opposite lay a dam and saw-mill, and above the dam, on the steep hillside, was a square frame-house, with a Mansard roof. That was all, except the encompassing mountains, the plangent voice of the brook, and the darkening green of the August sky.

Dakin came out of the L with his coat on, and seated himself communicably upon the long steps before the door.

"Gettin' along toward mail time," he remarked, and at that I joined him.

"Do you handle much mail here?" I inquired.

"Well, no. No great sight; but more'n you'd think for. There's a good many folks drive in here for their mail two or three times a week, and then there's most always some letters for Slab City. Dunham"—he waved his hand toward the saw-mill and the slope above it—"he takes two daily papers, but he don't scarcely ever get a letter."

"Is that Dunham's place?" I asked, glancing up at the house with the Mansard roof. Dakin nodded. "Considerable of a house, ain't it?"

The conversation flagged. Presently the blacksmith, a handsome fellow of thirty, joined us, and then three or four old men hobbled up the road from the tiny houses, and greeting Dakin noiselessly, took their accustomed places on the steps. The blacksmith and I exchanged some observations on the state of the roads, the distance to the Junction, and the approaching end of the trout season. Then we relapsed into silence, and the crickets began to chirp in the grass around the mill-dam. It seemed like fall.

All at once a lamp gleamed from an uncurtained window of the square house upon the hillside; then another,

in a room apparently across the hall; and a moment later a man's figure, as I thought, passed from one chamber-window to another, leaving a lamp in each.

"Jabez is lightin' up," piped one of the wizened old loungers. "Time for the mail now."

"Lightin' up for Annerlener," said Dakin, jocosely, glancing at me as if he half expected to be questioned.

"He's spilled a sight of kerosene, first'n last," commented the octogenarian, severely. "And no one to wash up them lamps for him either."

"Who is she?" I ventured, with a stranger's privilege of impertinence.

"Ain't you never heard of her?" demanded Dakin. "She's a singer—kind of perffessional opery singer, they say. I guess she's about as high-priced as they make 'em, too. Down to Boston, a spell ago, they say she was drawin' her thousand dollars a night right along, whether she sung or not."

"You don't mean—" I exclaimed, and at that instant I recalled some obscure newspaper paragraph—or was it a gossip at the club?—about the birthplace of the prima donna. "You mean that Madame Annalena—"

"Belonged right here in Slab City," exclaimed Dakin, with ill-concealed local pride. "And does yet, I guess, 'cordin' to law. That's her legal husband, puttin' them lamps in the windows now." As he spoke the solitary figure appeared for an instant at the tiny windows in the Mansard roof, leaving a lamp upon each sill. "He's been doin' that for nigh on to ten years, regular."

"Awful sight of oil," repeated the octogenarian, "for a man as close as Jabez."

I was on my feet, I think, gesticulating. For Madame Annalena is simply the greatest soprano now alive, save Patti. For twenty years—ever since her *début* in London as *Marguerite*—all that the world can offer to a prima donna has been hers. Four times, at least, has she announced her farewell season, yet her full-orbed voice has seemed to grow more glorious with every year. She has never lingered long in America, and I had fancied, for some reason or other, that she was

Welsh. And to come upon her traces here, in the heart of the Green Mountains!

"Ever see her?" demanded Dakin.

"Twenty times!" I cried. "Not five months ago, the last time." And I felt as if it were not five minutes ago. She had sung in oratorio, after the close of the opera season, and in a hall crowded to the stairway I had stood on tiptoe to watch her as she came in to sing her first aria. The grim conductor had smiled for once, as he led her past the front of the applauding chorus, and the first violin moved his chair to make room for the long folds of her ermine wrap—the gift, it was said, of a Grand Duke—and the audience quite forgot they were listening to the "Creation," and stormed as they always do when Madame Annalena comes on in "Tannhäuser."

"Well," said Dakin, deliberately, "for hosses and church-singin' the Green Mountains claim to beat the world."

"Not for hosses," put in the blacksmith, who was not a native.

"I want to know the rest of it," said I, facing around to Dakin. "Where did she get her name?"

"Annerlener? Ann Ellen—see? Ann Ellen Darby was her maiden name, and now, by rights, it's Ann Ellen Dunham—Mis' Dunham."

"Mis' Jabez Dunham—that's right," said the octogenarian.

"But how did she ever come here, in the first place?" I demanded. "And how did she ever get to London, and how in the world did she ever marry Dunham?"

"Well, she got to London—or Boston—in the first place, because she did marry Dunham. I guess that's the how of it. She went on his money, and what's more, he told her to go. She was raised up here in the Hollow: one of Sam Darby's girls—they're all moved away now. And Ann was the liveliest of 'em, I tell you! She up'n married Jabez all of a sudden, when there was two other fellers payin' attention to her. I dunno but there might 'a been some spite in it, and then again I dunno as there might. Anyhow she up'n married him, for all he was a good ten years older'n she."

"Jabez allus was old," interrupted the octogenarian. "He was born old. There wa'n't no boy to him."

"Used to work hard all day, and read nights," explained Dakin. "Couldn't hardly get him to go to cattle-show. Well, Ann Ellen married him, and they took a trip to Niagry Falls, and put up at the best hotel. They hadn't been back more'n a week before I see Jabez a settin' on a log over there at the mill one mornin', and the log was clamped on the carriage, and Jabez was travellin' straight toward that six-foot circular saw and never moved. I hollered, and run over, and he got up, just in the nick of time. 'She's goin' to Boston for a while to study singin',' says he, kind o' foolish, for I hadn't said nothin' about Ann Ellen. 'And I'm kind o' favorin' it, Dakin,' says he. 'She'll be more contented after she's tried it. She's a young thing, you know,' says he, 'and after she's kind o' had her fling in Boston she'll settle down and like Slab City first-rate.'"

"No, Mr. Dakin," put in the old man, querulously, "that wa'n't quite it. 'When I've had my turn, Jabez, I'll come back.' That's what Annerlener said."

"You've got it all mixed up, deacon," replied Dakin, commiseratingly. "That's what Jabez said in here to the store, the next day. I'm talkin' about what he said over to the saw-mill."

The octogenarian grumbled, but was silenced.

"And of course she has never come back," said I.

"Once," said Dakin, "sure, and maybe twice. For over-night, that's all."

"Curious critters," said the blacksmith; "aint they?"

I sat looking at the flaring windows of the solitary house on the hillside.

"The first time she came back," Dakin went on, "she'd been gone well on to three years. Been livin' in Boston, they say—I guess that must 'a been before she went to Europe—and some say she got good pay, and some say she didn't. Anyhow Orrin Waterman brought her up from the Junction one night on the stage—that was old Orrin—father to this one—and left her up to Jabez's house. The next mornin' he

see her take the Boston train, down to the Junction, but there didn't no one bring her down. She must 'a walked it. Guess she found she couldn't go Jabez, after all."

"And the other time?" I asked.

"Well," said Dakin, "the other time wa'n't more'n ten years ago. We didn't know nothin' about Annerlener's bein' home, but young Orrin's boy was prowlin' round Jabez's house after pears one night, and said he saw a black-haired woman, with diamonds on, settin' on Jabez's lap."

"That boy of Orrin's," chirped the deacon, excitedly, "he's dead now, but when he was alive he'd lie the bark off a tree. Why, the minister at the Hollow wa'n't scarcely willin' to preach his funeral sermon! There can't nobody make me think Annerlener'd come back twice, without stayin' a spell."

"She could come to the Junction in one of those parlor-cars," argued the blacksmith, "and get some feller to drive her over here and back by the Hollow road. Who'd know anything about it?"

"The curi's thing is," continued Dakin, ignoring the blacksmith's query, "that just about that time Jabez got this trick of lightin' up the house an hour after the express is due down to the Junction. That looks to me as if she had come after all, and it had kind o' turned the cuss's head, after waitin' so long, so that now he expects her every night. You notice how he'll be dressed up when he comes down for his mail. Orrin's late to-night, ain't he, Marcus?"

The blacksmith pulled out his watch. "No," he drawled. "Guess that's Orrin now."

There was a clatter upon the bridge above the mill-dam, and a Concord buggy swung up to the rail in front of Dakin's. The big black horse began to gnaw the rail the instant the reins were flung upon his back. Orrin Waterman pulled the mail-bag from under the seat. No one spoke to him until he had pitched it on to the steps for Dakin to pick up; then the interchange of greetings grew active. The postmaster disappeared to sort out the mail for the Hollow, and Orrin went behind the

counter and helped himself to a five-cent cigar. Then he sat down with us to wait.

"Jabez is well lighted up to-night," he observed to the blacksmith.

"Yes," said the latter, nodding toward me, "we've been telling this gentleman about Jabez."

Orrin Waterman pulled away at his cigar. "What did you think of that liniment?" he inquired.

"Well, Orrin, it aint no *sure* cure for spavin, but then, what is?"

"A bullet in the head," said Orrin, gloomily, whereat the deacon tittered.

I wanted to hear more about Jabez Dunham. "I suppose nobody ever says anything to Dunham about—about this?" I asked.

An oath that sounded almost solemn escaped from under Orrin's morose mustache. "I guess not! Why, there was a Canuck once, workin' for Jabez, who gave him a little lip about it, just for a joke, and Jabez grabbed a cold-chisel and come at him like a cat. Came d——n near killin' him. No, we don't none of us say nothin' to Jabez. It's kind o' mean, you know, and he ain't just right." He lifted his cigar toward his forehead. "Sort of a learned cuss, too," he went on, "for a man who runs a saw-mill. Takes a New York and Boston paper right along, and they say he cuts out everything he finds on Annerlener."

"Sh!" said the blacksmith.

A black-clothed figure was crossing the bridge and turning toward us.

"Good-evening, Mr. Dunham," chirruped the octogenarian. No one else spoke. The husband of Madame Annalena stopped in front of us, with a quick glance at the delivery window of the post-office. He was a smallish man of fifty odd, scrupulously dressed, with clean-shaven upper lip, long grayish beard, drooping mouth, and gentle blue eyes that shifted uncannily in their sockets.

"Good-evening, gentlemen," he said. His voice was slightly husky. The intonations were those of a man of refinement, but they had that curious detachment which is sometimes to be noticed in the voices of the insane. I was rather glad, for one, to hear the

delivery-window rattle, and as by a common instinct we all rose and filed inside.

"Much to-night?" inquired the deacon.

"Well, no," said Dakin, tossing the mail-bag for the Hollow over the counter to Orrin Waterman. "I guess Mary Witherbee's got another letter from that Bellows Falls feller. Likely feller, too. And Sam's got a postal from that mower 'n' reaper drummer sayin' he'll be round next week. You hear that, Marcus? You want to see him too, don't you? Hold on, Orrin; throw out Mis' Bennett's Sunday-school paper as you go by, will you? she wants it to-night. And here's that fish-hook for the Trow boy. It's one cent; make him pay you."

The black horse and Concord buggy disappeared into the dusk.

"Here's your papers, Mr. Dunham," said the postmaster.

"Is there—perhaps—a foreign letter?" inquired Dunham. The blacksmith nudged me, cautiously.

"Not to-night, Jabez," was the kindly answer.

Three or four Slab City girls came in, glanced at the mail-boxes, then at me, and went out giggling.

Jabez Dunham unfolded one of his papers, and his eye ran furtively over two or three columns, by the light of the one kerosene lamp. The loungers pretended not to watch him.

"I observe that the St. Louis has made a very quick westward passage," he remarked, turning to me with a bow.

"Yes?" I replied. "The St. Louis is a good boat."

"She brought over a large number of well-known people," he continued, letting his eye traverse the column once more. "Literary and musical celebrities; not the most distinguished, perhaps, but still well-known people. You are interested in such things, sir?"

"Very much."

"Oh, are you? I am glad to make your acquaintance, sir. You anticipate a brilliant winter in New York? I notice there will be Italian opera, and German opera besides."

"I believe so," said I.

"I should like to see that big opera-house since it was renovated. How do you think," he asked, tentatively, almost confidentially, "it compares with the one in Paris?"

"The exterior," said I, "is not so imposing, but there are some people who prefer it for other reasons."

"Indeed," he replied. "So I have read. And at Berlin; how is it there? Could you tell me?"

I told him, and we went on to Milan, while the crowd watched us dispassionately.

"I suppose," he said at last, "you have been at St. Petersburg?"

"No," said I; "not at St. Petersburg."

He looked disappointed. "I have never seen a man who has attended the opera in St. Petersburg. I should like to, very much indeed."

"Do you travel yourself?" I asked.

"Oh, no!" he exclaimed, with a sort of fright in his voice. "I went to western New York once, when I was a young man, but since then it has been very important that I should be here every day. I have no one to leave my house with, you see," he added, cunningly.

I nodded.

"I must bid you good-night, sir," said he. "It has given me pleasure to make your acquaintance. We have common interests, sir. Do you remain long in Slab City?"

"Only till morning."

"Perhaps I may see you. I should like to leave you my card. Good-evening, gentlemen." And he folded his papers, buttoned his black coat carefully, and walked out.

"I swan!" ejaculated the blacksmith, "he was great on language to-night!"

"When Annerlener gets back," quoted one of the loungers coarsely, and I inferred that the phrase had grown proverbial at Slab City.

"Half-past eight, gents," announced Dakin, succinctly, beginning to empty the change from the counter drawers into his trousers pockets. The loungers rose reluctantly. As I stood on the steps watching them disappear into

the shadows of the maples, my arm was clutched by the octogenarian deacon.

"Dakin kind o' shut me up," he whispered, eagerly, "but I know what Annerlener said, just as well as he does. 'When I've had my turn, Jabez, I'll come back.' That's what she said, and Dakin knows it. It wa'n't what Jabez said; she said it herself. It was a *promise*. And that's what makes me think she'll come, some day, when she gets sick o' singin'. Jabez could give her a good home. Just look at that big house up there, and not a soul in it but Jabez. She'll come back. Why, it ain't right for her to stay away nigh on to twenty-two years! Don't you think a real *woman*, now, would want to come back? Ann Ellen used to be a likely girl—wild as a hawk, but fond of her folks, and I allus held to it she was fond of Jabez. Little ashamed of the saw-mill, most likely, when she found out how much money she was makin', but kind o' sneakin' fond, just the same. She wouldn't never have come back that once, if she hadn't been. And I'm sayin' that when she gets tired o' singin'—kind o' makes her farewell tower, you know—she'll be back here; don't you think so?"

He moved off, still shaking his cane emphatically, as Dakin locked the L door.

"'When Annerlener gets back,'" echoed an ironic repartee of one of the loungers, far down among the maple shadows.

I went up to my room in time to watch the lamps extinguished, one by one, in the big house beyond the mill-dam, and another night settle down solemnly upon that lonely hollow in the hills. Would she ever come back? Could she? Could the Madame Anna-lena who had queened it for so long, the artist finished to the finger-tips,

come back to Slab City and to Jabez Dunham, after all? She had come once, it seemed. Perhaps she had come twice. Would the woman in her be deeper than the prima donna, at the end? And I fell asleep, still wondering over it, with two or three of her notes in "Fidelio" chiming in my ears like some great golden-hearted bell.

The next morning, as I was strapping my bundle to the handle-bar, preparatory to starting, Dunham crossed over from the saw-mill. He wore overalls and a flannel shirt, and there was sawdust caught in his gray beard. His manner was less excited than it had been the night before, but in his eyes there was the unchanged, unworldly light, the same persistent hallucination.

"You are the young gentleman I conversed with last evening? I am sorry you are to leave us. This is a beautiful section of country. I would like, sir, to give you my card."

He took one out of the pocket of his overalls. On it was printed,

JABEZ DUNHAM.

SAWING.

SLABS AND SHINGLES.

TERMS STRICTLY CASH.

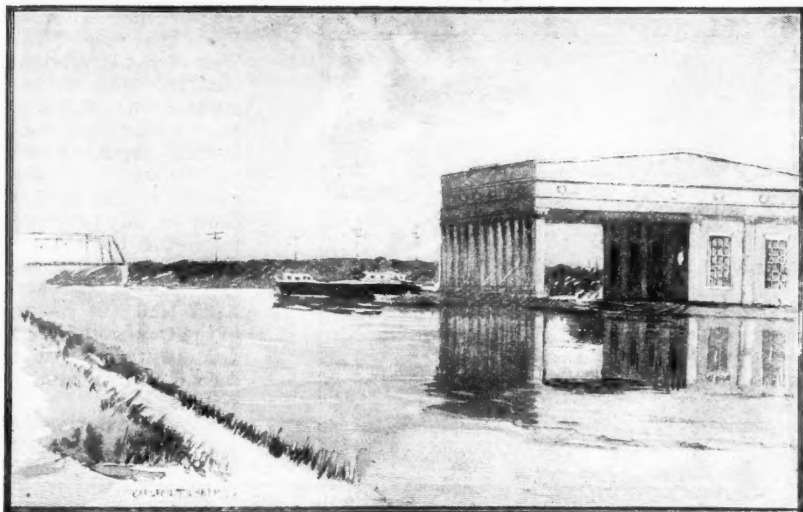
"Possibly you understand," he said, with a cunning shift of his eyes into mine, "that all this"—he waved his hand deprecatingly toward the saw-mill—"is a temporary occupation—only temporary. Some day, possibly any day, I expect to enjoy the pleasures of life. Meantime," he added, his eyes falling to the ground, "I saw wood. Terms strictly cash."

"We are all in that business more or less," said I.

He looked up swiftly, almost joyously, and nodded.



The Canal Office at West Troy.



WATER-WAYS

FROM THE OCEAN TO THE LAKES

By Thomas Curtis Clarke

KING ALFONSO of Castile contented himself by merely saying, in his royal manner, that if he had been consulted, he could have shown God how to make a much better world than this. The men of our day prefer deeds to words.

Africa has been made an island, and it is hoped that South America soon will be. While enthusiasts are talking of making Lake Erie, or the St. Lawrence, flow into the Hudson, the men of Chicago are actually turning Lake Michigan into the Mississippi.

Such schemes appeal strongly to the imagination; and among that sanguine part of mankind which "listens with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursues with eagerness the phantoms of hope" are those who dream of piercing every isthmus by ship-canals.

Oriental trade has fascinated the minds of men from the days of Vasco de Gama and Columbus down to the present time. Although the value of

its teas, silks, and other merchandise is great, its tonnage is small, as compared with that of the great lakes of North America.

This is shown by the often quoted comparison between the tonnage passing through the St. Mary's Falls Canal, at the outlet of Lake Superior, and that of the Suez Canal, which is exceeded by the former; although hardly fifty years have passed since Superior was a lonely lake, traversed only by the Indian canoe and the sail-boat of the Mackinac voyageur.

Although everybody appreciates the success of the Erie Canal, few consider what a remarkable piece of engineering it is; leaving, as it does, natural lines of water communication, and creating a purely artificial one.

This grand idea of a canal, directly from Lake Erie to the Hudson, avoiding locking down into Lake Ontario, and back again, seems from the strongest evidence to have been first conceived

mentioned this plan, was an energetic person named Jesse Hawley. He was so much interested that he went all over the proposed route, and, having satisfied himself of its practicability, wrote many letters in the newspapers to influence public opinion. In one of these letters, printed in the *Ontario Messenger* at Canandaigua, in 1807, he actually describes the route of the Erie Canal, as well as anyone could do to-day.

The only difference between it and the real canal is, that both Morris and Hawley proposed to feed the canal entirely from Lake Erie. From motives of economy this was not done, and trouble has always been caused from a want of water on the middle division of the canal, which is fed from local streams.

As we ride in a railway train through the rich valleys of central New York it is plainly to be seen that here is an easy route for a canal. When Mr. Hawley struggled through the mud, there were few roads and bridges, and the country was mostly covered with dense woods. For his efforts he deserves the highest praise.

The glory of the building of the Erie Canal belongs to De Witt Clinton, whose political strength and determined energy enabled him to complete it in spite of all opposition and difficulties. Nothing can rob him of the proud title of "Father of the Erie Canal." The names of Wright and Geddes, the original engineers, and that of Hawley, the volunteer engineer, should not be allowed to pass into oblivion. None of these men were trained as engineers, and they had never built any canals, but their strong practical sense carried them through; they learned as they went along, and their work does them the greatest credit.

The original Erie Canal was but a small ditch, forty feet wide and four feet deep, and only able to pass boats of seventy-six tons. Its original cost when opened in 1825 was a little over

seven millions of dollars, or about one-third of the cost of the State Capitol at Albany. Its success was so great that it could not do the business that offered; and from 1846 to 1862 it was enlarged, or rather reconstructed, being widened to seventy feet and deepened to seven. Its locks were enlarged to pass boats of two hundred and fifty tons burden, and doubled, so that boats could pass in both directions without detention.

No public work has ever produced such important results. Besides building up the State and City of New York, and making it what it was before the introduction of our railway system, the actual cost of the Erie Canal in money has been much more than repaid.

The cost of the original Erie Canal was \$7,143,789.86; of the enlarged canal was \$31,834,041.30. The State has expended since 1862 in lengthening locks, maintenance, repairs and other improvements \$33,948,761.37. The estimated cost of deepening the canal to nine feet is \$9,000,000 (voted for by the people on November 5, 1895), thus making a total cost of \$72,926,591.73. The total amount received for tolls on the Erie Canal from its opening to the close of 1882, when tolls ceased, was \$120,684,587.35, showing a surplus in its favor of \$47,757,995.62.*

Meantime, however, our system of railways had been constructed. At first the amount of freight carried by them was small in comparison with that which



De Witt Clinton.

(From the portrait in Colden's Memorial on the Completion of the Canal.)

* The above figures are from official sources, having been kindly furnished by the Comptroller of the State of New York in response to inquiry for purposes of this article, and not before published.



Benjamin Wright.



James Geddes.

The Two Original Engineers of the Erie Canal.

From Stuart's "Civil and Military Engineers of America."

went by canal. While modern inventions have been constantly applied on the railways, the means of transport on the canal stood still for many years.

In 1851 the State engineer of New York stated in his annual report that it would take six double track railways to do the business of the Erie Canal. At that time ten tons, or three hundred and thirty bushels of wheat was a standard car-load, and ten or twelve cars a train-load. Owing to the easy grades of the New York Central, one locomotive could draw twenty cars, carrying about six thousand bushels of grain. Directly alongside, one canal boat, drawn by two sorry mules, carried as large a load.

The great invention of steel rails by Sir Henry Bessemer allowed the use of heavier and more powerful locomotives; and now you may see on the railway beside the canal, one engine drawing forty to fifty cars, and carrying forty to fifty thousand bushels as a train-load.

Conditions have now been reversed; and it would require at least ten canals equipped with the old horse-boats to move the freight tonnage of the New

York Central, West Shore, and Erie railways, which in 1893-94 was 45,442,000 tons as against 4,275,662 tons by canal. This larger amount of freight is carried by rail, notwithstanding the cost by all rail from Chicago to New York is often more than double that by lakes and canal. The railway cars move five times as fast as the canal boats, and work twelve months, against seven months of open navigation. This enables merchants to take a quick advantage of the markets at all seasons.

The same thing holds good all over the United States. Mr. T. J. Vivian, Statistician of the United States Census of 1890, states the total movement of freight by vessels, steamers, and barges, as

	Tons.
Great Lakes	53,424,432
Mississippi and tributaries	29,405,046
Atlantic and Pacific Coasts	80,817,251
All canals	20,747,932
Total	185,394,661

Poor's Manual reports for the same year a total movement of freight by rail of 620,000,000 tons.



Cornelius Vanderbilt.

(To whose introduction of extra tracks on the New York Central was due the decline of freight rates between 1870 and 1875.)

From the steel engraving on the Railroad Stock Certificates, by permission of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad.

Notwithstanding the less tonnage of the canals they have been great regulators of rates. The cost of conveyance of a bushel of wheat (or of flour reduced to bushels) between Chicago and New York has fallen from 12 $\frac{7}{10}$ cents by lake and canal in 1857 to six to seven cents in 1893; and by all rail from 38 $\frac{6}{10}$ cents in 1857 to 14 $\frac{6}{10}$ cents in 1893, and the end is not yet.

The amount saved in transportation of grain alone through the State of New York by the Erie Canal during the last thirty years is at least two hundred millions of dollars.

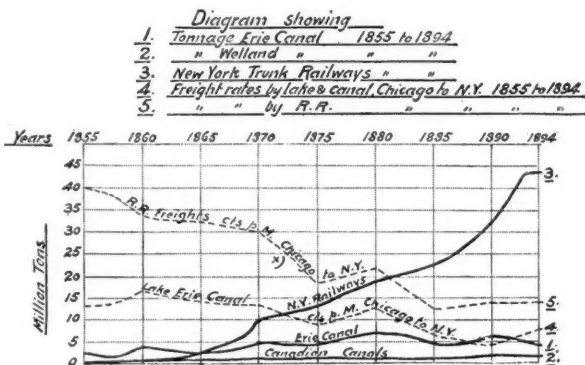
There is no higher authority on railway transportation than Mr. Albert Fink, and he is reported to have said that the trunk lines could well afford to

keep the Erie Canal open at their own expense as a regulator of freight rates, if it could not be done in any other way. We shall see however that there is no danger of the Erie Canal being closed; and that all it wants is the application of modern methods of transportation to bring it back to its old standard.

After the completion of the enlargement in 1862 single boats of two hundred and forty tons burden, drawn by horses or mules, were used. In 1877 a plan was adopted of coupling two boats together, called "double headers," which required no increase of men and but two more horses. This reduced the cost of transport by doubling the cargo.

In 1874 steam-towing was introduced, being encouraged by the offer of a premium of \$100,000 by the State, which was paid to the successful boat. A steam tow-boat now draws generally three consorts, besides carrying some cargo herself. This increases the cargo to over nine hundred and thirty tons, and has further reduced rates, so that the owners of the horse-boats find it difficult to make a living, and reserve enough money for depreciation and repairs.

An experiment was lately tried which may give them relief—that of electric towing. A cable suspended from poles on the bank carried a trolley, supplied with current from a second wire, and controlled from the boat, which is



(The sharp decline in railway rates (5) between 1870 and 1875 was due to the increased economy resulting from the introduction of the third and fourth tracks on the New York Central by Commodore Vanderbilt.)

hitched to the trolley, and is drawn through the canal, and into the locks. It is hoped that this can be done quicker, and at less cost than by animals. If this electric current can be taken from the dynamos of Niagara Falls, that cataract, after having been so long an obstruction to navigation, will by human ingenuity be forced to help it.

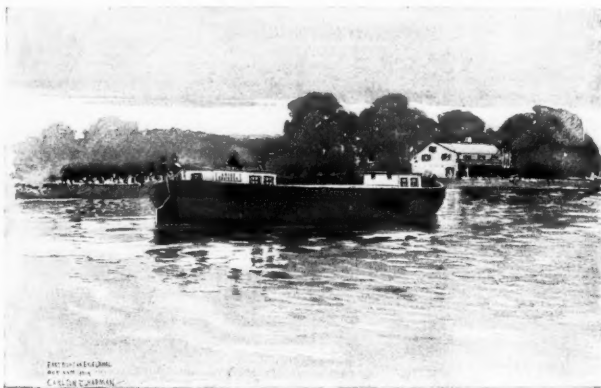
An experiment, so far successful, has lately been tried, which promises very important results. Fleets of steel barges, of a size that will go through the present Erie Canal, and made strong enough to be towed on the lake, are running between Cleveland and New York. There has been no difficulty in getting insurance upon them. The great trouble now is want of depth of water, and when the Erie Canal has been deepened to nine feet, and its few remaining short locks have been doubled in length, the size and strength of such barges can be increased and their decks can be made like those of whale-back boats, so that it will be possible to get insurance over the whole length of the lakes from Buffalo to Chicago and Duluth.

The present cost of transportation of a bushel of wheat from Chicago to New York is about four and three-quarter cents. This includes the cost of elevating grain from steamers at Buffalo, spouting it into canal boats, and trimming cargo. This amounts to over a cent a bushel, or more than one-fifth of the whole cost of carrying it 1,363 miles. To save this heavy tax upon commerce, there has been a loud cry for ship-canal, which would enable steamers to go from the upper lakes to New York, without breaking bulk, and do away with the cost of transshipment.

Considering the very low rate at which freight is now carried on the lakes in vessels of fifteen to sixteen feet draft, it has been supposed that if this navigation could be extended to the ocean, great economy would result. A large lake steamer is a very expensive machine and carries freight economically on account of her considerable speed when in motion, the full cargoes which she gets both ways, and from the short time she is delayed in the few ports where she gets her full cargoes. These conditions would be reversed if she went 350 miles through a canal. She could not move fast. She would be detained by the many locks, and in order to get cargoes she would have to make more stops, and be detained longer in port.

It can be demonstrated by figures that large vessels in a ship-canal, even if free of tolls, cannot compete with fleets of barges also running without transshipment. Before this is shown, it will be well to examine the general questions of the best water-route from the lakes to the ocean.

The first proposition is that New York is the only economical terminal port. The experience of the Canadian canals shows this. They were begun about the same time as the Erie Canal and have been gradually enlarged until they can pass vessels of four times the



The First American Canal-boat, The Chief Engineer, which made the Trip from Rome to Utica, October 22, 1819.

(Built at Rome from a design by Canvass White, and named in honor of Benjamin Wright, the chief engineer of the Erie Canal.)

capacity that can go through the Erie. The distance from Chicago to New York by the Erie Canal and the lakes is 1,363 miles, of which 350 miles is artificial navigation. The distance from Chicago to Montreal is 1,273 miles, of which but seventy is artificial navigation. Owing to these advantages grain was carried from Chicago to Montreal in 1893, for an average rate per bushel of $5\frac{3}{4}$ cents, while the average rate from Chicago to New York by lakes and canal, during the same year, was $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents per bushel, and as we have shown the all-rail charge was $14\frac{6}{10}$ cents.

Notwithstanding the higher cost of the New York route, the tonnage of the Erie Canal in 1893 was 4,275,662 tons, and of the three New York trunk lines of railway over forty-five millions of tons, while the tonnage of the Canadian Welland Canal was only 1,294,823 tons, of which but 663,156 tons went to Montreal, while the rest crossed Lake Ontario and went to New York.

The reason why so much more freight goes to and from New York rather than by the cheaper route to and from Montreal, is because the great part is intended for domestic use and not for ex-

port, and New York is a better market than Montreal.

The second proposition has been well expressed by Mr. Cooley, the engineer of the Chicago drainage canal — that "the line of export must follow the line of domestic transportation." That is to say, that in order to carry grain at least cost from the lakes to the ocean, it is necessary to follow a route that will give as large cargoes as possible. Hence the route must pass through Lake Erie, and by the rich and growing cities of Detroit, Cleveland, and Buffalo, and those along the Erie Canal.

This rules out the Canadian routes, such as the Toronto and Georgian Bay, and the Ottawa canals, and also the proposed conversion of the Champlain Canal to a ship-canal. Whatever merit they may have from an engineering standpoint is entirely overbalanced by the fact that they run through a district which can furnish but very little freight in either direction.

We have said that fleets of barges, able to run on the lakes and the canal, without transshipment, can beat large lake steamers on a ship-canal, and it can be proved by figures. The yearly ex-



A View of the Erie Canal at West Troy.



A Typical Lake Freight Steamer.

penses of one of the largest class of lake steamers, including interest at ten per cent. on the cost of the ship, is about one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Running at a speed of 13 miles an hour in the lakes, and at 7 miles an hour through a ship-canal in the State of New York, and allowing for detention at locks and 13 days in port, she could make her round trip between Chicago and New York and return in 26 days, or 8 trips per season. One-eighth of \$120,000 is \$15,000, and we will assume that half of it is earned by carrying grain East, and half from miscellaneous freight going West. Her full capacity at 20 feet draft would be 7,000 tons, or 233,500 bushels of grain, and the rate would have to be $3\frac{2}{100}$ cents per bushel to earn \$7,500.

The lake ports would have to be deepened to 21 feet, and the canal would have to be at least 25 feet deep to allow her to move 7 miles an hour. The cost of such a ship-canal would not be less than two hundred millions of dollars.

If the Erie Canal were deepened to 9 feet, and its few remaining short locks doubled in length, a fleet of four steel barges, 180 feet long, $17\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, and loaded to $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet draft, could carry 80,000 bushels of grain. They

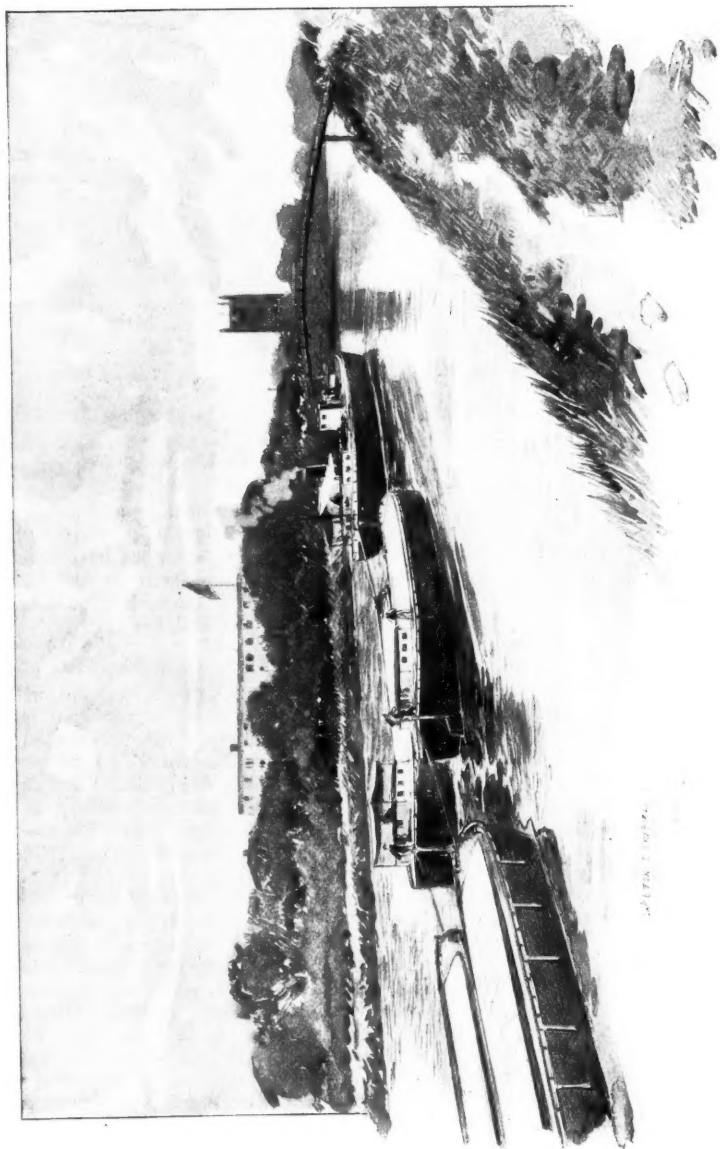
could move 6 miles an hour on the lakes and on the Hudson River, and 4 miles an hour on the canals, and adding the time of detention at locks and 13 days in port, they could make their round trip from Chicago to New York and back in 36 days, or 6 trips per season. The yearly expenses would be \$24,000, also including interest on the cost of the fleet, or \$4,000 per trip. To earn half of that, or \$2,000, from her cargo of grain, her rate would be $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents per bushel, or nearly three-fourths of a cent less than by ship-canal.

The total cost of deepening the Erie and Oswego Canals to 9 feet, and the Champlain to 7, is estimated at \$9,000,000. If these calculations are true—and their correctness depends only upon whether insurance can be got upon barges that can run on canal and lakes—they lead to some very far-reaching results.

First: It is not necessary to expend two hundred millions or more to build a ship-canal along the line of the Erie Canal. It would be wise to build a ship-canal around Niagara Falls on our own territory, to allow lake vessels to reach the Lake Ontario ports, from which freight could be transshipped by canal and rail. The cost of this has been estimated, from careful surveys of the United States Engineers, at from twenty-five to thirty millions, according to depth.

Second: Chicago would gain everything she wants if her drainage canal was only ten or twelve feet deep. Barges could then go to New Orleans without spending great sums in trying to deepen the Mississippi beyond ten or twelve feet. They could go to New York, with only the small cost of deepening the Erie Canal.

Third: It would be possible to build



A VIEW OF THE ERIE CANAL NEAR WEST TROY, SHOWING THE MODERN STEEL BARGES

a barge canal of these dimensions from Lake Erie to the Ohio, while a ship-canal is visionary. There are other places where similar canals could be built, such as along our Atlantic coast.

It should be observed that all these

fore committing ourselves to the Isthmian or any other ship-canal scheme to look back and see what has been the past history of ship-canal.

The estimated cost of the Suez Canal was \$40,000,000. Its cost when opened for traffic was \$92,000,000, and nearly forty millions more have been spent since in widening and deepening it. Not only was the cost of the engineering works proper largely exceeded, but items not thought of—such as administration, surveys, telegraphs, sanitary service, transport service, etc.—amount-

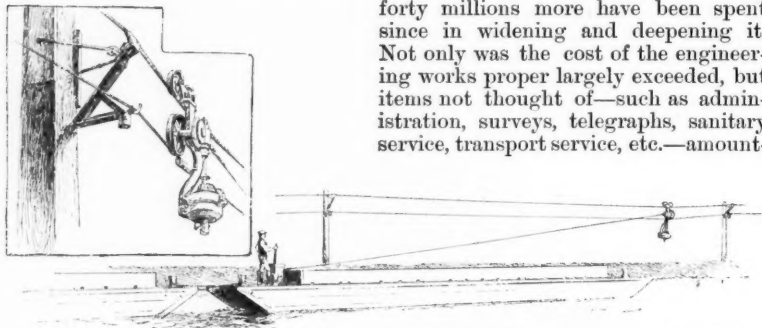


Diagram Showing the Method of Towing by Electricity.
Drawn from photographs.

internal water-ways will do our railway system no harm. Anything that vastly increases commerce during seven or eight months of the year, must be advantageous to railroads who can monopolize it during the rest of the year.

We have considered the question of domestic canals only, as the amount of exports, now not exceeding one-fifth of the whole amount transported, would not justify the cost of a ship-canal to give unbroken navigation from the lakes to the ocean.

When the time comes that such a canal must be built, there is but one place where it can be built for any reasonable expenditure, and that is along the St. Lawrence River from Montreal to Lake Ontario, that lake being connected with Erie by a ship-canal around Niagara Falls. We shall then have to face the difficulties of its running through a foreign country as best we can.

If the United States Government now had millions of surplus revenue, such as she once had, and which we hope she will have again at no late date, it would not be a great extravagance to build the canals we have described, and the canal at Nicaragua also. But in the present condition, it would be well be-

ed to forty per cent. of the original estimates, or \$26,000,000. It pays so well that these mistakes have been forgotten, and the Semitic shrewdness of Beaconsfield, in acquiring the Khedive's shares for England, has been fully justified.

The insufficient estimates of the Suez Canal did not warn the enthusiastic De Lesseps when he provided capital for his Panama Canal. His engineering commission estimated its cost at \$153,400,000, which he cut down to \$128,000,000, at the meeting of the American Society of Civil Engineers in 1879, saying, in his airy way, that he was a diplomat and not an engineer.

We all have heard of the melancholy result. After eight years of work, one hundred and seventy-eight millions of dollars had been spent, to raise which three hundred and fifty millions of capitalization and obligations had been incurred. The difficult part of the work, the great Culebra cutting, had only been scratched—and nothing done toward controlling the Chagres River—while the money had nearly all been spent. The younger De Lesseps and others were fined and imprisoned, and the old man, bankrupt in fame and fortune, was spared the humiliation of

further punishment only on account of his great age and past services.

Englishmen are considered more practical than the French and less likely to be led away by sentiment, and Manchester men are not less shrewd than other Englishmen. They started to build a ship-canal to turn Manchester into a seaport. It was but twenty-seven miles long and had only four locks.

The estimated cost, including the purchase of the existing Bridgewater Canal, was fifty million dollars, and the cost when opened for traffic was seventy-seven millions. This vast increase is stated to have been due "chiefly to items which were unexpected and unprovided for." The canal is not finished yet and the city of Manchester, which has provided the greater part of the capital, will have to provide the rest.

With three such portentous warnings before the financial world, it is not strange that capital declines to invest in any more ship-canal, but calls upon Uncle Sam to put his hand in his pocket and build them for general benefit—as a military necessity—or any other reason that may seem to justify the expenditure.

As to the Nicaragua Canal, it would certainly be gratifying to national pride to have Americans succeed where the French have made such a disastrous failure. Without discussing the questions of commercial or military necessity three things are worth considering:

First: That if the United States builds this canal, they should own the territory through which it passes, by

purchase outright from Nicaragua. Perhaps here is a use for some of the silver that is hoarded in our treasury.

Second: That there should be no underestimating the cost. All the various contingent items, so foolishly overlooked in the instances quoted, should be liberally provided for.

Lastly: The United States should make it a free canal, with no tolls except sufficient for maintenance, and open to all nations both in peace and in war. This should be her gift to the world.

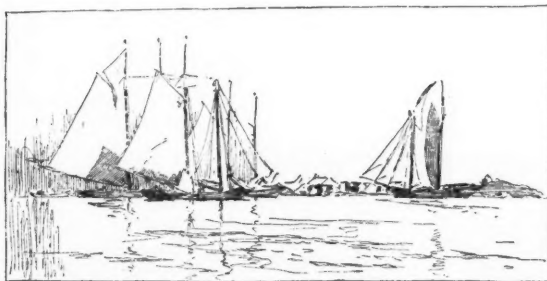
Looked at in this generous way, we need not consider the question of the number of vessels that would pass through it, or the tolls that they could pay. We do say that the amount of commerce that passes the Suez Canal, and would pass the Nicaragua Canal, is insignificant in proportion to the domestic commerce of the lakes.

The amount of freight passing through the Detroit River last year is more than double that which would pass both Isthmian canals, and it is increasing much faster than that would do.

The wealth of the Orient appeals to the imagination; but the more prosaic products of our own land—the grain, the lumber, the ores, the coal, and the myriads of manufactured articles which float down the Great Lakes, and through the rich valleys of central New York,* far exceed in importance and in value

The wealth of Orias and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.

* The writer believes that the recent vote of the people of New York to deepen the canals is nearly as important a decision as the original vote to construct them.





LOVE'S CRYPTOGRAM

By Andrew Lang

[The author (if he can be so styled) awoke from a restless sleep, with the first stanza of the following piece in his mind. He has no memory of composing it, either awake or asleep. He has long known the perhaps Pythagorean fable of the bean-juice, but certainly never thought of applying it to an amorous correspondence! The remaining verses are the contribution of his Conscious Self!]

ELLE

I CANNOT write, I may not write,
I dare not write to thee,
But look on the face of the moon by night,
And my letters shalt thou see.
For every letter that lovers write,
By their lovers on the moon is seen,
If they pen their thought on the paper white,
With the magic juice of the bean!

LUI

Oh, I had written this many a year,
And my letters you had read.
Had you only told me the spell, my dear,
Ere ever we twain were wed!
But I have a lady, and you have a lord,
And their eyes are of the green,
And we dared not trust to the written word,
Lest our long, long love be seen!

ELLE

"Oh, every thought that your heart has thought,
Since the world came us between,
The birds of the air to my heart have brought,
With no word heard or seen."
*T'was thus in a dream we spoke and said
Myself and my love unseen,
But I woke and sighed on my weary bed,
For the spell of the juice of the bean!*





SEPTEMBER 13, 1894—ON THE N. P. R.

By John Heard



DURING the thirty-one long days of August not a drop of rain had fallen. The vast pine-forest and the muskeg swamps that surrounded them were dry as tinder. The

little rock-rimmed lakes had shrunk under the fierce heat, so that the water arteries that bound them together, now trickled feebly where a month since they rushed in glittering, tittering streams. Here and there a white, heavy cloud hung in strong relief from the blue Wedgwood sky; but not a drop of water fell to earth. The whole country was crackling in the dry, torrid heat that caused the air to quiver lazily through the long hours of the day, and to close in like a hot pall at night-time. Even the great boulders of gneissoid granite seemed to crack and peel under the sting of the relentless sun.

September brought no relief. Not a shower fell, not a drop of rain. But, instead, September brought the heavy, yellow haze and the pungent smell of distant forest fires; and to all the inhabitants of Notman's Junction it brought also a physical nervousness, akin to pain, that intensified the mental nervousness of the community. The brooks had ceased to babble, and the wells were drying up, but the frightened imaginations babbled on unconscious of their cruel work, and the

anxious watchers gazed in vain into the well of truth, for they saw therein no reflection of present or future relief. In spite of the dun-colored curtain that hung across the sun the heat had not abated, and the mercury kept its level above three figures.

The arrival of the vice-president of the road, in his special train, had caused a momentary excitement in camp, and certainly thrust an unusual amount of work on the operator who, on this well-remembered thirteenth of September, his arm half numb from incessant ticking, dozed contentedly before the office table, yet withal, listening mechanically to the uninterrupted cricketing of his instrument. Suddenly he gave a start, sat up and jotted down on a regulation blank:

"Send help at once. We are surrounded by fire. Be on us four hours latest. Wind hard this way. Pass it along."
 PERDITAVILLE."

Hopkins dared not leave the room, so he yelled for the chief, and flung a paper-weight against the door of the private office to startle him up more quickly. For a moment the old man stroked his beard, perplexed, and looked at the yellow strip of paper first through his glasses, then holding it a little farther away and bending his head, above them. Hopkins watched him, wondering, until he laid the paper down and said, with sudden energy:

"Order the special!"

"What! the vice-president's?"

"Yes, d— it! The vice-president's. There's no other engine here that can do it. Call up his crew and send for Charley Hampton."

"You ain't a-goin' to give *him* the job? Why the man's drunk twenty-three hours out of twenty-four."

"Mebbe he is, and mebbe again he isn't," the chief answered, shortly. "All the same he's the only man I know that's got the nerve to put it through, and, drunk or sober, he's a good driver. Now brace up, man, and hustle; this ain't no time for talking. Stop! what's that?"

The instrument clicked out again.

"Send help—help—the fire is swooping down on us."

In answer the station-master dictated rapidly:

"O. K. Special leaves right off. Can make it in two-thirty; stop wiring."

For a few minutes the dismal little yard was galvanized into life; the train crew were at work shunting the special, pulling down the blinds, fastening the door, and filling bucket after bucket, which they stored in the rear car, for all the tanks were full. A half dozen shop hands were wiping and oiling the engine, like grooms curry-combing a race-horse. The platform was crowded with lounging, lazy men, startled for a moment out of their habitual laziness and suddenly eager to help, for—how? who shall tell?—the news had spread through the village. Both the station-master and the operator could conscientiously have sworn that they had not—to the best of their knowledge—spoken a single word that might suggest the destination of the train they were making up, and yet the whole male population of the village was gathered before the little brown building, talking, smoking, chewing, spitting and speculating as to the result of the venture; and bets were many—hingeing—as in a horse-race, largely upon the jockey—or, in this case, on the driver.

When Hampton reached the office the chief looked up at the fine, clean-cut

face of the giant before him and said, sharply:

"Charley, are you drunk or sober?"

"Half and half, sir," the man answered, smiling. "What for?"

"Well, Charley, it's just this. Perditaville has wired for help; the whole country is a-fire, and I want you to take the special in. It's three thousand lives to save and—and . . . perhaps yours to pay. Will you go? It's got to be right off. You've got to get there; we'll attend to the rest."

A sudden light came into the man's blue eyes as he straightened himself, conscious of his power, and ennobled suddenly by the thought of having "a thing to do."

"I'm there," he said, shortly, "and I'll take my boy Joe to fire. Give me five minutes, sir; time to get the boy, and kiss the old woman; and," he added, pausing in the doorway, "wire the track clear, for I guess we'll have to rustle."

And so fifteen minutes after the first call for help had flashed over the wire, the *Special Relief* pulled out; in the cab, Hampton and his boy Joe; in the rear car, the regular train gang; every shutter closed, every door protected. On the station-platform the operator and the old chief stood side by side, looking down the endless, converging lines of the track until the train disappeared behind a curve far away. Both were wondering whether they should ever see that crew again; but neither spoke, and, silently, they strolled back into the quiet little office. The whole thing had been done so quickly that it hardly seemed real, and yet these two men, humble employees of a great corporation, had, without permission, assumed a great responsibility. More than a hundred thousand dollars' worth of rolling stock and eight human lives—besides their own positions to lose—against three thousand lives to save. It was a fine wager and a noble one, and it is on record that when Charley Hampton climbed into his cab he called back in his cynical way to a friend on the platform who was entreating him not to go: "Whoo! Johnny, it's just a stand-off between the Lord a mighty and me. Ef I win, I've yanked a heap of white folk outen the fire. Ef I lose—

wal, they gotten to go, too—but it wouldn't be fair—'nless for some reason what's b'yond *my* understanding, and any way it'll stand for me in the long account. So I'm going to make a break for it, and jest don't you worry!"

A few minutes later the Vice-president flung himself into the office, bawling: "Where's my train? Where's my engine? ——— you! I'll ship every man in this God-forsaken hole, if that's the way you attend to business! Who's the station-master? You? Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

The old chief picked up the dispatch calling for help, and handed it to him. "We had no other engine that could do the work," he answered, quietly; "there was three thousand lives at stake, sir, and so I sent her out."

The vice-president fairly choked with rage. "So—you—sent—her—out!" he yelled. "Here, you there!" he added, turning to the operator; "Sit down and wire to—— Where is she now?—about Coney's ranch, eh? Well, wire to the next station above Coney's to stop the special and fire her back. Come, my man, hurry! What's the matter with you?"

Hopkins took off his hat, slowly, laid it on the table; and his voice quavered a little as he answered, after a pause, and shaking his head, "I can't do it, sir!"

The chief walked over, and clapped the young man on the shoulder. "Shake, Johnny," he said, nodding approvingly, and with a pleased smile. Then he turned to the vice-president, and went on: "It's all right for me, Mr. Smith; for though I have got six, we can take care of ourselves; but this boy hasn't much laid by, and he's expecting a baby this very week. I guess you could fix it so's to keep him on. It was me did the whole business, and it would seem kind of fair to have me foot the bill alone."

But the vice-president was beside himself with rage, and argument could not move him; without a word he motioned the two men aside, and sat down before the table. He was a rough, self-made man who had risen from the ranks, and could handle the ticker against most

operators on the line. For a moment he glanced over the time-table and made a cross with his thumb-nail against the station to which he meant to wire, but, before he could begin his message, the instrument spelled out "H—E—L—P," and was dumb. The only wire west was down, and the curious coincidence struck the railroad king more forcibly than the ablest logical statement. He was a man whom success had rarely if ever betrayed; utterly lacking in sentiment; shrewd, hard, unyielding, dogged in purpose, full of resource, ever undismayed, and an indefatigable worker, he had rarely been thwarted, not often checked, never decisively balked in his designs for more than a short spell. And here, suddenly, unexpectedly, he found himself checkmated, in a dismal little lumber-camp in the wilderness of pines. It was a new sensation and, to do the man justice, he grasped the situation and submitted to it without resentment. What was less comprehensible to him was this fact—that two of his men, his *own* men, had bearded him in one of his dens when they had nothing to gain and a great deal to lose, and had succeeded in their bold attempt! For two or three minutes he paced the room quickly, nervously clutching his fingers behind his back. It was the first time in his life of upward struggle and success that he experienced the benumbing sensation of absolute helplessness, and, vaguely there dawned upon him the possibility, nay the consciousness, of the existence of a power beyond the control of human energy. However, he was not a man to remain long thwarted. He had lost his battle, but there yet remained enough time to retrieve his defeat, and a new plan of action flashed through his brain, complete in all its details. For a half hour he dictated message upon message to Hopkins, mostly addressed to the General Manager in Chicago. All traffic was suspended in the fire district; all private messages suppressed until further orders. Relief trains loaded with provisions and water were ordered out from various Western points. Look-outs, signals, sidings—everything was detailed with a promptness and preci-

sion that fairly astonished the two men in the office and obliged them to acknowledge that the vice-president knew his road even better than they knew their section of it; so that, when he had dictated his last sentence "*personal expense, G. H. Smith, V. P.*," they looked up at him with a feeling akin to awe.

"Well, boys," he said, tipping his tall white hat back. "Lucky Smith ain't the man to forget that he was checkmated by two little employees on his own road. If we pull them people out of the fire you are not the sort of lumber to rot in a jumping-off place like Notman's; you've taught me a lesson and I owe you something for it. As for you youngster, you've got more grit than you know; it takes grit to run against me, and you didn't flinch worth a cent. When that child of yours comes I want to stand godfather and that means that—well, you needn't worry about it. Now," he continued, turning to the station master, "this is the way I've figured it. My train will take all the women, children, and a lot beside, run down beyond the big wash at Compton's, unload, and make back for Perditaville with as many flat cars and engines as they can manage. We have a lot there for the grading of the new branch. There won't be much time to spare, but we can't help that. If I had wired them to go in ahead of the special they would probably not have been ready and have blocked the road. I think it ought to work; for, once they are beyond the wash, they'll have plenty of time before them. But what have you got on hand for me? Forty-four drivers? Well—she'll have to do; any coaches?"

"Only an old smoker, sir."

"Pull them out then. Keep the track clear—I'll wire as I go. Now get a crew together while I hunt up my people. S'long!"

II

HAMPTON had started rather slowly. He was feeling his new "toy," and he smiled with pleasure as he watched the huge iron monster, docile as a piece of wax in his skilled hands. For forty

miles the road was clear, and in the last car the other engineer, watch in hand, figured out the speed by the bumps of the rail joints—twenty—thirty—forty—fifty—fifty-five. . . . The trainmen had discovered some dice, and in spite of the swaying were playing for pennies in the half-lighted rear end of the car, or stumbling about examining the gorgeous fittings of their vice-president's travelling palace. The other four cars were empty and closed, save for the end doors. Over the new, unsettled roadbed the train swayed fearfully, but, beyond an occasional jump or jar, the travelling was not unusual for railroad hands, though, probably, much faster than the local iron had ever known.

So the first hour passed without incident or excitement. Ahead a thick haze as heavy as a fog clung to the horizon; the acrid smell of the smoke of burning green wood, saturated with pyroligneous acid, began to grip the throat and, suddenly, they reached the *brulé*. Instinctively the boy Joe pulled a flask from his pocket and loosened the cork, but Hampton snatched it from him and flung it out.

"Water on this trip, boy," he said, curtly. "The fire's yonder and we'll be into it soon; keep cool."

Gradually the desolate, blackened landscape began to smoke, and here and there a dull glow in the underbrush or a pennant of flame from the top of a hollow tree warned them that their real work was near at hand. Little eddies of spark-sprinkled smoke whirled about them at intervals and the sparks stung—a short, sharp, hot sting. Hampton had been astonished and rather taken aback when his boy had pulled out his flask at the sight of the fire; for, though he himself was accounted a drunkard—not altogether wrongly—he only drank when there was no real work to do, just as he always lied when it was merely a question of killing time, yet was incapable of telling a falsehood where it might mean anything more serious than a rough joke—no uncommon type in our West. As they approached the danger-belt he looked the boy over out of the corner of his eye and shook his head;

not that Joe showed any fear or bungled over his work, but he was more excited than he should have been, and this was not right, according to Hampton's views; for he held that the most unsteady nerves grow quiet when the fight begins and the real stuff is there. So without further explanation he yelled above the din of the rushing train, "Fire up a bit hotter, Joe, and take the manhole off the tank. How much?"

The boy held up the stick and Hampton nodded back. "It'll do!" There was a level stretch of several miles before them and for a few minutes he felt at ease, but he knew that this was the last respite and, without hurry he prepared himself for the wrestle with the fire-fiend. There were no prayers, for it was more than forty years since he had kneeled down; but, as he wetted his jumper and tied the sleeves over his head he was conscious of a deeper feeling than he had known since his childhood. No more fearless man had ever grappled with a deadly peril, and in that momentary deeper feeling there was nothing of dread, only a certain gathering up of himself for a supreme effort that might be his last. At this moment not one of the vices that stigmatized his ordinary life had the slightest hold upon him, nor could it have offered the most remote temptation.

He called the boy and arranged a simple code of signals between them. Then he added, "Joe, we'll be in it in a few minutes, so you get back into the tank, and, when I'm afire, souse me down. You ain't got the sand to stand here, and it's best that-a-way. When I shake my left hand jump out and fire for all you're worth . . . and keep your cap wet."

In the rear car the engineer had counted up to sixty-five and shook his head as he put his watch back. "Here, boys," he cried out in his high-pitched nasal voice, "quit your playing and hang on. We're getting to it now and that hell-fired cuss in the cab *is driving*. There's no dead bones in him . . . yet."

So the men gathered about their chief and braced themselves in their seats. The speed over the rough track

had become appalling even for trained hands, and the car slammed and banged and rocked with a fierce uneasiness that silenced them.

For they had struck the fire-strip and were running the death-race. Alone in the cab, his bright, clear, dilated eyes fixed on the shining track ahead Hampton held his lever, proud for the first time in his life of having met a foe worth fighting. Around him right and left and before and behind the raging, tumultuous sea of fire seethed and writhed, flared up in gigantic tides of flame that surged upward and fell back again smothered in smoke amid a hurricane of sounds that no human pen can describe. It bellowed, and shrieked, and howled, and moaned, it whistled, and thundered, and crashed, and wailed; the glass panes were shattered and here and there a shutter crashed in; the day became night and that night again a lurid day, for the fiery hail rained down in continuous sheets and the huge, tattered banners of red and black leaped from hill to hill—across the track—across the ditches, and brooks, and rivers, in their mad onslaught, smothering the rushing train in a wild impotent spasm of anger. Then, for a moment, lulled into seeming indifference, the red sea parted and the black moving monster thing that represented the salvation of so much human life sped on unharmed. But for a moment. For with a roar the fire-fiend asserted himself once more. Great trunks fell across the carriage-tops crashing into the roofs and shattering the lamps and windows. At intervals, more and more frequent, the rails had spread, but the speed was so tremendous that the train dashed through like a solid bolt and the tree-trunks on the track were swept away like straws.

Alone in the cab Hampton guided his gasping, snorting, galloping machine. From time to time the boy in the tender behind threw a bucket of water at him, and he shivered slightly as the cold struck down with a sizzle of extinguished sparks. From time to time, as his father signalled to him, Joe sprang out and fired feverishly, furiously, for a half minute, then rushed back to his refuge in the tank, for the heat was

fearful. Into the chaos of fire the engine vomited its stream of reddish colored smoke and steam, and the rumbling of the rolling wheels vied with the scattering, low-toned thunder of the fire-flood. Even in the rear car the men had ceased to talk, for each felt a tightening string strung just above his eyebrows, and unconsciously glanced about him, slowly awaiting some unforeseen emergency that might call for sudden action.

Through Snelling's, through White Fish Lake, they smashed as no other train had ever run before—and beyond White Fish lay the most dangerous ground. For a mile or two Hampton slowed up and the boy stoked and fired with a drunken energy. Instinctively he had understood that this was the pause before the last dash into eternity or—immortality. Behind them the cars were on fire here and there and the train crew were doing firemen's duty as well as the swaying allowed them.

Then, the ninety-foot trestle half a mile long and badly curved; Hampton looked out, and below in the black gap between the roaring furnaces he saw the climbing bluish flames licking the long legs of timber. For a brief moment he half closed his eyes, beckoned to the boy to lie low, and, throwing off the jacket that was tied about his head, he pulled the lever back as far as it would go.

In the rear car the engineer stood up and braced himself between the seats. "Boys," he said, somewhat solemnly, "we're killing ninety miles an hour, and the chief was right; there wasn't another man on the road that had the nerve to do it. I couldn't. That fellow in the cab is a daisy! Look out now!" For a half minute every man held his breath. The rocking and swinging had become intolerable, and the hollow, more sonorous rumbling of the wheels told them that they were no longer on solid ground. Seven, eight

minutes, the express pounded on and gradually slowed down to a fifty-mile gait. The men had nothing to say to each other, or rather they had much to say, but did not know how to say it. Every man there knew that his life had been played heads or tails, and that heads had turned up. Through the chinks of the shutters they could see the bright light outside; and then, suddenly, it went out.

The race was run, the fight was won.

Alone in the cab, Hampton guided his monster machine. But the strain had been too great and he needed help; rather than call for it he would have died as he stood; but half-consciously he turned, and the boy, understanding, sprung out from his refuge and, after flinging a few shovelfuls on to the muttering white-hot coals, he closed his arms around his father and held him. Blood was telling, and they should stand or fall together, but game to the end. A few miles more to go before God gave His decision, and then the low red-brown station buildings and the crowded platforms came into sight in the forest clearing. The whistle belled three times in rising inflections, the brakes rubbed and pounded the hot tires, and the "fire express" pulled up before the office. On the floor of the cab the boy lay unconscious, and the giant driver, rigid at his lever, stark, staring mad, was yelling:

Glory! glory, hallelujah!
For Charley's going home!

But the next day through the broad United States many a man's heart beat high when he unfolded his paper and read how a brave man and a brave boy had taken that train through the forest furnace and saved three thousand human lives.

THE POINT OF VIEW



AFTER all, to say nowadays that a contemporary civilized man is free from hatred, envy, malice, and uncharitableness is only a faint and negative sort of praise.

Charity is not quite a common virtue yet, for we still sit up and carp at one another a good deal, especially when we have indigestion, though our censure of one another's shortcomings is commonly neither bitter

"From envy, hatred, and malice."

nor harsh. But hatred and malice seem to have been Christianized out of the common run of us. We don't

hate. It makes us uncomfortable. We oppose one another often enough, but that arises out of a conflict of purposes, not from malice. It is rather competition and part of the struggle for our share of the loaves and fishes than a true hostility. I know of a rising and somewhat pugnacious young lawyer, with a turn for politics, who has been heard to say somewhat darkly that he has enemies. His acquaintances laugh at him, so foreign it is to our common experience that anyone out of the story-books should want to harm another person merely for the sake of harming him. The enemies we recognize and fight are in ourselves—sloth, vanity, thriftlessness, and all that crew of intimate opponents that strive to keep us back and balk our efforts. Even jealousy is rarer than it used to be, and one has to look pretty sharply to find a case of it sufficiently pronounced to make a useful showing in a stage play. And as for envy—how is it about that? We want the earth, but we don't want the earth that someone else possesses. We want another for ourselves. We are ambitious, no doubt, and perhaps greedy. We may want a good French cook, and due carriages and horses, and the luxu-

ries of life, because we take comfort with those pleasant superfluities; but I believe it rarely occurs to the normal American who has enough to eat and drink, and can keep dry and warm, to envy another who has more luxuries than himself. Differences in estate and manner of living contribute so much to make life interesting that the majority of us would far rather take our chances in an unequal division of all that is worth having than have the distribution more nearly just. If one is hungry or cold or ill clad, and cannot find the necessities of life for his children, his philosophy is apt to be upset, and envy, or something akin to it, may become something like a virtue; but when one is fairly comfortable, to be envious is such a great piece of folly that it gets little encouragement to exist.

Not long ago we had in New York a wedding on such a scale of magnificence that it excited very nearly as much popular interest and attention as the election which had happened to come on the day before. There was an astonishing display of wealth, and it seemed a proper enough occasion for envy to be rife and rampant, if envy is a prevalent fault. Perhaps envy was excited by that remarkable display, but at least it found very limited expression. There was a prodigious amount of tattle, some criticism, many jokes, some commiseration, and a lot of elbowing to see the show, but no overt appearance of envy. For my part I own that the processes and evolutions of our highly prosperous families during the height of their prosperity form a very engaging spectacle. One sees in the world so many traces of prosperity that has gone by, the ribs of stranded hulks sticking up out of the sands, palaces empty and falling into decay, people who

"once had money" and their descendants, that it is highly agreeable, from time to time, to watch people about whom one has no material regrets, who have had money and have it still in great abundance, who are not working their way through untimely extravagance to ruin and repentance, but are simply making a conscientious endeavor to spend a decent proportion of their incomes. There are so many grand fountains in the world through which the waters no longer play that there is refreshment to the spirit in watching those where the water is still turned on, and spurts up vigorously and plentifully from a sufficient reservoir that keeps ever running over at the top. This pleasure in looking on at the abundantly rich, while they manipulate their various apparatus, may not be a particularly elevated or praiseworthy sort of enjoyment, but at least it costs nothing and it carries no sting with it; nor does it in the least interfere in one's simple, personal, mathematical gratification in adapting more limited means to desirable ends and making the ends meet. It is a great deal better than envy, for that costs one his peace of mind. It is a great deal more prevalent than envy, too, and it speaks well for the common-sense of the common people that this should be true.

THERE are two kinds of literature, and especially two kinds of verse. There is the kind that one wants some one else to read and tell him whether it is good or not; and there is the kind that one is willing to read himself and make personal appraisal of its merit. To writing of this latter sort belonged almost all of the voluminous output of Eugene Field. Field was persistently — incorrigibly, if one may dare to say it — a newspaper man. Perhaps no one appreciates so well the quality of his deliverances as the little army of exchange editors in newspaper offices whose duty it is to glance through piles of newspapers, scissors in hand, and clip out the paragraphs that seem good to read, and the verses of merit enough to bear transplanting. Day after day in his column in the Chicago *Record* Field kept saying something, and saying it with humor and animation. It was usually something with a local bearing; a skit, or a jibe, or a little story, but it was all touched with his person-

ality, and whether it was important or not, and whether it was wise or not, it was almost always readable. Field's personality was very pleasant. He had an imperfect equipment of culture (though of that he had far more than many more pretentious men) and a very imperfect outfit of conformity. That pleasant information which he is said to have given in reply to a question of Mrs. Humphry Ward, "When they caught me I was living in a tree," might almost have been credible, so very different was he in his habits and his estimates of things from the conventional man of letters of his day. He was closely tied to a newspaper through most of his working years, but somehow he seemed to manage to keep his spirit out of bondage. He would think anything he chose about anything that happened to interest him, and what he thought he would write down and print. He never undertook, so far as appears, to write to the taste of anyone but himself, or to express any opinions but his own. He wrote voluminously and quickly, as newspaper men must, and with little or no chance for revision; he was a great joker, too, and made game of all sorts of people and things with unterrified levity; yet he wrote very little that he ever had serious occasion to repent of, and the reason was that he expressed *himself*, and that the self he expressed was full of good-nature, good-temper, and sincerity and loving-kindness. That was the great charm about Eugene Field. He was a real person, a real Western American, with a great deal of fun in him, a great deal of talent, and a sincere liking for his fellow-creatures. They say in Cambridge that one of the chief causes of the characteristic called Harvard indifference is the fear of "giving one's self away," or doing or saying something not quite up to the prevalent standard. That sentiment seems never to have curbed Field's energies in a perceptible degree. Often enough he took his work seriously, but himself never. He had, to be sure, the essentials of self-respect, but while he lived up to them he didn't trip over them and didn't stand still for fear he should. In his newspaper work he was always making fun of someone or fighting somebody — denouncing the inadequacy of the Yerkes's Street railways, poking fun at the Prairie Avenue aristocracy — but there was no venom in him at all. All his life he kept a child's heart, and envy, malice,

hatred, and uncharitableness seemed to have no part in his nature. He even loved Chicago, and it is very much to Chicago's credit that it undoubtedly loved him.

The man was in many ways more remarkable than his work. Yet some of his work was very good. All his verse has the quality already spoken of of being eminently readable, and some of it is admirably good poetry, charming in spirit and fancy and finished in style. His paraphrases of Horace, good as they are, have probably too much of the prairie air in them to become classics, but some of his poetry about children—as "Little Boy Blue" and "Wynken Blynken and Nod"—must go into any book of the poetry of childhood which includes all that is best. No doubt Eugene Field spent a vast amount of time and energy and talent in writing what was not worth while, but that was part of his daily task and brought its necessary recompense. He was a remarkable man and did some remarkable things, and got a great deal out of life. It is a satisfaction to think that his reward was not all deferred until he had gone to his rest.

DO young men read Henry Kingsley nowadays? Or men of any age, in fact? And if not, why does not some one of our essayists use his opportunity to call renewed attention to three or four of the best books of their kind in the language? For if "Austin Elliot" and "Ravenshoe" and "Geoffrey Hamlyn" do not belong, with "Tom Brown at Oxford" and a few more, in the first rank of the expressions of young manhood, let us have an overhauling of the standards, and see what we have done to improve them so that these books no longer appeal to us. The publication of a new and excellent edition of Henry Kingsley's works not long ago led me to hope they were to have a large renewal of popularity, and perhaps this may have followed; certainly I think no man ever made his first acquaintance with them, at any time of life between eighteen and thirty, without handing them on to at least one other.

Looked at as novels for any time of life, and as literature pure and simple, they are by no means to be talked of with patronage even by end-of-the-century critics. I do not

know, for instance, where Henry Kingsley is greatly surpassed in one respect—the extraordinary vividness with which he sketches in the background of his action, especially in cities. The streets in which some event at the very crises of his story is taking place, bustle all the while with by-play and ordinary human action as they do in reality about all our crisis—see for example the scene in South Audley Street where old Lord Davenry catechizes the boot-black while Charles Ravenshoe's fate is trembling in the balance; or that inimitable passage where Robin the dog runs into Gunter's the pastry-cook's, while Eleanor and Austin Elliot are within a half-dozen steps of their reunion. The interest and joy in life is so great in the storyteller, that he must supply all its full vigor of accompaniment to his main narrative; and he does it with a vivacity that is unceasing, and a realism that differs from the false article of that name in reproducing the impression that is made on the observer, instead of the things which he thinks ought to produce that impression—but which do not. The description of Lord Charles Barty's last day might serve better as an illustration of this distinction than many far better-known passages in literature.

But it is, I repeat, as the books *par excellence* of the young man's life that these three especially make their strongest appeal. I hardly know where, outside of two or three great masters, the healthy normal side of that life is better done. If the love-story of a man in the twenties were the whole of it, this would not be true—that is better told by itself in an indefinite number of places; but the whole set of interests and ambitions is another thing. And especially the note of a thorough-going, healthy young friendship is struck by Kingsley with the rarest kind of truth—more successfully than almost anywhere outside of Thackeray.

I have been reading some schemes of lectures on recent literature by certain of the younger instructors in a leading university, in which the lists of authors and books showed a determination to send men to the best work of their own time, with a healthy disregard of tradition and of academics; and it was, on the whole, refreshing to see with what judgment and in what spirit excursions had been made outside the ranks of the acknowledged masters. But I did not find the name of

Henry Kingsley among these gatherings-in of men who, if not of the first order or even of the second, ought to be pointed out among the makers of the real thing—the men who have written books to be read. If I had such a course in hand I would devote an hour to him, with considerable certainty that I was doing a wise thing and should earn the gratitude of many readers to whom his books are hardly names.

IT is one of the whims of Fate that I shall study, rather desultorily and superficially, but pretty constantly, current discussion of economic questions, and Fate has had its way with me in this matter now for quite the average life-time of a generation. Perhaps it is because the study is not very fascinating and has never tempted me to become a specialist in it, that I am often struck with the amusing side of the discussion—with the odd way in which the traits of human nature, too

An empty
menace.

familiar really to be well known, show themselves and influence what is meant and believed to be impartial reasoning. That is not a new thing in the more speculative branches of attempted thinking, but it is more obvious and more entertaining when it occurs in a science supposed to deal with the realities in the most practical fashion.

Ever since the Japanese folded up their fans, laid aside their silken wrappers, and emerging from the lovely and puzzling screen that had so long hidden them from the view of modern Europe, waged a brief, fierce conquering campaign as brilliant and conclusive as that which closed at Sadowa, writers in English, and German, and French have been discoursing with great gravity on what they agree in terming the "industrial menace" involved in this sudden appearance of a formidable competitor with the great trading nations. I shall not try even to indicate their many arguments, I merely wish to remark the note of naïve alarm that runs through all their predictions. It is precisely the note of the village shop-keeper at the appearance of a rival; precisely, too, the note of the child who complains that another child has set up another "pin-show" in the next courtyard. And this chorus of anxiety is just as sharp and querulous in free-trade England as in pro-

tective France, or in Germany, which is half-way between the extremes. Everywhere there is the feeling that here are forty millions of alert, ingenious, laborious, and, above all, wonderfully frugal and abstemious human beings, who, having shown that they can manage the most complex and difficult processes of modern civilization—those of war on land and sea—with skill, and energy, and foresight, will now enter the vast field of commerce and industry, and may easily check, if they do not vanquish, the armies of the West now operating there.

It does not seem to occur to these quivering philosophers that what has happened suddenly and on a great scale in Japan has been going on more or less regularly ever since the Phœnicians crept along the shores of the Mediterranean, and that the present stage of development of the inter-communication of human interests is no more the final one than the isles of Britain were really the Ultima Thule. If the capacity, constantly increasing since the race began, of men and peoples to produce things that could be sold had not been accompanied by a corresponding increase in the capacity to use and in the need of buying, the human family would have remained, browsing or carnivorous, on the level of other animals. The wide and infinitely varied trade of the world, with its marvellous machinery and organization, is, after all, but barter, and the myriad currents that course through its intricate channels must finally accomplish that rhythmic and complete exchange of sale and purchase, that endosmose and exosmose on which the life of the organism depends. And since for so many centuries the organism has not only lived but grown, what occasion is there now to suppose that the laws of its being and progress are to be suspended?

On the other hand, I suppose that this general shudder of timidity at the sudden appearance of novel conditions is but the reflex action of the eager desire for gain, the immortal greed, of human beings which has been the most effective motive power in the development of the race. It is not on that account the less amusing—it is, indeed, rather more so, for it does not contradict that optimism which is almost an essential condition of real enjoyment of the frailties of our fellow-beings.

THE FIELD OF ART

CLAUDE MONET — ART FOR ART'S SAKE — MISS BESSIE POTTER'S FIGURINES — HIGH BUILDINGS — VERMEER DE DELFT



LAUDE MONET was born in Havre, and most of his life has been passed in painting the river and valley of the Seine. He knows that country well, by long explorations since

his early boyhood, on foot or in canoe—at all seasons of the year and all hours of the day. And what a noble total of work he has given the world, characterized from the first by an independence of vision and uncompromising honesty, accompanied by an unquenchable enthusiasm and love for his *motifs*.

A winter evening, the sun going down a red globe, gilding cakes of floating ice; fog lifting, disclosing a mediæval village with church and towers, fairy-like, wonderful; fields with ripening grain, bordered by gray-green trees; hill-sides with their patchwork divisions, or with fruit-trees, blossom-covered; little towns, their walls and houses reflected in the water, while a long line of deep-laden barges passes slowly by; a river-side inn frequented by yachtsmen, a gay mixture of boats, brilliant costumes and flags, the whole twinkling and dancing in the rippling water; islands gorgeous with autumn coloring—these are a few glimpses in the long panorama evoked by the painter's magic.

In the "View of Rouen," with what directness and justness of vision has a *chef-d'œuvre* been created! Everything moves and vibrates in the delicious summer air, the little

boats rock gently at anchor, the tall poplars nod, and clouds sail across the luminous sky. One likes his work of this period for its youth and gayety; never has landscape painting, unhampered by non-essentials, spoken so directly to the heart of the charm of nature and the joy of living.

ART for Art's sake, of course. For what else? and why not? But do those who make this phrase their Shibboleth always reflect that its prohibitions cut two ways? If art is to be practised for its own sake alone, does it not exact from the artist that he shall use his highest and noblest powers in that practice? If the art that points a moral and adorns a tale is in so far forth not true art, what of the art that exists for the purpose of sensationalism and yellow-bookishness? Art is not to be moral and instructive, agreed—but neither shall it be immoral or instructive in vice. Art deals only with beauty, and the higher the kind of beauty it shows us the better the art. The *fleurs du mal* are not the loveliest blossoms. Art for art's sake, the work for the work's sake, is the motto of every true artist, and he who follows it truly will do the noblest and purest work it is in him to do, and will shun the ugly and the degrading, not because to dwell upon them is a crime against morals, but because it is a crime against art. Art for art's sake means not merely that we are not to preach or to tell stories in our pictures, but that we are not to follow fads or catch at sensations, not to try for money or for notoriety; that we are to think not what is profitable or fashionable, but what is good. Practise it so, and, in the long run, even the Philistines will forgive us.

AN entirely new light was thrown on Greek sculpture by the discovery of the Tanagra figurines. The new light was mellow as well. Along with the final conviction that the Greeks were devotees of highly colored statuary, it robbed Hellenic art of its last claim to frigid austerity, and credited it rather with the intimate appeal and the warmth of humanity that were always the acme of its endeavor.

Where reality is already potent with charm, there art should doubly succeed. It would be strange indeed if sculpture could find no inspiration in these modern women and these modern costumes, which are so effective in real life. But to distil the essence, to reproduce the effect and resemble the actuality—this is the problem. The consequent truth is that, while a mediocre talent can attain what passes for success in a subject of remote manners and environment, only a most exceptional refinement of insight can ferret out and suggest the real charm of every-day life. The highest art, the finest romance, is always the sublimation of the real.

In sculpture, abstractly beautiful and robbed of the support of color and background as it is, the success of a realist is so rare, and failure is so dire, that even the attempt is infrequent. The tiny size of the figurines, however, establishes such a favorable prejudice, and offers so much opportunity for a bewitching sketchiness of treatment, that it is surprising to note how few sculptors have taken a hint from the delicious fancies of Tanagra—fancies capable of being embodied into such entrancing shape in delicate statuettes of young women of modish gowns and manners.

So far as I know, the only artist devoting a whole individuality to the figurine, is

Miss Bessie C. Potter, of Chicago. The very rarity of her work challenges attention, and its happy treatment explains its genuine success. At the last exhibit of the Sculpture Society, her tiny and original works were far from being overwhelmed by the colossal figures about them. A visit to Paris won from the leading artists there much encouragement; but the influence of the galleries and studios could not dislodge her Americanism.



A Girl.



The Chrysanthemum Girl.



The Rose.



Portrait.

I would not imply that Miss Potter has consciously imitated the Tanagra figurines, but her work displays that nationalistic feeling and that almost worshipful delight in contemporary existence which is so rich a trait of the Greeks. The breezy freedom and frank patriotism of her native city and the West generally leaven all her moods, and evidence an individuality and courage amazing in the work of one who is just past the lintel of the Twenties. It is interesting to note that all Miss Potter's tuition has been gained in the Art Institute of Chicago, and under the well-known sculptor, Mr. Lorado C. Taft.



In the art output of women there is all too rare a display of real feminine charm. Miss Potter's works, however, show no effort at concealing the sex of their author. They vaunt it rather in the woman's keen understanding of woman, her sure eye for effect,

and all the feminine graces of pose and air. Her rugged bust of Professor Swing, and the fine sweeping technic and spirit of her portrait of Hamlin Garland, disclose versatility without being typical. Her real self is to be

found in the idyllic reverie of young womanhood, as in "The Rose," "The Chrysanthemum Girl," and many of the "Portraits;" or, still more strongly, in the American sophistication and nervous vivacity of "A Girl of the Period," "Lingering," and, most impudently winning of all, "An American Girl."

Raffaelli called Miss Potter "an impressionist in plaster," and her work thus far has been

one of sketchily perpetuated moods; but her individuality, her instinct for the music of harmonious lines, her neat suggestiveness, her ability to imply largeness in the small, and, above all, her studious enthusiasm, are big with prophecy.

The above illustrations are from photographs of figurines by Miss Bessie C. Potter.



One Mile of New York.

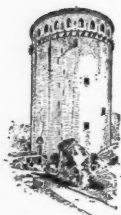
THE picturesque quality of the new high buildings has not failed to attract some attention. As they rise above the old sky-line of our streets, so they are seen from the rivers which bound New York and from the prairie and the lake at Chicago, like the towers of a gigantic fortress. Steeped in sunshine when the streets below are in shadow, catching the colored light of sunset when the streets below know nothing of it, lost in fog or rain-cloud as to their highest parts—they are impressive when looked at from the town itself; but this is as nothing to their beauty when seen from a point a mile beyond the houses. There is, of course, no architectural merit in all this, it is as buttes or other startling natural formation that we may look upon them.

Towers of mediæval fortresses were as nothing compared to the "elevator buildings" of to-day in size and bulk. The donjon of Coucy, which Viollet-le-Duc has made famous,

did not rise quite one hundred and seventy feet from the court-yard nor two hundred from the bottom of the moat, and yet that is a giant among the fortresses of antiquity, excelling everything of its time, and so far as we know, everything of classical antiquity even more decidedly. The highest tower of the donjon of Pierrefonds is as high as the Coucy tower, if you include the conical roof.

The new buildings are rising to heights of three hundred feet and over, and the reader hardly needs to be reminded how vast is the difference made by adding one hundred feet to an already lofty structure. The twelfth century cities of Italy were crowded with towers of defence, representing the private warfare of the time; San Gimignano, in Tuscany, retains thirteen of its ancient forest; but these towers of defence were seldom one hundred and fifty feet in height, and in bulk they were what we of the manufacturing age should call factory chimneys. In New York

the as yet unfinished building of the American Surety Company, at Pine Street, is not more than eighty-five feet square and is over three hundred feet in height, and this is therefore a real tower, containing ten times the bulk of even a very large tower of the Middle Ages or of the time of Roman wars.



The Coucy Tower.

But these huge modern buildings are light and slender, with thin walls and innumerable windows. Far from being massive, they are

faultily slight, and built like packing-boxes with holes in them. True; and therefore it is not as architectural structures that we consider them here, but as media for nature to work upon. Those who love Gothic archi-



The American Surety Building.

ecture and know how to love it, are not very fond of the western towers of Cologne, modern, cold, formal, with as few ideas in proportion to their bulk as so elaborate a structure can contain; but when the autumn rains come down over the Rhine, and the huge spires are half lost in a cloud from which a slow drizzle is descending on the slippery stones of the square, and when perhaps the thunder of



The Donjon of Pierrefonds.

the bells comes out of the clouds to help in the magic, it appears that there is something in architecture besides architectural merit, and that the man may deserve well of his kind who merely piles his building high.



A Half-mile of San Gimignano.

IT has often been said that the greatest artists are not the best teachers, and this is as true of the influence exercised by their work as of their personal instruction. The great personal forces in art, the Michel-Angelos and the Rembrandts, are one-sided and unbalanced, as full of faults as of virtues, and the faults are imitable while the virtues are not. They are dangerous models; it is the smaller men who are quietly perfect. Send your pupils to Terburg or Chardin, not to Tintoretto or Delacroix. But if I were to select one master from all the masters of painting, whom a student might safely contemplate forever, sure to learn all good and no evil from him—if I were asked, not who is the greatest of painters, but who is the most exemplary—I think I should name Vermeer de Delft. One of his few pictures is in the Metropolitan Museum, and it is not one of his best, yet for the student it is a pearl

without price. Go and look at it and see what painting can be: sound and sober, without trickery or brilliancy, accurate in drawing, quiet in color, nugatory in subject—a model of Dutch simplicity and naturalness, but—but filled with an exquisite refinement which is eternally art. Go and look at it, and learn that fashion is but for a day, and truth and beauty are forever.

IT is regrettable that a poster, particularly referred to in our issue of last October, should, through erroneous information, have been credited to American art. The poster for "The New Woman" is but an American reprint of an English original designed by Mr. Albert Morrow and executed by Messrs. David Allen & Sons, of Belfast, for Mr. Comyns Carr, of the Comedy Theatre, London.

ABOUT THE WORLD



OW that the flying-machine has for the time folded its wings, save in the workshops of industrious Darius Greens, the public attention is engaged with innovations in the art of

travelling somewhat nearer the earth. The most marvellous of these, to be sure, come to perfection only on "reportorial" pads, where brilliant and generous imaginative powers are not hampered by ignoble facts. Setting aside such more brilliant and journalistic prospectuses as the running of all the railroads, and

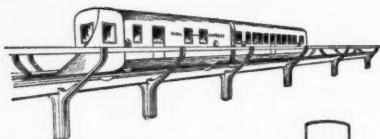
Gains in the speed of travel.

goodness knows what other machinery into the bargain, by electricity developed from the "harnessed" Niagara, one notes the magnificent run of a record-breaking train from Chicago to Buffalo, five hundred and twelve miles, at a speed of something more than sixty-five miles per hour, stops excluded. The chief significance of this feat, aside from the mere punishment of a record—always certain to find a responsive thrill in the citizens of this republic—is the proof that the second lap of the New York-Chicago thousand-mile race over the Lake Shore route is quite as fast as the first half, east of Buffalo, and by way of the New York Central tracks. This newest long-distance record brings us one step nearer the not distant day when New Yorkers shall be able to see the same sun rise over Long Island and set over Chicago. Indeed, one of the gentlemen who left Chicago at 3.30 A.M., on this very trip just mentioned, spent the evening of the same day in a New York theatre.

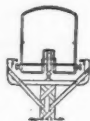
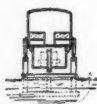
A well-planned attack is seriously discussed, too, on the time between two even more important termini—New York and London.

For the moment it would seem that the great transatlantic steamships are breathing after victories, hopeless of a further decisive increase of speed. But the fertile and enthusiastic brain of Mr. Austin Corbin, the railroad genius of Long Island, has approached from a different direction the task of bringing the Old World and the New nearer to each other. With Montauk Point, at the extreme end of Long Island, the western terminus of the North Atlantic post-road, and with Milford Haven substituted for Southampton, Liverpool, and Queenstown, Mr. Corbin maintains that no less than fifteen hours will be saved in the transportation of mails and passengers between New York and London. Not only will the ocean liners have a much clearer course in the approaches to these proposed termini; the greater speed obtainable on the Long Island railroad, and its more direct route, will also save precious time. After the considerable gains made by such shifts as the Queenstown mail service, there is no reason apparent to a layman that this larger improvement should not be made. If it is, the indefatigable transatlantic lines will find but comparatively few obstacles to a final reduction of the passage to the coveted five-day point. One of the arguments addressed to the patriotism and the purses of the Yankees in furtherance of this plan is the decisive superiority it would give the new American port over any of the threatened Canadian termini. One of the large steamship companies has already ordered two monster passenger vessels to be built in Germany, which will equal or exceed in power anything that floats to-day, and which would be exceedingly ready to avail themselves of the new route, provided its advantages are as real as Mr. Corbin thinks.

So much for the highways from New York to Chicago and to London. Between New York and Washington, D. C., another crowded line of feverish passenger travel, the fast express trains of two magnificent railroad systems now run in about five hours time. A corporation has been projected in the National capital for the construction of a mail and passenger road to the metropolis which shall shoot over the two hundred and forty miles in two hours! Congress is consider-



ing a bill to grant this company a charter and right of way, on condition that this almost incredible speed of one hundred and twenty miles per hour shall be maintained, and the promoters offer to demonstrate on a test line between Washington and Chesapeake Bay their ability to meet such an extraordinary requirement. The track is to be elevated above the earth on a single line of upright beams. The trains are to weigh one-fourth as much as an ordinary express train, and are to be driven by electricity, each car carrying its own motor machinery. The most distinctive mechanical feature of the enterprise is the so-called "bicycle" arrangement by which a single line of wheels runs on a single rail. The train is to be kept upright by an auxiliary rail on either side, which will not, however, come into play except in rounding curves. The fathers of the enterprise point to its safety—since no grade crossings will be possible—and the economy of land appropriation. They propose to carry passengers, mail, and express parcels, leaving the freight traffic to the surface lines which limp along at a paltry thirty to fifty miles per hour. If the engineers are right who have proved on paper the practicability of this twentieth century tramway, the intelligent New Yorker should find himself in a position to run over to Washington for some important senatorial discussion, and return to lunch; while the musically inclined in Washington and Baltimore need only dine a trifle



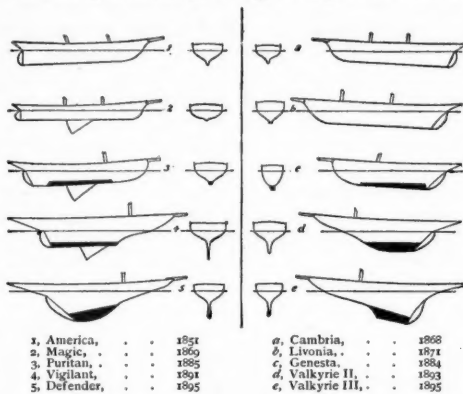
earlier than usual to manage an evening at the Metropolitan Opera House, and a return the same night to their virtuous couches at home.

It had been thought that one principle evolved from the gradual perfection of such "racing machines" as the Herreshoff sloops might be applied in some modified degree to the construction of steamers. Those queer, spoon-shaped bows of Defender and her immediate predecessors are designed to slip over the water, instead of cutting through it. Even a layman perceives at once that this operates to lessen the friction and increase the speed. People closely interested in the improvement of the great ocean steamships, are of the opinion that, so far as the hull can influence the question of speed, some such modification of the bow is the only change likely to avail in the nip-and-tuck struggle for more knots per hour. But it is also easy to see that the flat-tish bow leads toward an increased draft by concentrating the keel action, and as a matter of fact we do not find in the most recent products of the shipyards any appreciable move in the direction of Gloriana bows. The Forban, the new French torpedo boat, which drives through the water at the railroad speed of 30.2 knots or nearly 35 miles, depends on tremendous engine power, rather than on any departure in her lines, to hold her place as the swiftest vessel in the world. The two ocean steamships, St. Paul and St. Louis, first vessels of their class to be built in American shipyards, do not show that the Cramps had any lessons to learn from the wonderful blind yacht-builder of Narragansett Bay. These two fine steamers from the Delaware, whose creditable maiden performances we have recently been watching with such interest, are distinguished from the English-built "ocean greyhounds" in the greater beam; affording a solidity which to the nervous and patriotic American lessens the rack of the titanic engines. Hints of this superiority, as well as other unusual provisions for creature comfort which the American vessels boast, are thrown out to us in advance of the anxious inquiries we might make concerning the records they have not broken.

The building at home of such large ships and of the war vessels ordered by the United States Government, is attended by an eco-

What will the new ships be?

conomic fact of considerable importance : it is true of nearly all manufacturing industries, but most especially ship-building, that successful management depends on constant employment of plant and force at their full capacity. An army of workmen, and highly specialized appliances, are necessary to build a battle-ship Minneapolis or a cruiser New York. When those vast jobs are off the stocks it is necessary to give the expert mechanics and costly machinery something to do, for Government contracts are not on tap; so it turns out that in the intervals between the occasional lucrative contracts ships must be built whether anyone wants them or not; and in England, for instance, trading steamers do not fetch in the market what is actually spent in their construction. Hence, too, there comes about the scramble of the ship-builders of America, England, Germany, and France for the contracts which Japan is now awarding for a dozen or more modern war vessels. The unfortunate Oriental officials are fairly besieged by the specious representatives of the art of ship-building in two continents; according to the latest reports, Count Ito is hesitating between the monster battle-ships of England and the swifter, lighter type of American cruisers.



A Diagram showing the Evolution of the Modern Yacht Hull.

English and American athletes.

MR. HARRY WARRINGTON'S victory over my Lord March in the broad jump, some four generations ago, was not more decisive than the all-around drubbing which the visiting English team received at the hands—and legs—of the New York athletes; and the late unpleasantness which was to have been the International Yacht Race sufficiently proved, to Americans at least, the superiority of the Yankee boat. Stranger than all, England lowered her colors even in the sacred game

of cricket, when the Pennsylvania batsmen made that glorious closing rally against the bowlers of the Cambridge-Oxford eleven. And yet it is fortunate that these various contests were exciting enough to be ends in themselves; for so far as giving any data for useful generalizations concerning the tendencies of physical development or boat-building on the two sides of the Atlantic, respectively, they were singularly inconclusive. The average well-grown Briton with out-of-door proclivities, is equipped with a handsome straight back, and a pair of square, solid shoulders, that would of themselves be sufficient hint of his nationality in the streets of New York; yet at the shot and hammer the trans-atlantic putters and throwers were as babes in the hands of Gray and Hickok. Then one would

have argued that the slender, nervous, and wiry race of Americans should produce runners of greater speed and endurance than the more solid men of the Old Country; while, as a matter of fact, the running events, outside of sprinting, were generally conceded to the English, the teams being nearly equal, and at the longer distances they were practically invincible. Indeed, if anything is determined by the Anglo-American contests, it is that Englishmen can run a quarter mile, a half mile, a mile, or anything over that, in less time than we can. The jumping honors seem as likely to remain on this side of the Atlantic as if Warrington and his friend Mr. George Washington were still with us.

THE South is to be heartily congratulated on her Exposition in all save its official title; which has committed the less offence, however, because its amorphous dimensions make paraphrasing inevitable in every-day use. The contemplative citizen of the United States who has visited this latest world-spectacle, or conceived of it from the

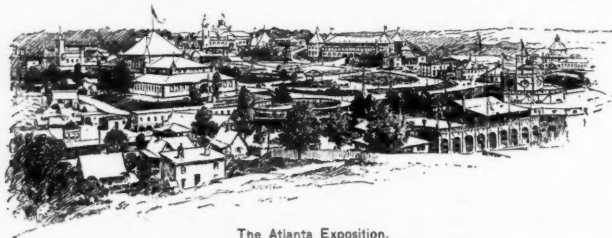
The Atlanta
Exhibition.

profuse descriptions in the papers, is less impressed by the magnitude of the undertaking—though this is second only to Chicago's effort—than by the fact that it is a town in the heart of the South that has planned and carried out such an arduous and tremendous enterprise. Where did Atlanta, with her paltry 65,000 population, in the midst of languorous Georgia crackerdom, get the energy, money, and daring to achieve thus quietly and completely what mammoth Chicago, whose delight is in hustling, found such a strenuous task? And has the New South already produced a New Woman, clamorous for reform and the lecture platform, that we read of Boards of Women Managers, and their divers activities, five hundred miles south of Mason and Dixon's Line? Exactly what, too, is the spirit of such a display of negro progress, in a Cotton States Exposition midway between the birthplace of the Mississippi Test and the State now meditating the adoption of that successful means of maintaining white supremacy at the polls?

Atlanta is the least Southern of all Southern cities, geography to the contrary notwithstanding. Her journalists, politicians, and business men are closely *en rapport* with the journalists, politicians, and business men of the North and West. The rhythm of her life is that of New York City rather than of Richmond. The generation of men upon whom fell the mantle of Henry Grady, are instinct with nervous energy and dashing enterprise. They are constantly rushing off, full of business, to Washington, to New York, or to Chicago, bent on button-holing Congressmen, or raising the voice of authority in nominating conventions. They think the South is a good place to live in, but are entirely willing that it should be further improved by the co-operation of their Northern and Western brethren, for whose

ears they have irresistible statistics concerning resources, mileage, cotton products, the best harbors in the world, and paradisiacal climates. Whether these bustling *mores* are consistent with the peculiar grace which we have learned to associate with Southern life, is beside the mark; they account for the Cotton States and International Exposition. And as for the Woman's Building, and all that therein is—they have not been at all the work of rather females, with aggressive convictions about their rights. In fact, it has been the wives and mothers and sisters of the "best" people who have enthusiastically borne the toil of begging money, drumming up the sisters who had done things worthy of being exhibited, and providing the varied programmes of their departments.

Besides this assurance that the Southern woman is very useful as well as highly ornamental, visitors to Atlanta are considerably impressed by the sincerity and good sense which mark the Negro's share of the Exposition. When one has been periodically harrowed by newspaper reports from the Gulf regions of murders *en masse*, prompted by the victims' possession or lack of pigment, it is comforting to see, for instance, the work that Booker T. Washington is doing at Tuskegee, aided and abetted by Southern whites. No speech was ever before made by an American negro which won the admiration and concurrence of so many white people of different sectional views, as did Mr. Washington's at the opening of the Exposition in the fall. This auspicious beginning gave the greatest effectiveness possible to the Atlanta exhibition of what the Southern colored people are doing to raise the standards of useful citizenship, and especially to the samples of work at Tuskegee, which is based on the theory that it is better to teach the average negro boy to be a good shoemaker than to be a rascally politician or a farcical preacher.



The Atlanta Exposition.
From a photograph by Arnold.

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The Contents of a Single Article in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for March.

A BARE enumeration of the striking features of that chapter of the **History of the Last Quarter Century** which will appear in the March **Scribner's** makes a remarkable presentation. Such a sample augurs well for the rest of the number.

COLUMBUS'S DEED AFTER FOUR CENTURIES

is Pres. Andrews' text in this, the next to the last chapter of the series. He tells how the **Eleventh Census** showed that the population had increased sixteen fold in the hundred years just ended. The inception of the **Chicago Fair, Columbus Day**, the terrible **Homestead Riots**, and the second successful campaign of **Grover Cleveland** bring the narrative to the opening of that **White City**, which was so gratifying a revelation as to American progress in the arts and sciences. An account of the stupendous **Ferris Wheel** leads to a general review of the **Age of Invention**, in which the achievements of **Edison** and **Tesla** and the **Harnessing of Niagara** play a prominent part.

THE PICTORIAL SIDE is, if possible, even more felicitous than these retrospective glimpses have been hitherto, owing to the opportunity given for beautiful and decorative illustrations by the

WORLD'S FAIR AT CHICAGO.

Fifteen pictures, some half-tones and some most ornamental pen drawings, from a collection of superb photographs, a number of which have never before been published, give as complete an idea as is possible pictorially of the splendors of the White City, and of its subsequent destruction. The **Administration Building**; the **Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building**; the **Horticultural and Transportation Buildings**; seen from the Lagoon; the **Transportation Building**, viewed from the Electricity Building; the **Choral Building**, and the **Casino Building**, showing the Spanish Caravels, afford examples of the various architectural delights which were present there. Nor are details lacking. The great **Golden Doorway** of the Transportation Building, the group of American Indian **Totem Poles**, and some of the statutes by the Agricultural Building and Machinery Hall are given as examples of decoration, while a view of the water-fowl on the lake, and comparative general views, showing the Fair in its glory and in its present desolation, with one photograph of several buildings in flames, all assist in featuring the great Fair. An interesting addition consists in the portraits of a number of the prominent architects to whom the credit for the Dream City is largely due, those given being Messrs. Burnham, Beeman, Cobb, Hunt, Jenney, McKim, Post, and Sullivan.

THE CONVICT TROUBLES IN TENNESSEE

are shown in all their reality by reproductions of actual photographic snap-shots, one of which shows Dr. Betts, a local demagogue, known as the "cowboy preacher," inciting a gathering of miners to attack Fort Anderson, where the militia were intrenched, while the others present a view of the convict "stockade" at Oliver Springs, and a typical mountain family.

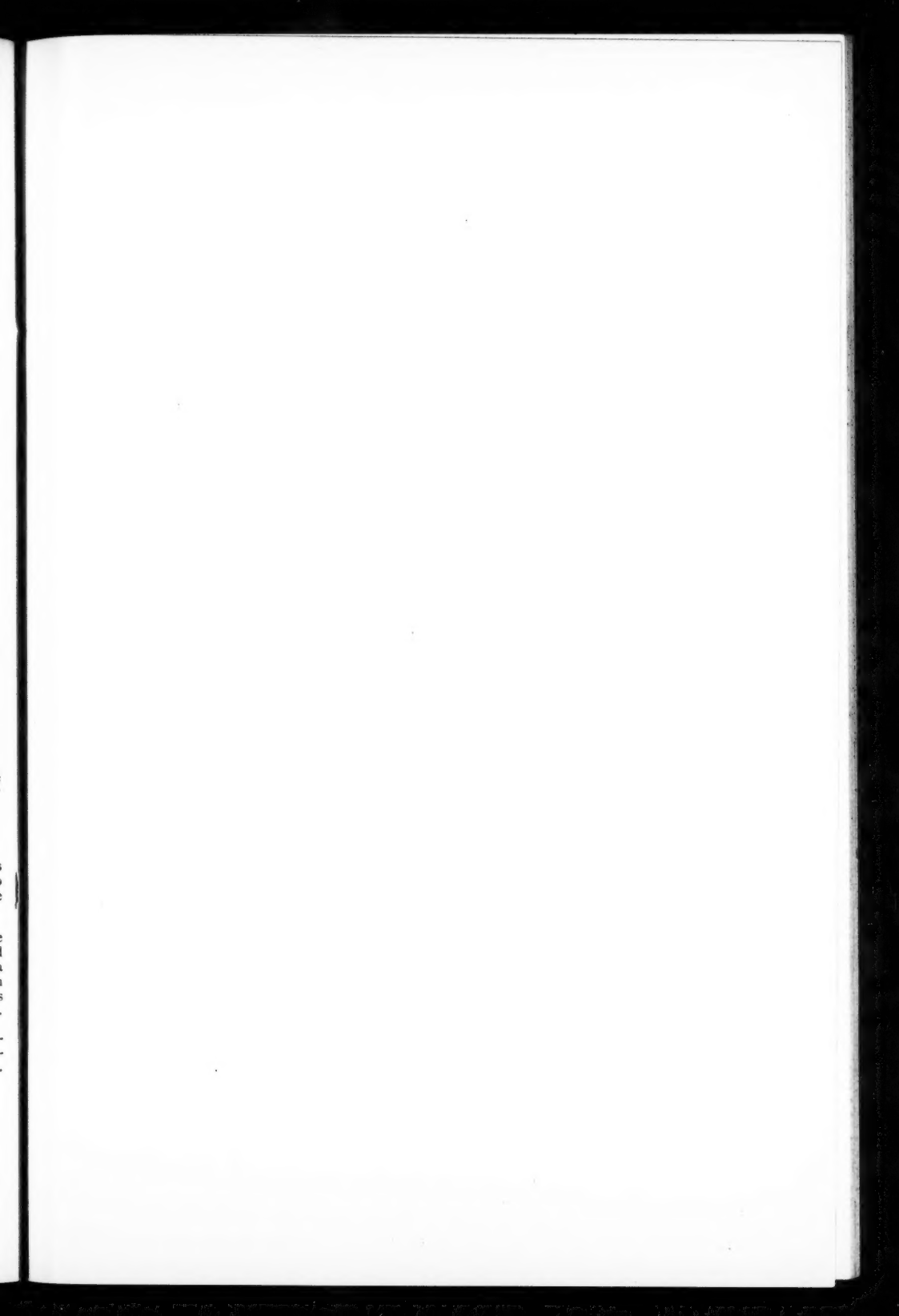
In the matter of the **Homestead Riots** the illustrative matter is equally beyond reproach, for the pictures are from photographs, some made during the burning of the barges by the workmen, and some just after the trouble was over. Orson Lowell has drawn from these impeccable documents a spirited scene of the burning of the barge from which the ill-fated Pinkerton men had just been taken, while another drawing shows the shield used by the strikers who fired the cannon; there is also a photograph of the militia guarding the works behind the defensive barricade of steel rails.

One of the most interesting of the pictures is a photograph of **Thomas A. Edison** in his laboratory, made especially for **Scribner's Magazine**. It shows the great inventor temporarily discomfited, "stuck," as he himself declared, by a difficult problem, and is the more valuable since Mr. Edison does not look with favor on the photographer nowadays.

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DRAWN BY DANIEL VIERGE.

THE BULL FIGHT. (See *Serrillana*, page 152.)

ENGRAVED BY FLORIAN.